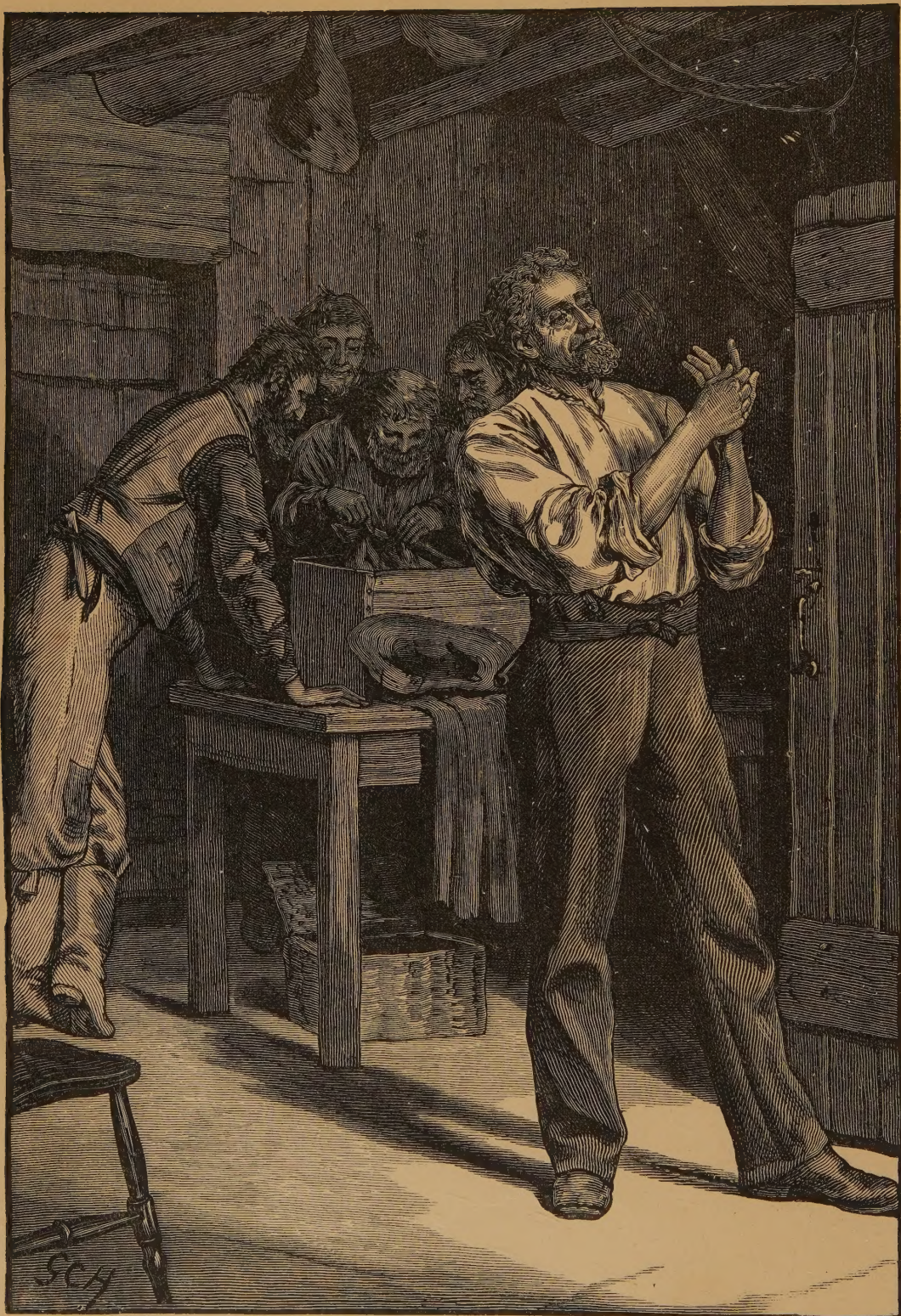




GEMS
FROM THE
BEST AUTHORS
GRAVE
AND GAY

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GRAVE AND GAY



"HE HELD THAT FINGER A LITTLE APART FROM ITS FELLOWS."

G E M S

FROM THE

BEST AUTHORS

GRAVE AND GAY

INTRODUCTION BY

EDWARD J. HARDING

AUTHOR OF "COITHURNUS AND LYRE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED

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INTRODUCTION.

I HAVE occasionally amused my fancy by feigning the existence of a future state for books—a whole phantasmal world inhabited by the ghosts of dead and gone epics, dramas, romances, and where all the characters of fiction glide murmuring by, veritable shadows of shades. Over the portico would be inscribed “*Habent sua fata libelli* ;” and the three kingdoms would all be thronged. In the infernal regions proper, we should look to find Heine and Swift and all the swarm of gross and profane writers, and with them whatever in literature is trite or dull or insincere, for in art these are among the cardinal sins. That which is not good in literature is bad ; there is no mean or borderland. Neither gods nor men nor birds of the air can endure an indifferent bard. Yet better a quavering note than a false one ; and for your dissembling poet the deepest dungeons are in store. Many a sonnet that in its day was greatly praised, resembling with its mincing gait and affected phrase some fine coquette, now lies “quite chapfallen,” spite of all its airs and graces and “paint an inch thick.” For a lie is in its nature mortal and vulnerable ; your glass and plaster will sooner or later crack and crumble, how bravely soever they flaunt it in robes of silver or bronze ; that which a man but half feels, but half believes, is forever at war with itself, and will die self-slain. False taste of a certain sort we call meretricious ; the phrase implies a harsh censure, but a just one. A fair and honest thought will never be over-dressed. A noble conception, a fine fancy, however it may suffer in effectiveness or grace when clothed in other language, will still retain some power to thrill or charm, for beauty is unchangeable in its essence ; but how woefully the poverty of many a pompous phrase is exposed by stripping it of its rhetoric ! “One that wraps the drapery of his couch about him” does but tuck himself up in his bed-clothes ; and if the latter is not a striking or poetical image, then neither is the former. But take such an image as this :

“I lose it, as we lose the lark in heaven,
O damsel, in the light of your blue eyes,”

and try to degrade it by substituting any equivalent phrase, and you will have your labor for your pains.

There are literary sins, nowever, which are of a more venial type than affectation or tediousness, and for such offences we should expect to find a purgatory prepared. Here might suffer and repent, not without hope, such works as were crude or flawed or ill-regulated ; the monuments of misdirected energy, novels with

a mission, philo-Baconian Shakespeare commentaries, and such-like towers of Babel, would fitly be consigned to purgatory. Here, too, would be found all merely imitative literature; not in the lowest depth, for imitation demands a certain sincerity, a certain appreciation of the thing imitated; ay, and sometimes there is a grace in the mimicry that goes far to excuse it. But unless the writer puts something of himself into his work—something good and admirable—your copyist is but an echo, and must share the fate of that disembodied nymph. Purgatory should be a populous place, recruited as it is from so large a class. How much of our early American literature has vanished thither! Well-meaning books, many of them; ay, and useful too, in their own day and among their own audience, for not a few of us prefer good to best, mock turtle to real. “All claret would be port if it could,” said Dr. Johnson; and for my part I find it hard to blame an unrealized aspiration. There is respectable society in purgatory, and the book that arrives there might easily have gone further and fared worse. Many an early work of a great writer has its home there, and plumes itself, no doubt, on its relationship to the nobility. Parodies and burlesques are sins against the light, and must be sought in a lower sphere.

Needless to pursue the fancy further; the Elysian Fields of literature are familiar ground. Indeed, it scarcely seems a metaphor to speak of the soul of a noble book, so marked and characteristic is the impression which it leaves. Some books are like lovely ladies or charming children: some like gallant knights, pious priests, lovers, gipsies. There are poems which resemble an exquisite violin-solo, a porcelain vase, a cup of ivory curiously carved; others are like a trumpet call, a cataract, a tempest; others are akin to the mountain, the forest, the starlit skies. “Hamlet” is like the wailing of the winter wind; “As You Like It” is a mountain brook; “Kubla Khan” is a frost-picture on a window-pane; “Childe Harold” is a ruin tinged with moonlight; “In Memoriam” a rainbow. Your song or story may be a cigarette, or a butterfly, or a peach, or a game of chess; jasmine, violets, a nightingale, a kiss; a splendid robe, a flying carpet, a spyglass, an altar; strong wine, sweet milk, pure water, salt air. And then the characters of drama and fiction, the heroes of ballad and epic, what a goodly host they make, and what a wonderful world they inhabit! Though for the matter of that, had we but eyes to see, this actual world of ours is far more strange and fair than any the poets feign, howsoever the “light that never was on sea or land” may illumine it. But it is Art’s mission to teach us to see and hear and feel; to find the immortal hidden in the mortal. And hence it is that our friends in fiction are better known to us, almost more real to us, than our own kinsmen and companions. We believe in Colonel Newcome, although we never knew his like; we recognize Rosalind at a glance; Falstaff and Iago, Margaret and Becky Sharp, Pecksniff and Uncle Toby, how vividly we remember them all! And here let the Comic Muse claim her rightful place. If beauty is immortal, then wit is equally so. If, as the familiar verse of Keats affirms, the persistence of its power to please is the test of beauty, the same thing is true of wit. Your quibbles and far-fetched pleasantries, indeed, soon pall on the palate,

and a stale joke is even flatter than a stale moral. But a genuine piece of sound humor outlasts the ages, braving translator and commentator alike. Old Aristophanes can tickle us yet; Dogberry's charge to the watch and M. Jourdain's delight in his native talent for prose are a joy forever. If Shakespeare's allusions were modernized for the reader, as would be done with a foreign classical author, we should earn many a laugh that our ignorance makes us lose. And indeed a sweet laugh is pure music, pleasant alike to laughter and listener. Critics might come to prescribe the canons of wit and formulate its principles; nay, jests might be constructed "by line and level;" observing the approved intervals and modulations, the laws of consonance and dissonance, as correctly as your mathematician's music. But it would be a sorry task to dissect a joke as though it were a syllogism, to weigh Puck in the scales and brush the bloom off Punchinello's grapes. We want to laugh, not to see the working of the showman's wires; and after all it takes genius to create, no less in the realm of Humor than elsewhere. All hail then to "Jest and Youthful Jollity," whom even the singer of "Paradise Lost" was fain to invoke.

The fancy upon which I played awhile ago ought not to be deemed in any wise irreverent. For if the best books are those which make the best men, how high a calling is that of the writer! How heinous an offender is he who dishonors his gift! The feeling of an honest literary craftsman in regard to his work is akin to that of the old monkish transcribers over their illuminated missals; we spare not ourselves, for the work is worthy. Let it be pardoned me, then, if I return for a moment to my original thought. Anthologies and compilations, such as the present volume, somewhat resemble my fabled Paradise of Books. There are the *Dii Majorum Gentium*, the high-caste gods of literature, "aloft in awful state;" then come the lesser deities, and then the nymphs and fauns and translated heroes. Or let us rather liken it to a gathering of old friends, a Christmas company assembled under one roof—a company where none is dull, or trite, or profane; where every one earns his welcome, and stories new and old go round with the wine. So be it then • and *Prosit!*

EDWARD J. HARDING.

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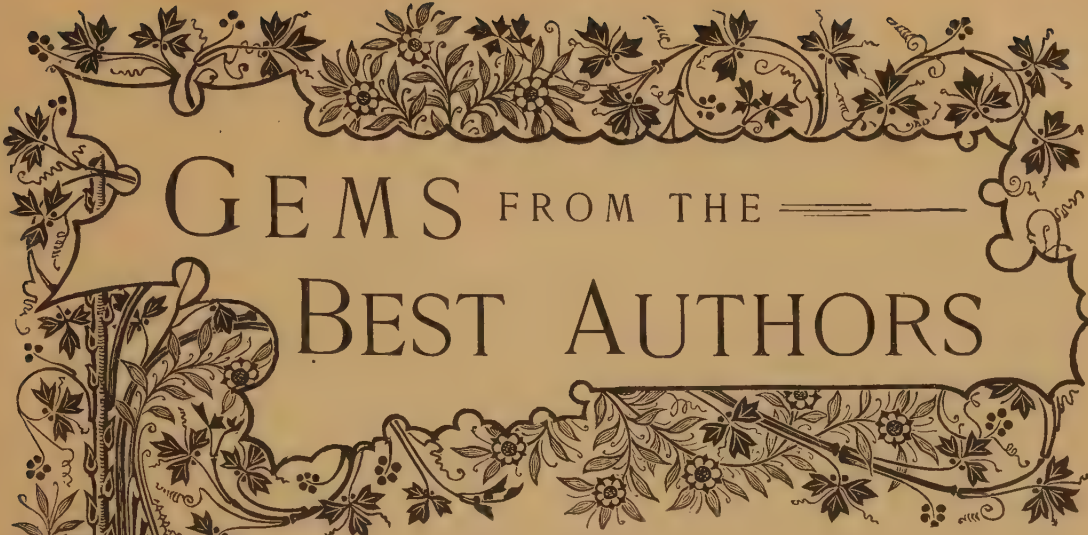
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GEMS FROM THE BEST AUTHORS

THE DETECTIVE.

[From "The Moonstone." By WILKIE COLLINS.]



BREAKFAST had not been over long, when a telegram from Mr. Blake, the elder, arrived, in answer to his son. It informed us that he had laid hands (by help of his friend, the Commissioner) on the right man to help us. The name of him was Sergeant Cuff; and the arrival of him from London might be expected by the morning train.

At reading the name of the new police-officer, Mr. Franklin gave a start. It seems that he had heard some curious anecdotes about Sergeant Cuff, from his father's lawyer, during his stay in London. "I begin to hope we are seeing the end of our anxieties already," he said. "If half the stories I have heard are true, when it comes to unravelling a mystery, there isn't the equal in England of Sergeant Cuff!"

We all got excited and impatient as the time drew near for the appearance of this renowned and capable character. Superintendent Seegrave, returning to us at his appointed time, and hearing that the Sergeant was expected, instantly shut himself up in a room, with pen, ink, and paper, to make notes of the Report which would be certainly expected from him. I should have liked to have gone to the station myself, to fetch the Sergeant. But my lady's carriage and horses were not to be thought of, even for the celebrated Cuff; and the pony-chaise was required later for Mr. Godfrey. He deeply regretted being obliged to leave his aunt at such an anxious time; and he kindly put off the hour of his departure till as late as the last train, for the purpose of hearing

what the clever London police-officer thought of the case. But on Friday night he must be in town, having a Ladies' Charity, in difficulties, waiting to consult him on Saturday morning.

When the time came for the Sergeant's arrival, I went down to the gate to look out for him.

A fly from the railway drove up as I reached the lodge; and out got a grizzled elderly man, so miserably lean that he looked as if he had not got an ounce of flesh on his bones in any part of him. He was dressed all in decent black, with a white cravat round his neck. His face was as sharp as a hatchet, and the skin of it was as yellow and dry and withered as an autumn leaf. His eyes, of a steely light grey, had a very disconcerting trick, when they encountered your eyes, of looking as if they expected something more from you than you were aware of yourself. His walk was soft; his voice was melancholy; his long lanky fingers were hooked like claws. He might have been a parson, or an undertaker—or anything else you like, except what he really was. A more complete opposite to Superintendent Seegrave than Sergeant Cuff, and a less comforting officer to look at, for a family in distress, I defy you to discover, search where you may.

"Is this Lady Verinder's?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"I am Sergeant Cuff."

"This way, sir, if you please."

On our road to the house, I mentioned my name and position in the family, to satisfy him that he might speak to me about the business on which my lady was to employ him. Not a word did he say about the business, however, for all that. He admired the grounds, and remarked that he felt the sea air very brisk and refreshing. I privately wondered, on my side, how the celebrated Cuff

had got his reputation. We reached the house, in the temper of two strange dogs, coupled up together for the first time in their lives by the same chain.

Asking for my lady, and hearing that she was in one of the conservatories, we went round to the gardens at the back, and sent a servant to seek her. While we were waiting, Sergeant Cuff looked through the evergreen arch on our left, spied out our rosary, and walked straight in, with the first appearance of anything like interest that he had shown yet. To the gardener's astonishment, and to my disgust, this celebrated policeman proved to be quite a mine of learning on the trumpery subject of rose-gardens.

"Ah, you've got the right exposure here to the south and sou'-west," says the Sergeant, with a wag of his grizzled head, and a streak of pleasure in his melancholy voice. "This is the shape for a rosary—nothing like a circle set in a square. Yes, yes; with walks between all the beds. But they oughtn't to be gravel walks like these. Grass, Mr. Gardener—grass walks between your roses; gravel's too hard for them. That's a sweet pretty bed of white roses and blush roses. They always mix well together, don't they? Here's the white musk rose, Mr. Betteredge—our old English rose holding up its head along with the best and the newest of them. Pretty dear!" says the Sergeant, fondling the musk rose with his lanky fingers, and speaking to it as if he was speaking to a child.

This was a nice sort of man to recover Miss Rachel's diamond, and to find out the thief who stole it!

"You seem to be fond of roses, Sergeant?" I remarked.

"I haven't much time to be fond of anything," says Sergeant Cuff. "But when I *have* a moment's fondness to bestow, most times, Mr. Betteredge, the roses get it. I began my life among them in my father's nursery garden, and I shall end my life among them, if I can. Yes. One of these days (please God) I shall retire from catching thieves, and try my hand at growing roses. There will be grass walks, Mr. Gardener, between my beds," says the Sergeant, on whose mind the gravel paths of our rosary seemed to dwell unpleasantly.

"It seems an odd taste, sir," I ventured to say, "for a man in your line of life."

"If you will look about you (which most people won't do)," says Sergeant Cuff, "you will see that the nature of a man's tastes is, most times, as opposite as possible to the nature of a man's business. Show me any two things more opposite one from the other than a rose and a thief, and I'll correct my tastes accordingly—if it isn't too late at my time of life. You find the damask rose a goodish stock for most of the tender sorts, don't you, Mr. Gardener? Ah! I thought so. Here's a lady coming. Is it Lady Verinder?"

He had seen her before either I or the gardener had seen her—though we knew which way to look, and he didn't. I began to think him rather a quicker man than he appeared to be at first sight.

The Sergeant's appearance, or the Sergeant's errand—one or both—seemed to cause my lady some little embarrassment. She was, for the first time in all my experience of her, at a loss what to say at an interview with a stranger. Sergeant Cuff put her at ease directly. He asked if any other person had been employed about the robbery before we sent for him; and hearing that another person had been called in, and was now in the house, begged leave to speak to him before anything else was done.

My lady led the way back. Before he followed her, the Sergeant relieved his mind on the subject of the gravel walks by a parting word to the gardener. "Get her ladyship to try grass," he said, with a sour look at the paths. "No gravel! no gravel!"

Why Superintendent Seegrave should have appeared to be several sizes smaller than life, on being presented to Sergeant Cuff, I can't undertake to explain. I can only state the fact. They retired together, and remained a weary long time shut up from all mortal intrusion. When they came out, Mr. Superintendent was excited, and Mr. Sergeant was yawning.

"The Sergeant wishes to see Miss Verinder's sitting-room," says Mr. Seegrave, addressing me with great pomp and eagerness. "The Sergeant may have some questions to ask. Attend the Sergeant, if you please!"

While I was being ordered about in this way, I looked at the great Cuff. The great Cuff, on his side, looked at Superintendent Seegrave in that quietly expecting way which I have already noticed. I can't affirm that he was on the watch for his brother officer's speedy appearance in the character of an Ass—I can only say that I strongly suspected it.

I led the way upstairs. The Sergeant went softly all over the Indian cabinet and all round the "boudoir;" asking questions (occasionally only of Mr. Superintendent, and continually of me), the drift of which I believe to have been equally unintelligible to both of us. In due time, his course brought him to the door, and put him face to face with the decorative painting that you know of. He laid one lean inquiring finger on the small smear, just under the lock, which Superintendent Seegrave had already noticed, when he reproved the women-servants for all crowding together into the room.

"That's a pity," says Sergeant Cuff. "How did it happen?"

He put the question to me. I answered that the women-servants had crowded into the room

on the previous morning, and that some of their petticoats had done the mischief. "Superintendent Seegrave ordered them out, sir," I added, "before they did any more harm."

"Right!" says Mr. Superintendent in his military way. "I ordered them out. The petticoats did it, Sergeant—the petticoats did it."

us, in his melancholy way, the first taste of his quality which we had had yet.

"I made a private inquiry last week, Mr. Superintendent," he said. "At one end of the inquiry there was a murder, and at the other end there was a spot of ink on a tablecloth that nobody could account for. In all my experience along



"HE LAID ONE LEAN INQUIRING FINGER ON THE SMALL SMEAR."

"Did you notice which petticoat did it?" asked Sergeant Cuff, still addressing himself, not to his brother-officer, but to me.

"No, sir."

He turned to Superintendent Seegrave upon that, and said, "You noticed, I suppose?"

Mr. Superintendent looked a little taken aback; but he made the best of it. "I can't charge my memory, Sergeant," he said, "a mere trifle—a mere trifle."

Sergeant Cuff looked at Mr. Seegrave as he had looked at the gravel walks in the rosary, and gave

the dirtiest ways of this dirty little world, I have never met with such a thing as a trifle yet. Before we go a step further in this business we must see the petticoat that made the smear, and we must know for certain when that paint was wet."

Mr. Superintendent—taking his set-down rather sulkily—asked if he should summon the women. Sergeant Cuff, after considering a minute, sighed, and shook his head.

"No," he said, "we'll take the matter of the paint first. It's a question of Yes or No with the paint—which is short. It's a question of petticoats

with the women—which is long. What o'clock was it when the servants were in this room yesterday morning? Eleven o'clock—eh? Is there anybody in the house who knows whether that paint was wet or dry, at eleven yesterday morning?"

"Her ladyship's nephew, Mr. Franklin Blake, knows," I said.

"Is the gentleman in the house?"

Mr. Franklin was as close at hand as could be—waiting for his first chance of being introduced to the great Cuff. In half a minute he was in the room, and was giving his evidence as follows:—

"That door, Sergeant," he said, "has been painted by Miss Verinder, under my inspection, with my help, and in a vehicle of my own composition. The vehicle dries, whatever colours may be used with it, in twelve hours."

"Do you remember when the smeared bit was done, sir?" asked the Sergeant.

"Perfectly," answered Mr. Franklin. "That was the last morsel of the door to be finished. We wanted to get it done on Wednesday last—and I

myself completed it by three in the afternoon, or soon after."

"To-day is Friday," said Sergeant Cuff, addressing himself to Superintendent Seegrave. "Let us reckon back, sir. At three on the Wednesday afternoon, that bit of the painting was completed. The vehicle dried it in twelve hours—that is to say, dried it by three o'clock on Thursday morning. At eleven on Thursday morning you held your inquiry here. Take three from eleven, and eight remains. That paint had been *eight hours dry*, Mr. Superintendent, when you supposed that the women-servants' petticoats smeared it."

First knock-down blow for Mr. Seegrave! If he had not suspected poor Penelope, I should have pitied him.

Having settled the question of the paint, Sergeant Cuff, from that moment, gave his brother officer up as a bad job—and addressed himself to Mr. Franklin, as the more promising assistant of the two.

"It's quite on the cards, sir," he said, "that you have put the clue into our hands."

KILMENY

[By JAMES HOGG.]



BONNY Kilmeny
gaed up the glen;
But it wasna to meet
Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of
the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure
as pure could be.
It was only to hear
the Yorlin sing,
And pu' the cress-
flower round the
spring;
The scarlet hypp and
the hindberrye,
And the nut that
hung frae the
hazel-tree;
For Kilmeny was pure
as pure could be.
But lang may her
minny look o'er
the wa',

And lang may she seek i' the greenwood shaw;
Lang the laird of Duneira blame,
And lang, lang greet, or Kilmeny come hame!

When many lang day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,

When mess for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the bedes-man had prayed, and the death-
bell rung;

Late, late in a gloamin when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung o'er the plain,
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;
When the ingle lowed wi' an eiry leme,
Late, late in the gloamin Kilmeny came hame!

"Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
Lang hae we sought baith holt and dean;
By linn, by ford, and green-wood tree,
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
Where gat you that joup o' the lily sheen?
That bonny snood o' the birk sae green?
And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen?—
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?"

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look, and as still was her ee
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she kenn'd not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew.

But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
 And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,
 When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
 And a land where sin had never been ;
 A land of love, and a land of light,
 Withouten sun, or moon, or night ;
 Where the river swa'd a living stream,
 And the light a pure and cloudless beam ;
 The land of vision it would seem,
 A still, an everlasting dream.

And aye they smiled, and 'gan to speer,
 "What spirit has brought this mortal here?"

"Lang have I ranged the world sae wide,"
 A meek and reverend fere replied ;

"Baith night and day I have watched the fair,
 Eident a thousand years and mair.
 Yes, I have watched o'er ilk degree,
 Wherever blooms feminitye ;
 And sinless virgin, free of stain



"LATE, LATE IN THE GLOAMING, KILMENY CAME HOME."

In yon green wood there is a waik,
 And in that waik there is a wene,
 And in that wene there is a maike,
 That neither has flesh, nor blood, nor bane ;
 And down in yon green wood he walks his lane.

In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
 Her bosom happed wi' flowerets gay ;
 But the air was soft and the silence deep,
 And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep.
 She kenn'd nae mair, nor opened her ee,
 Till waked by the hymns of a far countrie.

She woke on a couch of the silk sae slim,
 All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim ;
 And lovely beings round were rife,
 Who erst had travelled mortal life ;

In mind and body, fand I nane.
 Never, since the banquet of time,
 Found I a virgin in her prime,
 Till late this bonny maiden I saw
 As spotless as the morning snaw.
 Full twenty years she has lived as free
 As the spirits that sojourn in this countrie :
 I have brought her away frae the snares of men,
 That sin or death she never may ken."

They clasped her waist and her hands sae fair,
 They kissed her cheek, and they kemed her hair ;
 And round came many a blooming fere,
 Saying, "Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome here !
 Women are freed of the littand scorn :—
 O, blessed be the day Kilmeny was born !
 Now shall the land of the spirits see,

Now shall it ken what a woman may be !
 Many lang year in sorrow and pain,
 Many lang year through the world we've gane,
 Commissioned to watch fair womankind,
 For it's they who nurse the immortal mind.
 We have watched their steps as the dawning shone,
 And deep in the green-wood walks alone ;
 By lily bower, and silken bed,
 The viewless tears have o'er them shed ;
 Have soothed their ardent minds to sleep,
 Or left the couch of love to weep.
 We have seen ! we have seen ! but the time maun
 come
 And the angels will weep at the day of doom !

"O would the fairest of mortal kind
 Aye keep these holy truths in mind,
 That kindred spirits their motions see,
 Who watch their ways with anxious ee,
 And grieve for the guilt of humanity !
 O sweet to Heaven the maiden's prayer,
 And the sigh that heaves a bosom sae fair !
 And dear to Heaven the words of truth,
 And the praise of virtue frae beauty's mouth !
 And dear to the viewless forms of air
 The mind that kythes as the body fair !

"O bonny Kilmeny ! free frae stain,
 If ever you seek the world again,
 That world of sin, of sorrow, and fear,
 O tell of the joys that are waiting here ;
 And tell of the signs you shall shortly see ;
 Of the times that are now, and the times that shall
 be."

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
 And she walked in the light of a sunless day :
 The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
 The fountain of vision, and fountain of light :
 The emerant fields were of dazzling glow,
 And the flowers of everlasting blow.
 Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
 That her youth and beauty never might fade ;
 And they smiled on heaven, when they saw her lie
 In the stream of life that wandered by.
 And she heard a song, she heard it sung,
 She kenn'd not where ; but sae sweetly it rung,
 It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn :—
 "O, blest be the day Kilmeny was born !
 Now shall the land of the spirits see,
 Now shall it ken what a woman may be !
 The sun that shines on the world sae bright,
 A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light !
 And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,
 Like a gouden bow, or a beamless sun,
 Shall wear away and be seen nae mair,
 And the angels shall miss them travelling the air ;
 But lang, lang after baith night and day,
 When the sun and the world have fled away ;

When the sinner has gane to his waesome doom,
 Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom !"

They bore her away, she wist not how,
 For she felt not arm nor rest below ;
 But so swift and wained her through the light,
 'Twas like the motion of sound or sight ;
 They seemed to split the gales of air,
 And yet nor gale nor breeze was there.
 Unnumbered groves below them grew ;
 They came, they passed, and backward flew,
 Like floods of blossoms gliding on,
 A moment seen, in a moment gone.
 O, never vales to mortal view
 Appeared like those o'er which they flew !
 That land to human spirits given,
 The lowermost vales of the storied heaven ;
 From thence they can view the world below,
 And heaven's blue gates with sapphires glow,
 More glory yet unmeet to know.

They bore her far to a mountain green,
 To see what mortal never had seen ;
 And they seated her high on a purple sward,
 And bade her heed what she saw and heard ;
 And note the changes the spirits wrought,
 For now she lived in the land of thought.
 She looked, and she saw nor sun nor skies,
 But a crystal dome of a thousand dies ;
 She looked and she saw nae land aright,
 But an endless whirl of glory and light :
 And radiant beings went and came
 Far swifter than wind, or the linked flame.
 She hid her een frae the dazzling view ;
 She looked again and the scene was new.

She saw a sun on a summer sky,
 And clouds of amber sailing by ;
 A lovely land beneath her lay,
 And that land had lakes and mountains gray ;
 And that land had valleys and hoary piles,
 And marled seas and a thousand isles.
 Its fields were speckled, its forests green,
 And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen,
 Like magic mirrors, where slumbering lay
 The sun and the sky, and the cloudlet gray ;
 Which heaved and trembled and gently swung,
 On every shore they seemed to be hung :
 For there they were seen on their downward plain
 A thousand times, and a thousand again ;
 In winding lake, and placid firth,
 Little peaceful heavens in the bosom of earth.

Kilmeny sighed and seemed to grieve,
 For she found her heart to that land did cleave ;
 She saw the corn wave on the vale,
 She saw the deer run down the dale ;
 She saw the plaid and the broad claymore,
 And the brows that the badge of freedom bore ;—
 And she thought she had seen the land before.

She saw a lady sit on a throne,
The fairest that ever the sun shone on :
A lion licked her hand of milk,
And she held him in a leish of silk ;
And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee ;
With a silver wand and melting ee ;
Her sovereign shield till love stole in,
And poisoned all the fount within.

Then a gruff untoward bedes man came,
And hundert the lion on his dame ;
And the guardian maid wi' the dauntless ee,
She dropped a tear, and left her knee ;
And she saw till the queen frae the lion fled,
Till the bonniest flower of the world lay dead ;
A coffin was set on a distant plain,
And she saw the red blood fall like rain :
Then bonny Kilmeny's heart grew sair,
And she turned away and could look nae mair.

Then the gruff grim carle girmed amain,
And they trampled him down, but he rose again ;
And he baited the lion to deeds of weir,
Till he lapped the blood to the kingdom dear ;
And weening his head was danger-preef,
When crowned with the rose and clover-leaf,
He gowled at the carle, and chased him away
To feed wi' the deer on the mountain gray.
He gowled at the carle, and he gecked at Heaven,
But his mark was set, and his arles given.
Kilmeny a while her-eeen withdrew ;
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw below her fair unfurled
One half of all the glowing world,
Where oceans rolled, and rivers ran,
To bound the aims of sinful man.
She saw a people, fierce and fell,
Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell ;
There lilies grew, and the eagle flew,
And she herked on her ravening crew,
Till the cities and towers were wrapt in a blaze,
And the thunder it roared o'er the lands and the seas.
The widows wailed, and the red blood ran,
And she threatened an end to the race of man :
She never lened nor stood in awe,
Till caught by the lion's deadly paw.
Oh ! then the eagle swinked for life,
And brainzelled up a mortal strife ;
But flew she north or flew she south,
She met with the gowl of the lion's mouth.

With a mooted wing and waifu' maen,
The eagle sought her eiry again ;
But lang may she cower in her bloody nest,
And lang, lang sleek her wounded breast,
Before she sey another fight,
To play wi' the norland lion's might.

But to sing the sights Kilmeny saw,
So far surpassing nature's law,
The singer's voice wad sink away,
And the string of his harp wad cease to play.
But she saw till the sorrows of man were by,
And all was love and harmony ;—
Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away,
Like the flakes of snaw on a winter day.

Then Kilmeny begged again to see
The friends she had left in her ain countrie,
To tell of the place where she had been,
And the glories that lay in the land unseen ;
To warn the living maidens fair,
The loved of Heaven, the spirits' care,
That all whose minds unmeled remain
Shall bloom in beauty when time is gane.

With distant music soft and deep,
They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep ;
And when she awakened, she lay her lane,
All happed with flowers in the green-wood wene.
When seven lang years had come and fled ;
When grief was calm, and hope was dead ;
When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
Late, late in a gloamin Kilmeny came hame.
And O, her beauty was fair to see,
But still and steadfast was her ee !
Such beauty bard may never declare,
For there was no pride nor passion there ;
And the soft desire of maiden's een
In that mild face could never be seen.
Her seymar was the lily flower,
And her cheek the moss rose in the shower ;
And her voice like the distant melodye
That floats along the twilight sea.
But she loved to raikie the lanely glen,
And keep afar frae the haunts of men ;
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
To suck the flowers and drink the spring.
But wherever her peaceful form appeared,
The wild beasts of the hill were cheered ;
The wolf played blythely round the field,
The lordly byson lowed and kneeled ;
The dun deer wooed with manner bland,
And cowered aneath her lily hand.
And when at eve the woodlands rung,
When hymns of other worlds she sung
In ecstasy of sweet devotion,
O, then the glen was all in motion !
The wild beasts of the forest came,
Broke from their boughts and faults the tame,
And goved around, charmed and amazed ;
Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,
And murmured and looked with anxious pain
For something the mystery to explain.
The buzzard came with the throstle-cock ;
The corby left her houf in the rock ;
The blackbird along wi' the eagle flew ;

The hind came tripping o'er the dew ;
 The wolf and the kid their raikie began,
 And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran ;
 The hawk and the herm attour them hung,
 And the merl and the mavis forhooyed their young ;
 And all in a peaceful ring were hurled :—
 It was like an eve in a sinless world !

When a month and a day had come and gane,
 Kilmeny sought the green-wood wene ;

There laid her down on the leaves sae green,
 And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.
 But O, the words that fell from her mouth
 Were words of wonder and words of truth !
 But all the land were in fear and dread,
 For they kedna whether she was living or
 dead.

It wasna her hame and she couldna remain ;
 She left this world of sorrow and pain,
 And returned to the land of thought again.



THE BRITISH WASHERWOMAN'S-ORPHANS' HOME.

[From "Cox's Diary." By W. M. THACKERAY.]



ALTHOUGH there was a regular cut between the next-door people and us, yet Tug and the Honourable Master MacTurk kept up their acquaintance over the back-garden wall, and in the

stables, where they were fighting, making friends, and playing tricks from morning to night, during the holidays. Indeed, it was from young Mac that we first heard of Madame de Flicflac, of whom my Jemmy robbed Lady Kilblazes, as I before have related. When our friend the Baron first saw Madame, a very tender greeting passed between them ; for they had, as it appeared, been old friends abroad. "*Sapristie*," said the Baron, in his lingo, "*que fais-tu ici, Aménaïde ?*" "*Et*

toi, mon pauvre Chicot," says she, "*est-ce qu'on t'a mis à la retraite ? Il paraît que tu n'est plus Général chez Franco*—" "*Chut !*" says the Baron, putting his finger to his lips.

"What are they saying, my dear ?" says my wife to Jemimarann, who had a pretty knowledge of the language by this time.

"I don't know what '*Sapristie*' means, mamma ; but the Baron asked Madame what she was doing here ; and Madame said, 'And you, Chicot, you are no more a General at Franco.'—Have I not translated rightly, Madame ?"

"*Oui, mon chou, mon ange*. Yase, my angel, my cabbage, quite right. Figure yourself, I have known my dear Chicot dis twenty years."

"Chicot is my name of baptism," says the Baron ; "Baron Chicot de Punter is my name."

"And being a General at Franco," says Jemmy, "means, I suppose, being a French General ?"

"Yes, I vas," said he, "General Baron de Punter—*n'est-a pas, Aménaïde ?*"

"Oh, yes !" said Madame Flicflac, and laughed ; and I and Jemmy laughed out of politeness : and a pretty laughing matter it was, as you shall hear.

About this time my Jemmy became one of the

Lady-Patronesses of that admirable institution, "The Washerwoman's-Orphans' Home;" Lady de Sudley was the great projector of it; and the manager and chaplain, the excellent and reverend Sidney Slopper. His salary, as chaplain, and that of Doctor Leitch, the physician (both cousins of her ladyship's), drew away five hundred pounds from the six subscribed to the Charity: and Lady de Sudley thought a fête at Beulah Spa, with aid of some of the foreign princes who were in town

governors of the Foundling, it is to be hoped that THE BABY-LINEN OF THAT HOSPITAL will be confided to the British Washerwoman's Home!

"With such prospects before it, is it not sad, is it not lamentable to think, that the Patronesses of the Society have been compelled to reject the applications of no less than THREE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND ONE BRITISH WASHERWOMEN, from lack of means for their support? Ladies of England! Mothers of England! to you



"WHO SHOULD THEY LIGHT UPON BUT POOR ORLANDO CRUMP."

last year, might bring a little more money into its treasury. A tender appeal was accordingly drawn up, and published in all the papers:—

"APPEAL.

"BRITISH WASHERWOMAN'S-ORPHANS' HOME.

"The Washerwoman's-Orphans' Home has now been established seven years, and the good which it has effected is, it may be confidently stated, *incalculable*. Ninety-eight orphan children of Washerwomen have been lodged within its walls. One hundred and two British Washerwomen have been relieved when in the last stage of decay. ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-EIGHT THOUSAND articles of male and female dress have been washed, mended, buttoned, ironed, and mangled in the Establishment. And, by an arrangement with the

we appeal. Is there one of you that will not respond to the cry in behalf of these deserving members of our sex?

"It has been determined by the Ladies-Patronesses to give a fête at Beulah Spa, on Thursday, July 25; which will be graced with the first foreign and native TALENT; by the first foreign and native RANK; and where they beg for the attendance of every WASHERWOMAN'S FRIEND."

Her Highness the Princess of Schloppenzollern-schwigmaringen, the Duke of Sacks-Tubbingen, His Excellency Baron Strumpff, His Excellency Lootf-Allee-Koolee-Bismillah-Mohamed-Rusheed-Allah, the Persian Ambassador, Prince Futtee-Jaw, Envoy from the King of Oude, His Excellency Don Alonzo di Cachachero-y-Fandango-y-Casta-

ñete, the Spanish Ambassador, Count Ravioli, from Milan, the Envoy of the Republic of Topinambo, and a host of other fashionables, promised to honour the festival: and their names made a famous show in the bills. Besides these we had the celebrated band of Moscowmusik, the seventy-seven Transylvanian trumpeters, and the famous Bohemian Minnesingers; with all the leading artists of London, Paris, the Continent, and the rest of Europe.

I leave you to fancy what a splendid triumph for the British Washerwoman's Home was to come off on that day. A beautiful tent was erected, in which the Ladies-Patronesses were to meet; it was hung round with specimens of the skill of the washerwomen's-orphans; ninety-six of whom were to be feasted in the gardens, and waited on by the Ladies-Patronesses.

Well, Jemmy and my daughter, Madame de Flicflac, myself, the Count, Baron Punter, Tug, and Tagrag, all went down in the chariot and barouche-and-four, quite eclipsing poor Lady Kilblazes and her carriage-and-two.

There was a fine cold collation, to which the friends of the Ladies-Patronesses were admitted, after which, my ladies and their beaux went strolling through the walks; Tagrag and the Count having each an arm of Jemmy; the Baron giving an arm a-piece to Madame and Jemimarann. Whilst they were walking, whom should they light upon but poor Orlando Crump, my successor in the perfumery and hair-cutting.

"Orlando!" says Jemimarann, blushing as red as a label, and holding out her hand.

"Jemimar!" says he, holding out his, and turning as white as pomatum.

"Sir!" says Jemmy as stately as a Duchess.

"What! madam," says poor Crump, "don't you remember your shopboy?"

"Dearest mamma, don't you recollect Orlando?" whimpers Jemimarann, whose hand he had got hold of.

"Miss Tuggeridge-Coxe," says Jemmy, "I'm surprised at you. Remember, sir, that our position is altered, and oblige me by no more familiarity."

"Insolent fellow!" says the Baron, "vat is dis canaille?"

"Canal yourself, Monseer," says Orlando, now grown quite furious; he broke away, quite indignant, and was soon lost in the crowd. Jemimarann, as soon as he was gone, began to look very pale and ill; and her mamma, therefore, took her to a tent, where she left her along with Madame

Flicflac and the Baron; going off herself with the other gentlemen, in order to join us.

It appears they had not been seated very long, when Madame Flicflac suddenly sprang up, with an exclamation of joy, and rushed forward to a friend whom she saw pass.

The Baron was left alone with Jemimarann; and whether it was the champagne, or that my dear girl looked more than commonly pretty, I don't know; but Madame Flicflac had not been gone a minute, when the Baron dropped on his knees and made her a regular declaration.

Poor Orlando Crump had found me out by this time, and was standing by my side, listening, as melancholy as possible, to the famous Bohemian Minnesingers, who were singing the celebrated words of the poet Gothy:—

"Ich bin ya hupp lily lee, du bist ya hupp lily lee,

Wir sind doch hupp lily lee, hupp la lily lee.

"Chorus Yodle-odle-odle-odle-odla-odle hupp! yodle-odle-aw-o-o-o!"

They were standing with their hands in their waistcoats, as usual, and had just came to the "o-o," at the end of the chorus of the forty-seventh stanza, when Orlando started: "That's a scream!" says he. "Indeed it is," says I; "and, but for the fashion of the thing, a very ugly scream too:" when I heard another shrill "Oh!" as I thought; and Orlando bolted off, crying, "By heavens, it's *her* voice!" "Whose voice?" says I. "Come and see the row," says Tag. And off we went, with a considerable number of people, who saw this strange move on his part.

We came to the tent, and there we found my poor Jemimarann fainting; her mamma holding a smelling bottle; the Baron, on the ground, holding a handkerchief to his bleeding nose; and Orlando squaring at him, and calling on him to fight if he dared.

My Jemmy looked at Crump very fierce. "Take that feller away," says she; "he has insulted a French nobleman, and deserves transportation, at the least."

Poor Orlando was carried off. "I've no patience with the little minx," says Jemmy, giving Jemimarann a pinch. "She might be a Baron's lady; and she screams out because his Excellency did but squeeze her hand."

"Oh, mamma! mamma!" sobs poor Jemimarann, "but he was t-t-tipsy."

"T-t-tipsy! and the more shame for you, you hussy, to be offended with a nobleman who does not know what he is doing."



A NIGHT WITH THE TAIPINGS.



AFTER a roving life in various climes, by sea and by shore, one Jack Skey and I met together at Chapu, that dirty, out-of-the-way, little-known town and port on the north-east coast of China.

At this time the great civil war was raging its fiercest, and the Taiping revolutionists, having captured the city, as well as the treaty-port, Ningpo, seemed, by their uninterrupted successes, upon the point of proving victorious in the long and sanguinary struggle, which had already lasted some fourteen years, between themselves and the Imperial Tartar government of Pekin.

Their extreme good-fellowship, their warmly-expressed feelings of friendship for Europeans, and the high enthusiasm evidently pervading their whole body, made a great impression on us both; the consequence being that, regardless of the Foreign Enlistment Act, we were induced to respond to their pressing solicitations, and enter their military service.

The chief whom we joined was a tall, bronzed, and gallant soldier, in the prime and vigour of manhood. He appeared indeed, clad in his yellow silken hood and princely robes, the very beau-ideal of a dashing Asiatic warrior. We found that he commanded an army corps of fighting men at least seventy thousand strong, and that he was known as the Se-wong, or Western Prince, one of the great nobles and military chiefs of the new native dynasty, which had been established with its court and emperor at the ancient city of Nankin during the last twelve years.

We found that the Taipings professed to be Christians, or followers of "Ye-su," and had the most inordinate desire to be upon friendly terms with foreigners, whom they called "yang yong-te" (foreign brethren), in very pleasing contrast to the ways of their Imperial opponents, the followers of Prince Kung and colleagues of Pekin, the government of the Tartar emperor, who never know us but as "yang quitzos" (foreign devils).

After several months' successful campaigning, our general marched to the great city of Soochow, on the Grand Canal, in the heart of the silk districts, which had become one of the most

important Taiping garrison towns and arsenals. Whilst at this place, the Se-wong received orders from his relative, the celebrated Chung-wong, commander-in-chief of the Taiping armies, to march at once upon the city of Song-kong, near Shanghai, with ten thousand men.

The city had lately been taken by a combined force of Imperialist braves and disciplined, foreign-officered Chinese troops under General Ward, an American soldier of fortune.

The Se-wong, who was one of the best Taiping generals and strategists, being partial to sudden attacks and surprises by night, determined to keep his army in concealment as near the city as possible, and then towards daylight, when its weak points had been spied out, to try and carry it by a *coup de main*, being totally without artillery of any sort with which to batter and besiege it—heavy guns being unknown to Chinese armies, pure and simple, on the march.

It was nearly evening by the time our forces were encamped, and then, foolishly enough—nearly fatally, as the sequel will show—I and my friend volunteered to reconnoitre the city. Taking with us only two very active and fearless-looking officers of the Se-wong's guards, we left our horses with one of the outlying pickets, and then, after passing beyond the line of our strong scouting parties hidden amongst the woods on the slope of the hills, we crept stealthily forward along the bottom of a shallow, dry canal.

After proceeding in this way for some distance, we came to a part where, between flat, open, and closely-cropped rice-fields, now dry, neglected, and no longer irrigated, the sunken channel we were following led straight and open to the city walls, of which, in the distance, we could just catch a glimpse.

As it would have been highly imprudent to advance any further by this way, we slowly and cautiously emerged from the canal, and walked rapidly across a paddy-field to where a number of the ancient verdure-clad tombs, common about that part of the country, offered a good place of concealment. We had almost reached the desired shelter when A-sing, one of our native companions, suddenly cried, "Be quick! be quick!" adding that he could see flags showing over a bank some distance in our front.

Knowing the almost preternatural keenness of vision this young Taiping possessed, we did not stay to question the accuracy of his statement, but at once hurried behind the tombs.

The shades of evening were falling so dark, and casting such long black shadows from tree, tomb,

embankment, and deserted cottage, over the plain, as to prevent our distinguishing anything so distant. Still, placing implicit faith in A-sing's declaration, we concluded that an Imperialist stockade or entrenchment was in front.

Very slowly, and very cautiously indeed, we now stole forward. And this stealing along, be it remembered, was a serious matter.

Busy nocturnal insects, loud-mouthed frogs, shrilly-chirping *cicadas*, kept up a noise all around, just sufficient to prevent one hearing any slight sound indicative of approaching danger. Startled from their roosting-places amongst the shrubs of the narrow strip of land along which we advanced,

gongs, came pealing through the still night air, not only in our rear, but far away in the paddy-fields on either flank.

Numerous lights appeared advancing rapidly towards us from the same directions, and, our fears lending us inspiration, we knew that our presence had been somehow discovered, that our retreat was cunningly cut off, and that the merciless Imperialists were close at hand.

Standing for a moment in a startled, hesitating group, we then saw that the only apparent way of escape was to continue straight on towards the city, past the left bank of the stockade. We knew that the noise behind was being made to terrify



"UTTERING THE SINGLE WORD 'SAR!'"

feathered things of varied size flew out, every now and then, with a loud, sudden, and alarming violence. Night birds flew across our path like frightened spectres—a momentary sound, then the rushing whirr of wings. A lonely bittern, disturbed from its nest at some dank spot, startled us all by the abrupt, long, piercing, and peculiar note of its melancholy cry. At frequent intervals, with a rush and a bound, sending each hand to hilt or pistol-butt, out from its burrow in the resting-places of the ancient dead, would plunge some wild animal.

About the first hour of the night had passed, and lying down, we had wriggled along like snakes in the tall, rank grass for nearly a hundred yards, to within considerably less than a quarter of a mile of what we now plainly saw, despite the clouds before the moon, was a very extensive stockaded entrenchment, when, with a frightfully startling and sudden crash, the loud, incessant klang-ng-ng klang-klang, the brazen reverberation of innumerable Chinese

and confuse us, so as to diminish our chances of flight, and drive us nearer to Soong-kong; but, nevertheless, off we dashed, keeping close together, at the top of our speed.

Just as the loud whoops and outcries of the yelling pursuers in our rear told that we were seen, a dense mass of soldiers started up across our path, and came towards us from the stockade.

"To the right! to the right!" cried A-sing, his quick eyes detecting the only direction clear of the enemy.

But it was evident they would be able to intercept our flight, so that to sell our lives dearly seemed all we could do.

"Foreign brethren," said our other Taiping comrade, a veteran officer, grown grey in fighting the Imperialists, "don't surrender! They show no mercy. Fight! fight!" saying which he fired off his heavy double-barrelled pistols into the advancing crowd, bringing down an enemy at each shot, then threw them away, drew his long Chinese

cavalry sword, and rushed forward to sell his life still dearer.

By this time the Imperial braves were all around us, yelling their ferocious war-cry.

"Good-bye, old boy," said Jack, squeezing my hand, just as he began to blaze away with his revolver.

Returning the parting pressure, I bade my old friend adieu, deeming our lease of life but infinitesimal, took aim at the nearest brave—a huge fellow rushing upon me with a great trident spear—and the next moment found myself cutting and hacking away with my sabre amidst a swarm of assailants.

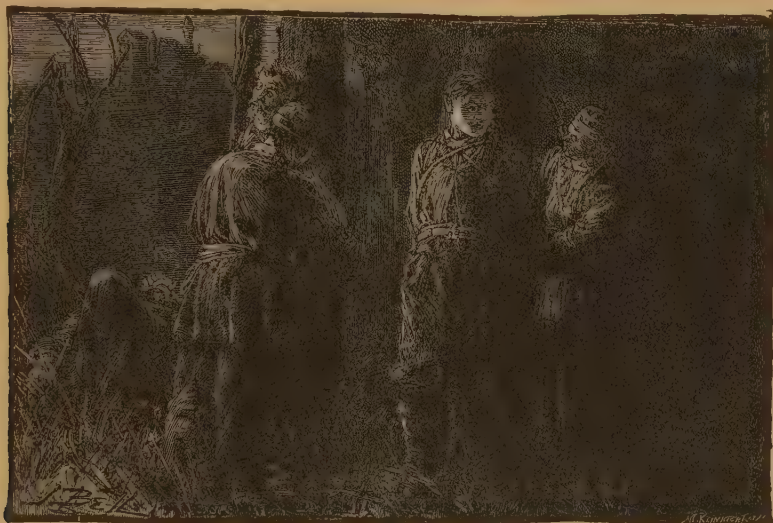
The rapid detonation of our revolvers had ceased,

deserted to the enemy, and never spares our prisoners. Were all the 'bamboos of the southern hills' made into pencils, they would be insufficient to write his numberless atrocities. Let us prepare to die like brave soldiers!"

Directly he had seen us, this renegade, Ching, now a general in the Imperial service, had made a very horrible and significant gesture—a chopping movement with his right hand—to our guards, uttering the single word "Sar!" (cut, or kill); but when he found that our companion recognised him, and heard his insulting exclamation, he cried—

"Ling-chee the spies!"

This meant that we were to be tortured to death



"AT ONCE PROCEEDED TO CUT ADRIFT OUR BONDS."

there was a confused clash of steel for a moment or two (the enemy not using fire-arms), during which I saw the gallant A-sing succeed in cutting his way through the braves, and then, in the midst of that savage leaping, yelling, fiend-like mob, we were beaten bleeding to the earth, and dragged along to the stockade by dozens of eager, clutching hands.

Our only hope now consisted in the slender chance that we might not be instantly executed, and that A-sing might escape, when the Se-wong would, perhaps, try to rescue us.

The moment we saw the commanding mandarin, and were forced down on our knees before him, the brave old Lin Tzu-quai, one of the Se-wong's captains of the guard, our companion in misfortune, exclaimed aloud—

"Ching! Ching the traitor!"

Then turning to us, he quietly said—

"Brethren, we are dead men! That is Ching Yuen-tai, formerly a general in our service. He

as spies, by the horrible mode of punishment known as the "ling-chee," or "cutting into ten thousand pieces."

The surrounding braves set up a savage shout of joy, and eagerly began to drag us towards the centre of their extensive entrenchment.

Bleeding and faint from spear-stabs and the blows of muskets, we were dragged to a large open space, and tied up to some cross-shaped posts, near to half a dozen huddled-up figures on the ground. These we saw were other unfortunate Taipings, lately captured, and among them we regretted to see a young girl.

By the dull red light of numerous paper lanterns held by willing hands, we were all three firmly bound to the wooden pillars; then the savage-looking officer in command made a sign to the executioners—hideous-looking men, clad in red garments, and wearing tall hats of a peculiar shape, with two long feathers standing up from the sides—and the six prostrate figures, having their hands

bound behind their backs, were dragged upon their knees before us, and ranged in a row. Then one of the executioners unsheathed his heavy sword, of a broad yataghan shape. We heard the whistling *cheep* as it whirled through the air, followed by the sickening, crushing thud as it fell, and the gory head of the first victim rolled at our feet.

At this moment an opening was made through the crowd of braves swarming eagerly around to enjoy the scene, and the cruel Ching appeared with part of his staff.

Four times more the murderous knife rose and fell, without a murmur or a cry from the unresisting, helpless victims—most of whom, indeed, were badly wounded, and probably welcomed death to end their sufferings; but when it came to the turn of the sixth, Ching commanded the executioner to stay his hand, whilst a lantern was held near the prisoner's face.

"Ha! he is too young for the knife," said the Imperialist general. "Save him for the torture."

For the first time the poor fellow showed signs of consciousness.

"No, no! oh, no!" he cried, in a weak, imploring voice. "Kill me, kill me! you have killed my father, kill me too!"

Despite his faint efforts to resist, he was at once carried off, and our whole thoughts then became painfully concentrated upon our own terrible position.

The executioners advanced upon us with sharp and glittering knives in their hands; but for me and my friend, Jack Skey, there came a blessed though unexpected respite.

General Ching ordered them not to touch us, and then sent off a messenger (so far as we could understand) to his Excellency Le, the "Futai" or governor of the province, within the walls of Soong-kong, to communicate our capture and demand permission to execute the "yang quitzos."

In the meanwhile our unfortunate comrade, fearless at the terrible death to which he was doomed, sang, in a loud unflinching voice, several verses of a hymn, with all the powerful religious fervour or fanaticism for which the Taipings—those would-be promulgators of Christianity, the profession of which had originated their great religio-political revolution—had become remarkable.

Great, heroic, and holy as the martyrs of old, seemed this member of the new faith in the midst of his heathen countrymen and the fierce Tartar braves. Even whilst the sonorous words of praise and supplication ascended from that ensanguined spot, and rang echoing clear and high above the fierce yells and clamour of those thirsting for his blood, the knife of the barbarous executioner penetrated his flesh, and the torture of our comrade began.

He shouted the Taiping war-cry of "God, Christ, and the Emperor," and then, as the executioner plunged his long knife into his chest, I heard him twice cry upon "Yesu! Yesu!"

This, let us hope, proved the *coup de grâce*, for although poor Lin Tzu-quai still breathed, he never spoke again.

During all this fearful time, which seemed to us poor wretches, awaiting the same fate, an age of torment, we had not spoken a word. Our tongues were parched up, and our voices were lost.

When the frightful scene ended I scarcely knew, but we found ourselves in darkness—or rather in the faint moonlight—and alone, at last. Alone, tied to our posts, with the dead and mangled!

How long a time had elapsed I cannot tell, but several hours must have passed, though we had only expressed to each other a few words of horror, when we became aware that a number of dogs were present, tearing at and mangling the human remains about us! One savage cur seized my friend's leg, but his faint cry drove it off for a time. Then I heard the slow flap-flap of heavy wings, and a carrion bird perched upon a post close before me, its eyes gleaming red and fierce straight into mine. Other ravenous things followed, settling down, black, heavy, and bestial, around us.

We were in imminent danger of being torn to pieces and devoured alive, when suddenly we were relieved from this horror, that weighed upon our mental faculties like the incubus of some awful nightmare.

Two dark forms rose up from the ground near by, and all the horrid things took to flight. Our hearts bounded with joy, for we recognised the sombre black silk jacket and wide trousers in which our Taiping comrades mostly made their night attacks.

Creeping up to us cautiously (for the huts and tents of the Imperialist soldiery were almost within sight) the two strange figures at length stood by our side.

In the form of one we recognised, with joy and admiration, the gallant A-sing, who at once proceeded to cut adrift our bonds, taking care, however, to sever them at the lowest part of each fastening, in such a way that the change could not be perceived unless by a special examination. He explained the motive for this by telling us that it would be necessary to wait for the Se-wong's attack, when we could escape in the confusion, whereas to attempt it now would be extremely dangerous and difficult, especially as our limbs were so numbed and cramped from the cruel tightness of our bonds as to prevent any rapid movement.

No sooner had the cords been cut than our helpers placed themselves behind us, in conceal-

ment, after hiding a loaded revolver in each of our breasts, and explaining the means by which they had succeeded in reaching us.

A-sing was just informing us how he had managed to reach the camp, and that the Se-wong was even now advancing to try and carry Soong-kong by a *coup de main*, after first taking the stockade in order to effect our rescue, when a noise arose in the direction of the Imperialist tents, along the line of the entrenchments, and numerous lanterns began to approach.

He at once left us, taking his companion with him, to seek shelter in the branches of a tree growing just behind the horrid execution-posts, after encouraging us by promising the almost immediate attack of our Taiping troops by the same way in which he had appeared, on the flank of the stockade; a small party of braves having been surprised and captured by an outlying picket, and having been compelled to declare our exact whereabouts. At the same time he significantly tapped the butt of his rifle, and said that the traitor, Ching, would meet with what he little expected if it were he approaching with the awaited authority for our execution.

This, indeed, proved to be the case; for in front of a large crowd of braves came the general named, with his executioners and officers, and a high civil mandarin's messenger in uniform (doubtless one of the Futai Le's attendants), bearing in his right hand the dreaded "leng," or death-warrant, the dragon-emblazoned waterproof sheath containing the little yellow triangular flag which, given by the Imperial Tartar government, bestowed the power of life and death upon mandarins of the first and second ranks.

How anxiously we listened for the faintest sign of the Se-wong's approach! How we held our breath to try and distinguish the slightest sound in the distance above the fierce shouts and yells of joy bursting from the savage soldiery, now spreading themselves round about us to enjoy the expected butchery!

But the executioners approached; the official with the "leng" drew it forth from its sheath, and was about, with Ching's gesture of assent, to give the order to commence—in another moment the state of our bonds would have been discovered—when, bursting upon our ears, and producing a bounding joy such as "villainous saltpetre" never had produced before, and never did nor will again, came the sudden rattling crash of a long and heavy roll of musketry, close in front of the stockade, followed by a tremendous cheer.

At the same instant crack, crack went the rifles of our friends in the tree, and General Ching fell

to the ground wounded. In the midst of the wild panic and alarm he was carried off towards the city, his troops making no effort to support their comrades engaged in front. Then the war-cry of the Taipings suddenly pealed forth upon the flank of the stockaded work, and we knew that a party had turned it, and would soon be with us.

Very fortunate was it that our two brave visitors thought of arming us, for, as they fled away, the executioners and a number of the cowardly braves rushed towards us sword in hand, with the evident intention of dispatching us. But we threw off the severed bonds, and, with difficulty pulling forth the revolvers, began blazing away on them, wounding two, killing one of the horrid crimson-clad torturers outright, and quickly dispersing the rest.

No sooner had the flanking detachment arrived at the spot, and then swept on in line with the other divisions advancing upon the city, after leaving a non-commissioned officer's guard with A-sing for our protection, than that gallant young Taiping fell upon his knees, and we joined him in offering up thanksgiving for our merciful deliverance, prayers so heartfelt as we had seldom said before.

Almost the first thing we thought of after our deliverance was the prisoner we had seen carried off by Ching's orders to his quarters, and we begged A-sing to join us in searching for him before retreating to our camp. After a very little trouble we succeeded in finding him amongst the crowd of Taiping soldiers busily engaged in "looting" the enemy's tents.

During our retreat to the camp we were overtaken by our troops, who had succeeded in storming the walls, the gallant Se-wong being himself the first man to mount them; but they had then been driven back, and their leader wounded. The Taipings carried off their wounded chief, retired slowly and sullenly without firing a shot in reply, by the Se-wong's strict orders, and so Soong-kong was abandoned to the enemy.

A tender attachment sprang up between my friend Jack Skey and the fair young Taiping girl, who had been with us in such imminent danger. The last I saw of them was in a comfortable house at Nankin, where they lived together happily as man and wife, and Jack officiated as artillery instructor to the garrison.

Those were wild and fearful times in China, amongst a cruel and barbarous people, and this adventure is but one of many awful scenes the writer witnessed, during only a few years' service with the much-maligned heroic Taipings.

TEN MINUTES WITH AN IRISH HUMOURIST.

HERE is something exceedingly light-hearted in the poetry of some of the Irish writers, and perhaps in none is this pleasant nature better shown than in Edward Irwin, an author far less known than he deserves to be. Perhaps there is nothing great in his verses, but they always appeal straight to the fancy, and bring a smile to the reader's face. Like most of those who twang the lyre, or, in this case, probably the Irish harp, familiar on old-fashioned halfpennies, many of his songs rose in praise of the fair; but Irwin praises them in a different manner to his fellows. Hear him, for instance, in his description of "Amiable Kitty."

There's not one in the city
Like amiable Kitty,
So gentle and mild in her manners is she;
She seems as 'twere given
Or lent us from Heaven
To show us what sort a good
woman should be.

How unostentatious!
How simple and gracious!
She courts no applause, and she
covets no show;
By the perfume alone
Of her good deeds she's known
Like a sweet little violet buried
in snow.

She attends to the cares
Of her household affairs,
Is clever to make, yet disdains
not to mend;
Converses with ease
On all topics that please,
But carefully shuns what she
knows would offend.

Oh! Kitty, dear Kitty,
Upon us take pity,
And don't for awhile to your
happiness soar;
Put stones in your pocket,
Or up like a rocket
You'll shoot into heav'n and
we'll see you no more.

No star in the sky
With the lustre can vie
That lurks underneath Kitty's
timorous lid;

Would her eyes but shine out,
There's no shadow of doubt
But they'd do as much harm as e'er woman's eye did.



"SHE ATTENDS TO THE CARES OF HER HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS."

But not so thinks poor Kate,
For she looks as sedate
As though quite unconscious
that beauty is hers;
While her each thought is bent
On some kindly intent,
For the erring that needs, or the
needy that errs.

Her smiles are but few,
But they're lovely and true
As those of good angels or peni-
tent cast;
While her frowns—fewer still—
We can scarce deem an ill,
For they leave her face fairer
and brighter when past.

Like the breezes that break
O'er the calm sunny lake,
They may check the sun's ardour,
and ruffle the stream;
But the lake in a while
Will expand with a smile,
And each wavering dimple re-
flect a new beam.

Oh! that nothing may harm
her,
My amiable charmer,
May happiness here with her
destiny blend;
And at last when—no blame
to her—
Heaven lays claim to her,
May she keep there a corner for
me and a friend!

There is something almost plaintive in the commencing of the appeal to the fair to weight herself with stones, on account of her goodness, so as to keep down upon earth, while the last line is as thoroughly Irish as an idea can be.

In "Amiable Kitty" this writer praises the qualities of a fair one; in the next lines quoted we have the attire as well as the personal appearance, sufficient to make him sing surely as no poet ever sung before of a lady who had donned one of those hats that preceded or followed the peculiar style of semi-Spanish head-gear adopted by ladies, and known as the "pork-pie hat." Mr. Irwin's lady had surmounted her charms with a turban hat, and he thus addresses her:—

Beautiful girl in the turban hat!
I lost my heart when you mounted that;
It wandered away 'mid the folds of your hair,
Got tangled—and now lies captive there.

Remember, when combing your locks to-night,
Should some tresses be twisted together tight,
Look out for my heart, and some others you've spurned,
That strayed from their owners and never returned.

In moments of courage I've been inclined
To give you, dear girl, a piece of my mind ;
But now it's too late, for with grief I see,
My peace of mind has deserted me.

Artists may picture and poets praise
The scant-clad Venus of former days ;

But lovelier far, to my eyes, than that,
Are the well-draped form and the turban hat.

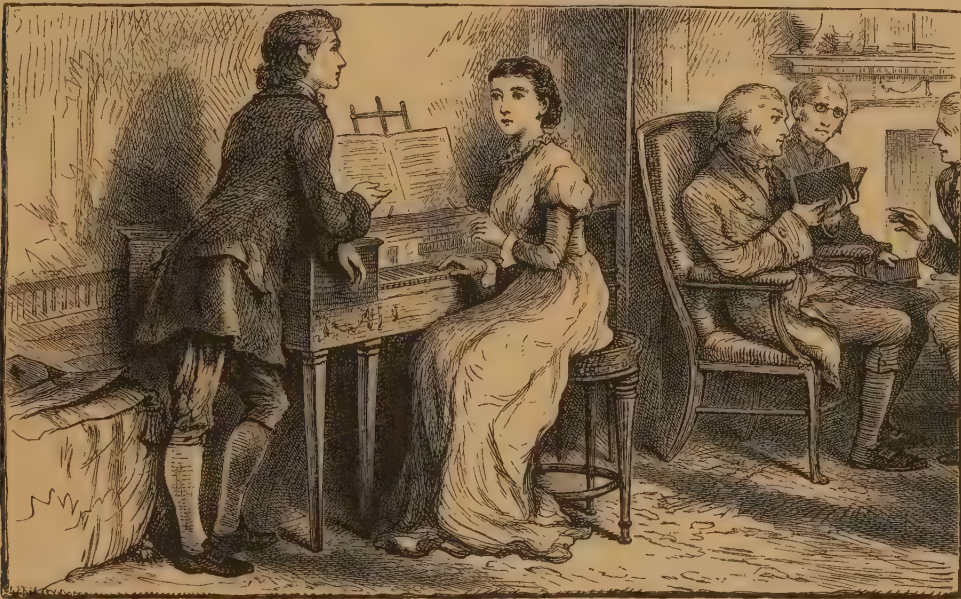
Beautiful girl, well may you wear ;
Never may sorrow whiten one hair
Of the clusters that make my pulse go pat,
As I look at yourself, and your turban hat.

In another poem the writer relates a blunder that has been recorded by other pens, but rarely in a more light and easy way than in the following lines, wherein he tells us of

LOVE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

I met a dear creature, it matters not where ;
And I met with a fall too, in meeting the fair ;
For I fell quite in love—but you wouldn't blame me,
If this beautiful creature you only could see.
Her eyes were like—stay, they bewildered me quite ;
No mortal could see them and criticise right.

While her tongue, like a little bird, warbled within.
Her hair, gathered up in a net with much care,
Peeped out from the bars of its prison up there,
Ev'ry wave, ev'ry fold, seeming silly to say—
"Don't you think it's a shame to confine me this way?"
For lightness, her foot was like that of a lamb ;



"'THAT OLD GENTLEMAN THERE—IS MY HUSBAND!' SAID SHE."

I could only observe that their number was two,
And their colour—about the most mischievous blue.
Her mouth (my own waters)—don't ask me, I pray—
'Twas the sweetest of mouths, and that's all I can say :
And the envious fellow who dares to say "no,"
If he had any *taste*, faith, he wouldn't say so !
Her mouth, when she laughed, was a casket thrown wide
With pearls gleaming white from pink velvet inside ;
When she sang, 'twas a cage, which to shut were a sin ;

For whiteness, her hand might have borne off the palm ;
And kind was the heart that went beating below,
To keep itself warm in her bosom of snow.
The next time I met my dear charmer, thought I,
"I'll disclose to her father the truth, or I die.
"Introduce me," I said, "to your worthy old sire,
The grey, spectacled gentleman next to the fire."
She replied with surprise, and a mixture of glee :
"That old gentleman there—is my husband !" said she.

No doubt the lady had good taste and chose her elderly husband for sound qualities, too often missing in dress and self loving young men. But, sad to say, the young ladies of his day were not perfect, for, according to the poet, that terrible love of trifling—that havoc-making of hearts—existed, that form of manslaughter known as coquetry, and *apropos* thereof he tells us of

THE SILKEN NET.

A vision I had of a fair coquette,
A vision so fair that it haunts me yet.
Her brow rose high like a mountain of snow
Ere its beauties melt in the morning's glow ;

Her eyes were bright as the star above,
That shone on the birth of the god of love ;
Her nose was much in the Grecian style,
And her mouth—O 'twas hid in an angel smile.

The dimples that laughed in her cheeks and chin
 Were just such as Cupid was cradled in ;
 And, to finish the portrait, her hair, like jet,
 Was tidily bound in a silken net.
 The vision dissolved as I still gazed on,
 The net was there, but the face was gone ;
 And fishes I saw of every fin
 That couldn't get out when they'd once got in.
 A dandy trout—a perfect swell—
 Bobbed at a curl and—in he fell ;
 A lanky eel both long and slim
 Just looked—and all was over with him.
 A legal shark, in spite of his wit,
 Was netted next, like the biter bit ;

A graceful salmon, a pious sole,
 And of smaller fry a countless shoal ;
 Till all the fishes, in mute surprise,
 Winked at each other with both their eyes.

The vision returned of the fair coquette :
 She was bending over her silken net ;
 And counting her victims o'er and o'er,
 The more she counted, she laughed the more.
 Then I blessed my stars, that my stars blessed me
 By keeping me clear of that heartless she ;
 And whenever I see a similar net,
 I tremble and think of the fair coquette.

Who would not bless the stars for their blessing under such circumstances, and shrink from being one of the victims of the silken net? The owner could not have been the beauty spoken of in the next lines, for the fair one seems to belong to that class who abjure attachments for anything else but dumb creatures.

BEAUTY IN GRIEF.

Why flow the tears from lovely Harriet's eyes?
 Say, gentle muse, whence doth her sorrow rise?
 It cannot be a lover's loss, I guess,
 She'd scarcely mind a lover more or less ;
 What sorrow, then, has seized upon the fair?
 Satiric muse, thy sneer profane forbear !
 Approach and read the record of her grief,
 Inscribed in tears upon her handkerchief :—
 "Relentless Death, at one disastrous blow,

Has laid my peace, and—favourite kitten low."
 Haste now, rejected and dejected swains !
 An ample recompense awaits your pains.
 An enviable office open lies—
 To wipe the tears from lovely Harriet's eyes ;
 To chase from her young heart intrusive care,
 Which ne'er, till now, presumed to enter there ;
 To be her comforter, and after that
 Perhaps—succeed the much-lamented Cat !

In his light-hearted way, though he can be serious at times, Mr. Irwin can find a subject for his song in the most trifling of things—in his "Last Farthing," in a bird, a daisy, and in the flowers trodden under foot ; but these we must leave, and take in conclusion his little ode to

THE FIRST FLY OF SUMMER.

Come hither, fly, that on my window-pane
 Dost climbing fall, and falling climb again ;
 Thus, while I pray you—stay, don't kick about so,
 Tell me, I pray, why wish you to get out so ?
 Is it to soar aloft and warm your wings
 At the bright sun? Ah, flies are foolish things !
 You've a fine life, if but the fact you knew—
 Plenty to eat and no hard work to do ;
 Cream you make free with, nor e'en "Thank you" say
 for it ;
 Sugar you nibble, nor are asked to pay for it ;
 Though you've got three feet for each one I use,
 You neither buy, nor pay for mending shoes ;
 And though you wander through each room's extent,
 You fear no tax-man, and you pay no rent.

How would you fare now, if I let you out?
 Rude winds would blow your fragile form about ;
 A spider's gossamer, perchance, would follow you ;
 Perchance a swallow overtake and swallow you ;
 A rain-drop might o'erwhelm you, or a leaf
 Blown from a tree bring you to early grief ;
 But as to soaring to the sun—Tut ! tut !
 You'd likelier perish in the water-butt.

Yet—as I think on 't—equal folly's mine ;
 Thankless for what I have, I still repine
 For what I've not ; and which, if once possessed,
 Doubtless, would leave my heart as far from rest.
 Reality's my window-pane, and Hope
 Still climbs, and falls, and frets to see it ope.

Yes, and in more than this, 'twixt me and you,
 Men are like flies—for men are insects too.
 Little in mind, howe'er our bodies run—
 (Shade of Sam. Johnson, pardon me the pun !)
 We're all in sects : in sects that hate each other,
 And deem it love of God to hate one's brother.

Now—go about your buzziness, good fly ;
 Be wiser—and, I promise, so will I.
 The air was cold, and leaves were falling fast,
 And days were shortening, when I saw you last ;
 But now you come, the herald of the bright
 Long sunny day and tranquil moony night ;
 You bring us promise of the bee and flower,
 The meadow's breath, the genial summer shower,
 The bird's sweet song, the echoing air that fills,
 And the sweet trickling music of the rills.
 You're welcome, then, since tidings such you bring,
 And as your recompense—be free of wing.

Walk when I'm busy on my nose's tip ;
 With your six legs tickle my itching lip ;
 Swim in my tea—but warning take of fools
 Who've perished so, and see that first it cools ;
 Nibble my sugar and my print of butter ;
 Walk on my loaf ;—still no complaint I'll utter.
 Only one thing I warn you not to try—
 Oft for that one I've wished to be a fly !
 Come not too near Carissima, nor dare
 To kiss her eyelids or caress her hair.
 But if you must come near her—pray, good fly,
 Tell her how much I love her. There—Good-bye !

GABRIEL GRUB.

[By CHARLES DICKENS.]



churchyard, one Gabriel Grub. It by no means follows that, because a man is a sexton, and constantly surrounded by emblems of mortality, therefore he should be a morose and melancholy man. Your undertakers are the merriest fellows in the world ; and I once had the honour of being on intimate terms with a mute, who, in private life and off duty, was as comical and jocose a little fellow as ever chirped out a devil-may-care song, without a hitch in his memory, or drained off the contents of a good stiff glass without stopping for breath. But, notwithstanding these precedents to the contrary, Gabriel Grub was an ill-conditioned, cross-grained, surly fellow—a morose and lonely man, who consoled with nobody but himself and an old wicker bottle which fitted into his large, deep waistcoat-pocket—and who eyed each merry face, as it passed him by, with such a deep scowl of malice and ill-humour as it was difficult to meet without feeling something the worse for.

A little before twilight, one Christmas-eve, Gabriel shouldered his spade, lighted his lantern, and betook himself towards the old churchyard ; for he had got a grave to finish by next morning, and feeling very low, he thought it might raise his spirits, perhaps, if he went on with his work at once. As he went his way up the ancient street, he saw the cheerful light of the blazing fires gleam through the old casements, and heard the loud laugh and the cheerful shouts of those who were assembled around them ; he marked the bustling preparations for next day's cheer, and smelt the numerous savoury odours consequent thereupon, as they steamed up from the kitchen windows in clouds. All this was gall and wormwood to the heart of Gabriel Grub ; and when groups of

children bounded out of the houses, tripped across the road, and were met, before they could knock at the opposite door, by half a dozen curly-headed little rascals who crowded round them as they flocked up-stairs to spend the evening in their Christmas games, Gabriel smiled grimly, and clutched the handle of his spade with a firmer grasp, as he thought of measles, scarlet fever, thrush, whooping-cough, and a good many other sources of consolation besides.

In this happy frame of mind, Gabriel strode along—returning a short, sullen growl to the good-humoured greetings of such of his neighbours as now and then passed him—until he turned into the dark lane which led to the churchyard. Now Gabriel had been looking forward to reaching the dark lane, because it was, generally speaking, a nice, gloomy, mournful place, into which the townspeople did not much care to go, except in broad daylight and when the sun was shining ; consequently he was not a little indignant to hear a young urchin roaring out some jolly song about a merry Christmas, in this very sanctuary, which had been called Coffin Lane ever since the days of the old abbey and the time of the shaven-headed monks. As Gabriel walked on, and the voice drew nearer, he found it proceeded from a small boy, who was hurrying along to join one of the little parties in the old street, and who, partly to keep himself company, and partly to prepare himself for the occasion, was shouting out the song at the highest pitch of his lungs. So Gabriel waited until the boy came up, and then dodged him into a corner, and rapped him over the head with his lantern five or six times, to teach him to modulate his voice. And as the boy turned away with his hand to his head, singing quite a different sort of tune, Gabriel Grub chuckled very heartily to himself, and entered the churchyard, locking the gate behind him. He took off his coat, put down his lantern, and getting into the unfinished grave, worked at it for an hour or so with right good will. But the earth was hardened with the frost, and it was no very easy matter to break it up and shovel it out ; and although there was a moon, it was a very young one and shed little light upon the grave, which was in the shadow of the church. At any other times these obstacles would have made Gabriel Grub very moody and miserable ; but he was so well pleased with having stopped the small boy's singing, that he took little heed of the scanty progress he had made, and looked down into the grave, when he had finished work for the night, with grim satisfaction, murmuring, as he gathered up his things—

"Brave lodgings for one, brave lodgings for one—
A few feet of cold earth, when life is done;
A stone at the head, a stone at the feet;
A rich, juicy meal for the worms to eat;
Rank grass overhead, and damp clay around—
Brave lodgings for one, these, in holy ground!"

"Ho! ho!" laughed Gabriel Grub, as he sat himself down on a flat tombstone, which was a favourite resting-place of his, and drew forth his wicker bottle. "A coffin at Christmas! A Christmas-box. Ho! ho! ho!"

"Ho! ho! ho!" repeated a voice which sounded close behind him.

Gabriel paused in some alarm, in the act of raising the wicker bottle to his lips, and looked round. The bottom of the oldest grave about him was not more still and quiet than the churchyard in the pale moonlight. The cold hoar-frost glistened on the tombstones, and sparkled like rows of gems among the stone carvings of the old church. The snow lay hard and crisp upon the ground, and spread over the thickly-strewn mounds of earth so white and smooth a cover, that it seemed as if corpses lay there, hidden only by their wind-sheets. Not the faintest rustle broke the profound tranquillity of the solemn scene. Sound itself appeared to be frozen up, all was so cold and still.

"It was the echoes," said Gabriel Grub, raising the bottle to his lips again.

"It was *not*," said a deep voice.

Gabriel started up, and stood rooted to the spot with astonishment and terror, for his eyes rested on a form that made his blood run cold.

Seated on an upright tombstone, close to him, was a strange, unearthly figure, whom Gabriel felt at once was no being of this world. His long, fantastic legs, which might have reached the ground, were cocked up, and crossed after a quaint fantastic fashion; his sinewy arms were bare; and his hands rested on his knees. On his short, round body, he wore a close covering, ornamented with small slashes; a short cloak dangled at his back; the collar was cut into curious peaks, which served the goblin in lieu of ruff or neckerchief; and his shoes curled up at the toes into long points. On his head he wore a broad-brimmed sugar-loaf hat, garnished with a single feather. The hat was covered with the white frost; and the goblin looked as if he had sat on the same tombstone very comfortably for two or three hundred years. He was sitting perfectly still, his tongue was put out as if in derision, and he was grinning at Gabriel Grub with such a grin as only a goblin could call up.

"It was *not* the echoes," said the goblin.

Gabriel Grub was paralysed, and could make no reply.

"What do you do here on Christmas-eve?" said the goblin, sternly.

"I came to dig a grave, sir," stammered Gabriel Grub.

"What man wanders among graves and churchyards on such a night as this?" cried the goblin.

"Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!" screamed a wild chorus of voices that seemed to fill the churchyard. Gabriel looked fearfully round: nothing was to be seen.

"What have you got in that bottle?" said the goblin.

"Hollands, sir," replied the sexton, trembling more than ever; for he had bought it of the smugglers, and he thought that perhaps his questioner might be in the excise department of the goblins.

"Who drinks Hollands alone, and in a churchyard, on such a night as this?" said the goblin.

"Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!" exclaimed the wild voices again.

The goblin leered maliciously at the terrified sexton, and then, raising his voice, exclaimed—

"And who, then, is our fair and lawful prize?"

To this inquiry the invisible chorus replied, in a strain that sounded like the voices of many choristers singing to the mighty swell of the old church-organ—a strain that seemed borne to the sexton's ears upon a wild wind, and to die away as it passed onward—but the burden of the reply was still the same, "Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!"

The goblin grinned a broader grin than before, as he said, "Well, Gabriel, what do you say to this?"

The sexton gasped for breath.

"What do you think of this, Gabriel?" said the goblin, kicking up his feet in the air on either side of the tombstone, and looking at the turned-up points with as much complacency as if he had been contemplating the most fashionable pair of Wellingtons in all Bond Street.

"It's—it's—very curious, sir," replied the sexton, half dead with fright—"very curious and very pretty, but I think I'll go back and finish my work, sir, if you please."

"Work," said the goblin, "what work?"

"The grave, sir: making the grave," stammered the sexton.

"Oh, the grave, eh?" said the goblin. "Who makes graves at a time when all other men are merry, and takes a pleasure in it?"

Again the mysterious voices replied, "Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!"

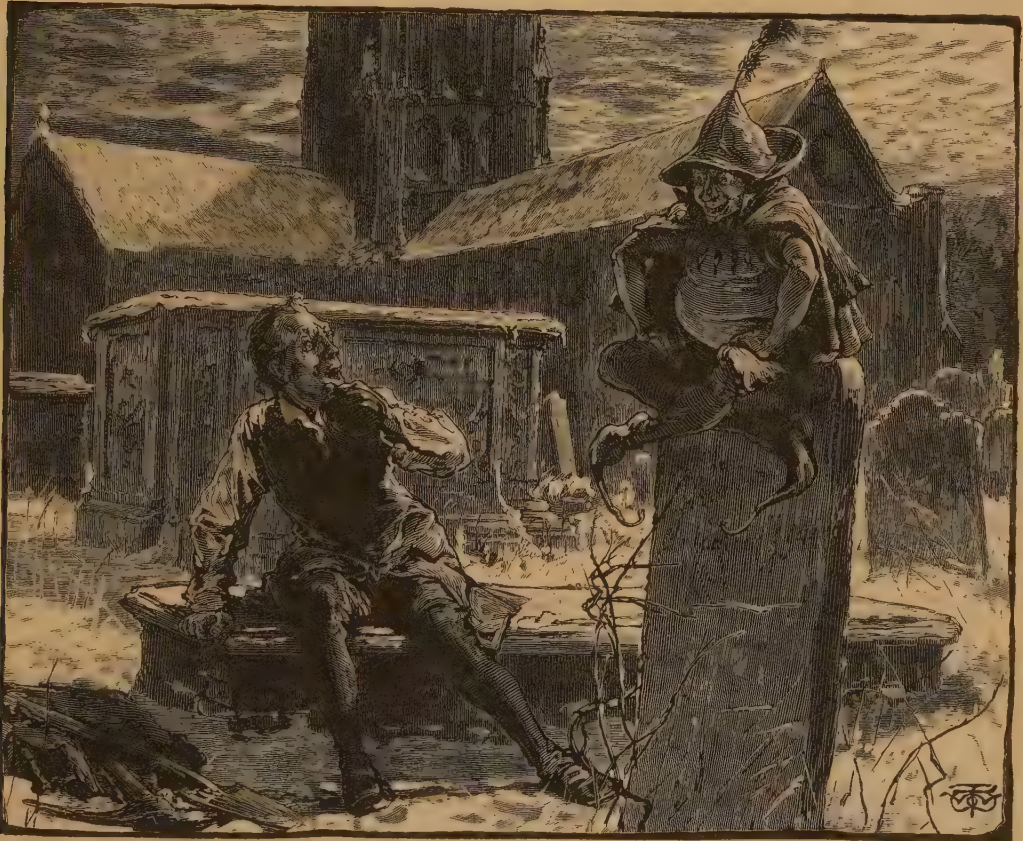
"I'm afraid my friends want you, Gabriel," said the goblin, thrusting his tongue further into his cheek than ever—and a most astonishing tongue it was—"I'm afraid my friends want you, Gabriel," said the goblin.

"Under favour, sir," replied the horror-stricken sexton, "I don't think they can, sir; they don't know me, sir: I don't think the gentlemen have ever seen me, sir."

"Oh, yes, they have," replied the goblin. "We know the man with the sulky face and the grim scowl, that came down the street to-night, throwing his evil looks at the children and grasping his burying-spade the tighter. We know the man who struck the boy in the envious malice of his heart, because the boy could be merry, and he could not. We know him, we know him."

Here the goblin gave a loud shrill laugh, which

windows of the church, as if the whole building were lighted up. It disappeared, the organ pealed forth a lively air, and whole troops of goblins, the very counterpart of the first one, poured into the churchyard, and began playing at leap-frog with the tombstones, never stopping for an instant to take breath, but "overing" the highest among them, one after the other, with the most marvellous dexterity. The first goblin was a most astonishing leaper, and none of the others could



"'IT WAS NOT THE ECHOES,' SAID THE GOBLIN."

the echoes returned twentyfold, and, throwing his legs up in the air, stood upon his head, or rather upon the very point of his sugar-loaf hat, on the narrow edge of the tombstone, whence he threw a sunnyside with extraordinary agility right to the sexton's feet, at which he planted himself in the attitude in which tailors generally sit upon the shop-board.

"I—I—am afraid I must leave you, sir," said the sexton, making an effort to move.

"Leave us!" said the goblin, "Gabriel Grub going to leave us! Ho! ho! ho!"

As the goblin laughed, the sexton observed, for one instant, a brilliant illumination within the

come near him. Even in the extremity of his terror the sexton could not help observing that, while his friends were content to leap over the common-sized gravestones, the first one took the family vaults, iron railings and all, with as much ease as if they had been so many street-posts.

At last the game reached to a most exciting pitch; the organ played quicker and quicker; and the goblins leapt faster and faster—coiling themselves up, rolling head over heels upon the ground, and bounding over the tombstones like footballs. The sexton's brain whirled round with the rapidity of the motion he beheld, and his legs reeled beneath

him as the spirits flew before his eyes, when the goblin king, suddenly darting towards him, laid his hand upon his collar, and sank with him through the earth.

When Gabriel Grub had had time to fetch his breath, which the rapidity of his descent had for the moment taken away, he found himself in what appeared to be a large cavern, surrounded on all sides by crowds of goblins ugly and grim. In the centre of the room, on an elevated seat, was stationed his friend of the churchyard; and close beside him stood Gabriel Grub himself, without the power of motion.

"Cold, to-night," said the king of the goblins—"very cold. A glass of something warm here!"

At this command, half a dozen officious goblins, with a perpetual smile upon their faces, whom Gabriel Grub imagined to be courtiers on that account, hastily disappeared, and presently returned with a goblet of liquid fire, which they presented to the king.

"Ah!" cried the goblin, whose cheeks and throat were transparent as he tossed down the flame, "this warms one indeed! Bring a bumper of the same for Mr. Grub."

It was in vain for the unfortunate sexton to protest that he was not in the habit of taking anything warm at night: one of the goblins held him while another poured the blazing liquid down his throat. The whole assembly screeched with laughter as he coughed and choked, and wiped away the tears which gushed plentifully from his eyes, after swallowing the burning draught.

"And now," said the king, fantastically poking the taper corner of his sugar-loaf hat into the sexton's eye, and thereby occasioning him the most exquisite pain—"and now show the man of misery and gloom a few of the pictures from our great storehouse!"

As the goblin said this, a thick cloud, which obscured the remoter end of the cavern, rolled gradually away, and disclosed, apparently at a great distance, a small and scantily furnished, but neat and clean apartment. A crowd of little children were gathered round a bright fire, clinging to their mother's gown, and gambolling around her chair. The mother occasionally rose, and drew aside the window-curtain, as if to look for some expected object. A frugal meal was ready spread upon the table, and an elbow-chair was placed near the fire. A knock was heard at the door. The mother opened it, and the children crowded round her, and clapped their hands for joy as their father entered. He was wet and weary, and shook the snow from his garments as the children crowded round him, and, seizing his cloak, hat, stick, and gloves, with busy zeal, ran with them from the room. Then, as he sat down to his meal before the fire, the children climbed about his knee, and the

mother sat by his side, and all seemed happiness and comfort.

But a change came upon the view, almost imperceptibly. The scene was altered to a small bedroom, where the fairest and youngest child lay dying. The roses had fled from his cheek, and the light from his eye; and even as the sexton looked upon him, with an interest he had never felt or known before, he died. His young brothers and sisters crowded round his little bed, and seized his tiny hand, so cold and heavy; but they shrank back from its touch, and looked with awe on his infant face; for, calm and tranquil as it was, and sleeping in rest and peace as the beautiful child seemed to be, they saw that he was dead, and they knew that he was an angel looking down upon and blessing them, from a bright and happy heaven.

Again the light cloud passed across the picture, and again the subject changed. The father and mother were old and helpless now, and the number of those about them was diminished more than half; but content and cheerfulness sat on every face, and beamed in every eye, as they crowded round the fireside, and told and listened to old stories of earlier and bygone days. Slowly and peacefully the father sank into the grave, and soon after, the sharer of all his cares and troubles followed him to a place of rest. The few who yet survived them knelt by their tomb, and watered the green turf which covered it with their tears; then rose, and turned away—sadly and mournfully, but not with bitter cries or despairing lamentations, for they knew that they should one day meet again—and once more they mixed with the busy world, and their content and cheerfulness were restored. The cloud settled upon the picture, and concealed it from the sexton's view.

"What do you think of *that*?" said the goblin, turning his large face towards Gabriel Grub.

Gabriel murmured out something about its being very pretty, and looked somewhat ashamed as the goblin bent his fiery eyes upon him.

"*You* a miserable man!" said the goblin, in a tone of excessive contempt. "*You*!" He appeared disposed to add more, but indignation choked his utterance; so he lifted up one of his very pliable legs, and, flourishing it above his head a little, to insure his aim, administered a good sound kick to Gabriel Grub; immediately after which, all the goblins in waiting crowded round the wretched sexton, and kicked him without mercy—according to the established and invariable custom of courtiers upon earth, who kick whom royalty kicks, and hug whom royalty hugs.

"Show him some more!" said the king of the goblins.

At these words the cloud was again dispelled, and a rich and beautiful landscape was disclosed to

view—there is just such another to this day within half a mile of the old abbey town. The sun shone from out the clear blue sky, the water sparkled beneath its rays, and the trees looked greener, and the flowers more gay, beneath his cheering influence. The water rippled on, with a pleasant sound; the trees rustled in the light wind that murmured among their leaves; the birds sang upon the boughs; and the lark carolled on high her welcome to the morning. Yes, it was morning—the bright, balmy morning of summer; the minutest leaf, the smallest blade of grass, was instinct with life. The ant crept forth to her daily toil; the butterfly fluttered and basked in the warm rays of the sun; myriads of insects spread their transparent wings, and revelled in their brief but happy existence. Man walked forth elated with the scene; and all was brightness and splendour.

“*You a miserable man!*” said the king of the goblins, in a more contemptuous tone than before. And again the king of the goblins gave his leg a flourish; again it descended on the shoulders of the sexton; and again the attendant goblins imitated the example of their chief.

Many a time the cloud went and came, and many a lesson it taught to Gabriel Grub, who, although his shoulders smarted with pain from the frequent application of the goblins’ feet, looked on with an interest that nothing could diminish. He saw that men who worked hard, and earned their scanty bread with lives of labour, were cheerful and happy; and that to the most ignorant the sweet face of nature was a never-failing source of cheerfulness and joy. He saw those who had been delicately nurtured, and tenderly brought up, cheerful under privations, and superior to suffering that would have crushed many of a rougher grain, because they bore within their own bosoms the materials of happiness, contentment, and peace. He saw that men like himself, who snarled at the cheerfulness of others, were the foulest weeds on the fair surface of the earth; and setting all the good of the world against the evil, he came to the conclusion that it was a very decent and respectable sort of world after all. No sooner had he formed it than the cloud which had closed over the last picture seemed to settle on his senses, and lull him to repose. One by one the goblins faded from his sight; and as the last one disappeared, he sank to sleep.

The day had broken when Gabriel Grub awoke, and found himself lying at full length on the flat gravestone in the churchyard, with the wicker bottle lying empty by his side, and his coat, spade, and lantern, all well whitened by the last night’s frost, scattered on the ground. The stone on which he had first seen the goblin seated stood bolt upright before him, and the grave at which he had

worked the night before was not far off. At first, he began to doubt the reality of his adventures; but the acute pain in his shoulders, when he attempted to rise, assured him that the kicking of the goblins was certainly not ideal. He was staggered again by observing no traces of footsteps in the snow on which the goblins had played at leapfrog with the gravestones; but he speedily accounted for this circumstance when he remembered that, being spirits, they would leave no visible impression behind them. So Gabriel Grub got on his feet as well as he could for the pain in his back, and brushing the frost off his coat, put it on, and turned his face towards the town.

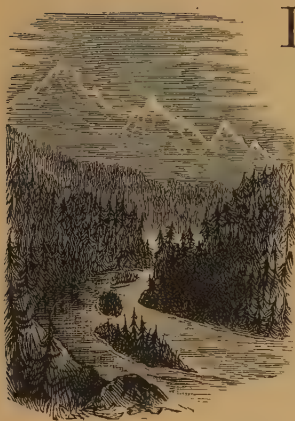
But he was an altered man, and he could not bear the thought of returning to a place where his repentance would be scoffed at, and his reformation disbelieved. He hesitated for a few moments, and then turned away to wander where he might, and seek his bread elsewhere.

The lantern, the spade, and the wicker bottle were found that day in the churchyard. There were a great many speculations about the sexton’s fate at first, but it was speedily determined that he had been carried away by the goblins; and there were not wanting some very credible witnesses who had distinctly seen him whisked through the air on the back of a chestnut horse, blind of one eye, with the hind-quarters of a lion and the tail of a bear.

Unfortunately, these stories were somewhat disturbed by the unlooked-for reappearance of Gabriel Grub himself, some ten years afterwards, a ragged, contented, rheumatic old man. He told his story to the clergyman, and also to the mayor; and in course of time it began to be received as a matter of history, in which form it has continued down to this very day. The believers in the weathercock tale, having misplaced their confidence once, were not easily prevailed upon to part with it again, so they looked as wise as they could, shrugged their shoulders, touched their foreheads, and murmured something about Gabriel Grub having drunk all the Hollands, and then fallen asleep on the flat tombstone; and they affected to explain what he supposed he had witnessed in the goblins’ cavern, by saying that he had seen the world, and grown wiser. But this opinion, which was by no means a popular one at any time, gradually died off; and, be the matter how it may, as Gabriel Grub was afflicted with rheumatism to the end of his days, this story has at least one moral, if it teach no better one—and that is, that if a man turn sulky and drink by himself at Christmas time, he may make up his mind to be not a bit the better for it—let the spirits be never so good, or let them be even as many degrees beyond proof as those which Gabriel Grub saw in the goblins’ cavern.

“THE LUCK” OF ROARING CAMP.

[By BRET HARTE.]



IN the midst of an excited discussion, an exclamation came from those nearest the door, and the camp stopped to listen. Above the swaying and moaning of the pines, the swift rush of the river, and the crackling of the fire, rose a sharp, querulous cry—a cry unlike anything heard before in the camp.

The pines stopped moaning, the river ceased to rush, and the fire to crackle. It seemed as if nature had stopped to listen, too.

The camp rose to its feet as one man. It was proposed to explode a barrel of gunpowder, but in consideration of the situation of the mother, better counsels prevailed, and only a few revolvers were discharged; for, whether owing to the rude surgery of the camp, or some other reason, Cherokee Sal was sinking fast. Within an hour, she had climbed, as it were, that rugged road that led to the stars, and so passed out of Roaring Camp, its sin and shame, for ever. I do not think that the announcement disturbed them much, except in speculation as to the fate of the child. “Can he live now?” was asked of Stumpy. The answer was doubtful. The only other being of Cherokee Sal’s sex and maternal condition in the settlement was an ass. There was some conjecture as to fitness, but the experiment was tried. It was less problematical than the ancient treatment of Romulus and Remus, and apparently as successful.

When these details were completed, which exhausted another hour, the door was opened, and the anxious crowd of men, who had already formed themselves into a queue, entered in single file. Beside the low bunk or shelf, on which the figure of the mother was starkly outlined below the blankets, stood a pine table. On this a candle-box was placed, and within it, swathed in staring red flannel, lay the last arrival at Roaring Camp. Beside the candle-box was placed a hat. Its use was soon indicated. “Gentlemen,” said Stumpy, with a singular mixture of authority and *ex officio* complacency—“Gentlemen will please pass in at the front door, round the table, and out at the back door. Them as wishes to contribute any-

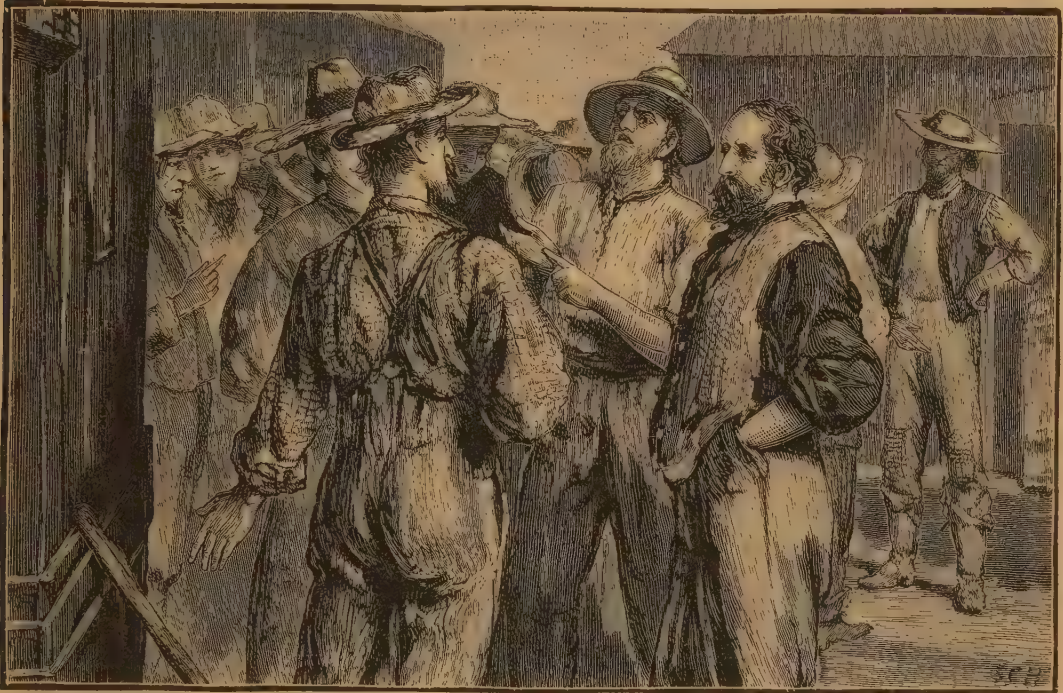
thing towards the orphan will find a hat handy.” The first man entered with his hat on; he uncovered, however, as he looked about him, and so unconsciously set an example to the next. In such communities good and bad actions are catching. As the procession filed in, comments were audible—criticisms addressed, perhaps, rather to Stumpy, in the character of showman—“Is that him?” “Mighty small specimen;” “Hasn’t more’n got the colour;” “Ain’t bigger nor a pistol.” The contributions were as characteristic: a silver tobacco-box; a doubloon; a navy revolver, silver mounted; a gold specimen; a very beautifully embroidered lady’s handkerchief (from Oakhurst the gambler); a diamond breast-pin; a diamond ring (suggested by the pin, with the remark from the giver that he “saw that pin and went two diamonds better”); a slung shot; a Bible (contributor not detected); a golden spur; a silver teaspoon (the initials, I regret to say, were not the giver’s); a pair of surgeon’s shears; a lancet; a Bank of England note for £5; and about 200 dollars in loose gold and silver coin. During these proceedings Stumpy maintained a silence as impassive as the dead on his left, a gravity as inscrutable as that of the newly born on his right. Only one incident occurred to break the monotony of the curious procession. As Kentuck bent over the candle-box half curiously, the child turned, and, in a spasm of pain, caught at his groping finger, and held it fast for a moment. Kentuck looked foolish and embarrassed. Something like a blush tried to assert itself in his weather-beaten cheek. “The little cuss!” he said, as he extricated his finger, with, perhaps, more tenderness and care than he might have been deemed capable of showing. He held that finger a little apart from its fellows as he went out, and examined it curiously. The examination provoked the same original remark in regard to the child. In fact, he seemed to enjoy repeating it. “He rasted with my finger,” he remarked to Tipton, holding up the member, “the little cuss!”

It was four o’clock before the camp sought repose. A light burnt in the cabin where the watchers sat, for Stumpy did not go to bed that night. Nor did Kentuck. He drank quite freely, and related with great gusto his experience, invariably ending with his characteristic condemnation of the new-comer. It seemed to relieve him of any unjust implication of sentiment, and Kentuck had the weakness of the nobler sex. When everybody else had gone to bed, he walked down to the river, and whistled reflectively.

Then he walked up the gulch, past the cabin, still whistling with demonstrative unconcern. At a large red-wood tree he paused and retraced his steps, and again passed the cabin. Halfway down to the river's bank he again paused, and then returned and knocked at the door. It was opened by Stumpy. "How goes it?" said Kentuck, looking past Stumpy towards the candle-box. "All serene," replied Stumpy. "Anything up?" "Nothing." There was a pause—an embarrassing one—Stumpy still holding the door. Then Kentuck had recourse

opposition. It was evident that no plan which entailed parting from their new acquisition would for a moment be entertained. "Besides," said Tom Ryder, "them fellows at Red Dog would swap it, and ring in somebody else on us." A disbelief in the honesty of other camps prevailed at Roaring Camp as in other places.

The introduction of a female nurse in the camp also met with objection. It was argued that no decent woman could be prevailed on to accept Roaring Camp as her home. Stumpy advanced



"AN ANIMATED DISCUSSION . . . AT ONCE SPRUNG UP."

to his finger, which he held up to Stumpy. "Rastled with it—the little cuss!" he said, and retired.

The next day Cherokee Sal had such rude sepulture as Roaring Camp afforded. After her body had been committed to the hillside, there was a formal meeting of the camp to discuss what should be done with her infant. A resolution to adopt it was unanimous and enthusiastic. But an animated discussion in regard to the manner and feasibility of providing for its wants at once sprung up. It was remarkable that the argument partook of none of those fierce personalities with which discussions were usually conducted at Roaring Camp. Tipton proposed that they should send the child to Red Dog, a distance of forty miles—where female attendance could be procured. But the unlucky suggestion met with fierce and unanimous

nothing. Perhaps he felt a certain delicacy in interfering with the selection of a possible successor in office. But when questioned, he averred stoutly that he and "Jinny"—the mammal before alluded to—could manage to rear the child. There was something original, independent, and heroic about the plan that pleased the camp. Stumpy was retained. Certain articles were sent for to Sacramento. "Mind," said the treasurer, as he pressed a bag of gold dust into the expressman's hand, "the best that can be got—lace, you know, and filigree-work and frills—never mind the cost!"

Strange to say, the child thrived. Perhaps the invigorating climate of the mountain camp was compensation for maternal deficiencies. Nature took the foundling to her broader breast. In that rare atmosphere of the Sierra foot-hills—that air

pungent with balsamic odour, that ethereal cordial at once bracing and exhilarating—he may have found food and nourishment, or a subtle chemistry that transmuted asses' milk to lime and phosphorus. Stumpy inclined to the belief that it was the latter and good nursing. "Me and that ass," he would say, "has been father and mother to him. Don't you," he would add, apostrophising the helpless bundle before him, "never go back on us."

By the time he was a month old, the necessity of giving him a name became apparent. He had generally been known as the "Kid," "Stumpy's boy," the "Cayotte" (an allusion to his vocal powers), and even by Kentuck's endearing diminutive of "the little cuss." But these were felt to be vague and unsatisfactory, and were at last dismissed under another influence. Gamblers and adventurers are generally superstitious, and Oakhurst one day declared that the baby had brought "the luck" to Roaring Camp. It was certain that of late they had been successful. "Luck" was the name agreed upon, with the prefix of Tommy for greater convenience.

And so the work of regeneration began in Roaring Camp. Almost imperceptibly a change came over the settlement. The cabin assigned to "Tommy Luck"—or "The Luck" as he was more frequently called—first showed signs of improvement. It was kept scrupulously clean and white-washed. Then it was boarded, clothed, and papered. The rosewood cradle—packed eighty miles by mule—had, in Stumpy's way of putting it, "sorter killed the rest of the furniture." So the rehabilitation of the cabin became a necessity. The men who were in the habit of lounging in at Stumpy's to see "how the Luck got on," seemed to appreciate the change, and, in self-defence, the rival establishment of "Tuttle's Grocery" bestirred itself, and imported a carpet and mirrors. The reflections of the latter on the appearance of Roaring Camp tended to produce stricter habits of personal cleanliness. Again, Stumpy imposed a kind of quarantine upon those who aspired to the honour and privilege of holding the Luck. It was a cruel mortification to Kentuck—who, in the carelessness of a large nature, and the habits of frontier life, had begun to regard all garments as a second cuticle, which, like a snake's, only sloughed off through decay—to be debarred this privilege from certain prudential reasons. Yet such was the subtle influence of innovation, that he thereafter appeared regularly every afternoon in a clean shirt, and face still shining from his ablutions. Nor were moral and social sanitary laws neglected. "Tommy," who was supposed to spend his whole existence in a persistent attempt to repose, must not be disturbed by noise. The shouting and yelling which had gained the camp its infelicitous title were not permitted within

hearing distance of Stumpy's. The men conversed in whispers, or smoked with Indian gravity. Profanity was tacitly given up in these sacred precincts. Vocal music, however, was not interdicted, being supposed to have a soothing, tranquillising quality; and one song, sung by "Man-o'-War Jack," an English sailor from Her Majesty's Australian colonies, was quite popular as a lullaby. It was a lugubrious recital of the exploits of "the Arethusa, Seventy-four," in a muffled minor, ending with a prolonged dying fall at the burden of each verse, "On b-o-o-o-ard of the Arethusa." It was a fine sight to see Jack holding the Luck, rocking from side to side as if with the motion of a ship, and crooning forth this naval ditty. Either through the peculiar rocking of Jack, or the length of his song—it contained ninety stanzas, and was continued with conscientious deliberation to the bitter end—the lullaby generally had the desired effect. At such times the men would lie at full length under the trees, in the soft summer twilight, smoking their pipes and drinking in the melodious utterances. An indistinct idea that this was pastoral happiness pervaded the camp. "This 'ere kind o' think," said the Cockney Simmons, meditatively reclining on his elbow, "is 'evingly." It reminded him of Greenwich.

On the long summer days the Luck was usually carried to the Gulch, from whence the golden store of Roaring Camp was taken. There, on a blanket spread over pine boughs, he would lie while the men were working in the ditches below. Latterly there was a rude attempt to decorate this bower with flowers and sweet-smelling shrubs, and generally some one would bring him a cluster of wild honeysuckles, azaleas, or the painted blossoms of *Las Mariposas*. The men had suddenly awakened to the fact that there were beauty and significance in these trifles, which they had so long trodden carelessly beneath their feet. A flake of glittering mica, a fragment of variegated quartz, a bright pebble from the bed of the creek, became beautiful to eyes thus cleared and strengthened, and were invariably put aside for the Luck. It was wonderful how many treasures the woods and hillsides yielded that "would do for Tommy." Surrounded by playthings such as never child out of fairy-land had before, it is to be hoped that Tommy was content. He appeared to be securely happy, albeit there was an infantine gravity about him, a contemplative light in his round grey eyes, that sometimes worried Stumpy. He was always tractable and quiet, and it is recorded that once, having crept beyond his "corral"—a hedge of tassellated pine boughs, which surrounded his bed—he dropped over the bank on his head in the soft earth, and remained with his mottled legs in the air in that position

for at least five minutes with unflinching gravity. He was extricated without a murmur.

I hesitate to record the many other instances of his sagacity, which rest, unfortunately, upon the statements of prejudiced friends. Some of them were not without a tinge of superstition. "I crep' up the bank just now," said Kentuck one day, in a breathless state of excitement, "and if he wasn't a talking to a jay-bird as was sittin' on his lap. There they was, just as free and sociable as

suspiciously on strangers. No encouragement was given to immigration, and, to make their seclusion more perfect, the land on either side of the mountain wall that surrounded the camp they duly pre-empted. This, and a reputation for singular proficiency with the revolver, kept the reserve of Roaring Camp inviolate. The express-man — their only connecting link with the surrounding world—sometimes told wonderful stories of the camp. He would say, "They've



"IT WAS A FINE SIGHT TO SEE JACK HOLDING THE LUCK."

anything you please." Howbeit, whether creeping over the pine-boughs or lying lazily on his back, blinking at the leaves above him, to him the birds sang, the squirrels chattered, and the flowers bloomed. Nature was his nurse and playfellow. For him she would let slip between the leaves golden shafts of sunlight that fell just within his grasp; she would send wandering breezes to visit him with the balm of bay and resinous gums; to him the tall red-woods nodded familiarly and sleepily, the bumblebees buzzed, and the rooks cawed a slumbrous accompaniment.

Such was the golden summer of Roaring Camp. They were "flush times"—and the Luck was with them. The claims had yielded enormously. The camp was jealous of its privileges, and looked

a street up there in 'Roaring,' that would lay over any street in Red Dog. They've got vines and flowers round their houses, and they wash themselves twice a day. But they're mighty rough on strangers, and they worship an Ingin baby."

With the prosperity of the camp came a desire for further improvement. It was proposed to build an hotel in the following spring, and to invite one or two decent families to reside there for the sake of the Luck—who might, perhaps, profit by female companionship. The sacrifice that this concession to the sex cost these men, who were fiercely sceptical in regard to its general virtue and usefulness, can only be accounted for by their affection for Tommy. A few still held out. But the resolve could not be carried into effect for

three months, and the minority meekly yielded, in the hope that something might turn up to prevent it. And it did.

The winter of 1851 will long be remembered in the foothills. The snow lay deep on the Sierras, and every mountain creek became a river, and every river a lake. Each gorge and gulch was transformed into a tumultuous water-course that descended the hillsides, tearing down giant trees and scattering its drift and debris along the plain. Red Dog had been twice under water, and Roaring Camp had been forewarned. "Water put the gold into them gulches," said Stumpy. "It's been here once, and will be here again!" And that night the North Fork suddenly leaped over its banks, and swept up the triangular valley of Roaring Camp.

In the confusion of rushing water, crushing trees, and crackling timber, and the darkness which seemed to flow with the water and blot out the fair valley, but little could be done to collect the scattered camp. When the morning broke, the cabin of Stumpy nearest the river-bank was gone. Higher up the gulch they found the body

of its unlucky owner; but the pride, the hope, the joy, the Luck of Roaring Camp had disappeared. They were returning with sad hearts, when a shout from the bank recalled them.

It was a relief-boat from down the river. They had picked up, they said, a man and an infant, nearly exhausted, about two miles below. Did anybody know them, and did they belong here?

It needed but a glance to show them Kentuck lying there, cruelly crushed and bruised, but still holding the Luck of Roaring Camp in his arms. As they bent over the strangely assorted pair, they saw that the child was cold and pulseless. "He is dead," said one. Kentuck opened his eyes. "Dead?" he repeated, feebly. "Yes, my man, and you are dying too." A smile lit the eyes of the expiring Kentuck. "Dying," he repeated, "he's a-taking me with him; tell the boys I've got the Luck with me now;" and the strong man, clinging to the frail babe as a drowning man is said to cling to a straw, drifted away into the shadowy river that flows for ever to the unknown sea.

A SILVER WEDDING.

[By GEORGE R. SIMS.]



O Dick on our silver wedding, from Harold and Elspeth Grey"—

Give me my glasses, nephew. Is that what the letters say?

How stiffly these lockets open. Ah, there's a spring, I see—

A picture of both, God bless them! to show that they think of me.

Did ever you see two faces so sweet and calm and kind?

Their ocean of life can hardly have known a boisterous wind.

Look at their happy features—the peace in the eyes of each;

Ah! strange is the tale they'd tell you, had pictures the gift of speech.

To-day is their silver wedding—a fourth of a century's past

Since, after a fierce, wild tempest, they came to their rest at last;

And I who had known their story, who from boyhood had been *his* friend,

Knelt with them both at the altar where their lives were to meet and blend.

But a year was gone and over since their names were asked in church,

And whispers went round the neighbours so ready one's fame to smirch.

The wedding was fixed and settled, the wedding that should have been—

But it happened a twelvemonth later—the first one was stopped, I mean.

Yes, stopped, as it were, at the altar, stopped on the very morn;

And the bride had to hide her secret, and swallow the whispered scorn.

She was dressed in her bridal raiment, and bonny and flushed and glad,

When he came to the house like a spectre, with a look so scared and mad

That the bridesmaids shook like aspens as he passed them in the hall.

Then he asked for the mother and Elspeth, and then came a cry and fall—

She had fainted away, poor darling. He had left it till the last,

This message of evil fortune, that came like a blighting blast.

And presently Elspeth's father came, with a stern-set face,

To gather the guests together, all who were in the place.

He said that a great misfortune had come upon Harold Grey,

And his daughter was lying speechless, and would be no bride that day.



"AS HE PASSED THEM IN THE HALL."

Then the guests in their wedding favours drove
fast from the scene of grief ;
And I went away to St. Peter's with a message as
strange as brief.
I whispered the waiting clergy, and passed to the
crowded pews,
Telling her friends and kinsfolk the sad and
mysterious news.

"To Dick on our silver wedding"—I was always
his old friend Dick ;
We were chums when the oats were sowing and
the pulse of our youth beat quick.
We were students in Paris together, we were both
of us mad for art,
We lodged in the Latin Quarter, and for months
were never apart,
Till Harold got hit by a model, a beautiful, bold,
bad girl,
With a face that was meant for mischief, and eyes
to set brains in a whirl.

She angled for Harold, the hussy, and landed him
safe ashore ;
He married the jade, poor fellow, and then we were
chums no more.

His father had left him money, and Harold was
well-to-do,
He gave up the Latin Quarter and the old Bohe-
mian crew,
And taking his Mimi with him went back to his
English home,
And then, so I heard from his cousin, he went
painting again to Rome.
From time to time still I gathered some news of
his wandering life—
He was worried and ill, they told me, and had work
with his foreign wife.
She left him at last in a passion—left him and
crossed the seas,
And his lawyers sent her monthly the price of
their client's ease.

Then Harold and I were cronies once more as in
days gone by,
For he sought me out in my chambers, and told
me with many a sigh
Of the bonds that had worn his heart out, and how,
now that his life was free,
He had thought of our old, sweet friendship, and
how happy he'd been with me ;
Here we had rooms together, and painted and
smoked and wrote,
Contented on life's vast ocean like rudderless ships
to float.
We were happy as lords, and as lazy, when a mes-
sage to Harold came
That the Court of Death had divorced him from
the woman who bore his name.

Two years went by ere he whispered a secret he'd
kept with care—
A story all love and rapture, and the charms of a
maiden fair.
He spoke of his boyhood's error and his manhood's
bitter pain,
And the angel who'd come to bless him, the beauti-
ful Elspeth Rayne.
It was settled before he told me, and they'd fixed
the happy day—
I must see her at once ; he took me and carried me
straight away
To papa and mamma and Elspeth, and I felt such
an awkward stick
When Harold, his blue eyes laughing, cried, "This
is my dear old Dick!"

He spoke of our life-long friendship, and how good
I had been to him,
Till I felt like a blushing school-girl and my eyes
were queer and dim ;
And his Elspeth came and whispered, she feared I
should hate her so—
I was one of the family circle, like a friend of the
long ago.
Well, the time came round for the wedding, and
the night before we met,
And we spoke of the glad to-morrow—ah, that
night I shall ne'er forget !
I and Harold went home together, our path lay
by Thames's tide,
And he spoke of the dead that evening, and then
of to-morrow's bride.

And just by the bridge a woman passed us with
lightning speed.
In a moment we guessed her errand, in a second
she did the deed ;
A cry on the cold black waters, then a leap from
the muddy strand—
Brave Harold had plunged and seized her, and
had dragged her safe to land.

The people had come about us, and a hearty cheer
was raised ;
But *he* with a look of horror in the face of the out-
cast gazed,
For there, with her breast fast heaving with the
signs of returning life,
Lay the woman he once had honoured with the
sacred name of wife.

Her death was a well-planned fiction — she
nourished a cruel hate,
And bided her time to strike him, on the eve of a
happier fate.
She would wait till he wedded another, then prey
on his hopes and fears,
And the gold that would buy her silence would
pay for the two lost years.
But she drank, and her brain was maddened ; she
had leapt in the stream to-night
When her soul was a prey to terrors and the fever
was at its height.
He bore her away and housed her, and hid her
from prying eyes,
And the limbs of the law came slowly to find they
had lost their prize.

When the shock Time's hand had softened, came
beautiful Elspeth Rayne
To kneel by the side of the woman, who moaned
with a ceaseless pain ;
She prayed to the God of mercy to spare the poor
lost soul
The time to repent her trespass and strive for the
heavenly goal.
And never a sign made Harold of the broken
heart within,
For he smothered his love for Elspeth as a black
and an awful sin ;
But she like a noble woman came here as the
outcast's friend,
And nursed her with me and Harold right to the
very end.

One eve, as the shadows deepened, and we sat by
the patient's bed,
She spoke, in her broken English, and asked us to
raise her head ;
She called to her spouse and Elspeth to stand in
the fading light,
That her eyes might rest on their faces and be
blessed with the holy sight ;
Then, taking their hands, she joined them, and
bade them forgive her sin,
And pray to the Lord of heaven to pity and take
her in ;
"And when I am dead," she murmured, "let
Elspeth be your bride ;"
Then she spoke no more till the morrow, when she
blessed them both and died.

"To Dick on our silver wedding." They know
that I've got the gout—
They know I'd have been amongst them if the
doctors would let me out—
And down in the sweet green country, where their
happy lives have flown,
They can picture these grimy chambers where I
grumble and growl alone.

And to-day is their silver wedding—I look at each
handsome face,
There's never a look less tender, and never a
vanished grace.
Give me that bottle, nephew—a fig for what
doctors say!—
Gout or no gout, here's a bumper to Harold and
Elsbeth Grey!

DANIEL O'ROURKE.

[By T. CROFTON CROKER.]

PEOPLE may have heard of the renowned adventures of Daniel O'Rourke, but how few are there who know that the cause of all his perils, above and below, was neither more nor less than his having slept under the walls of the Phooka's tower! I knew the man well; he lived at the bottom of Hungry Hill, just at the right-hand side of the road as you go towards Bantry. An old man was he at the time that he told me the story, with grey hair and a red nose; and it was on the 25th of June, 1813, that I heard it from his own lips, as he sat smoking his pipe under the old poplar-tree, on as fine an evening as ever shone from the sky. I was going to visit the caves in Dursey Island, having spent the morning at Glengariff.

"I am often axed to tell it, sir," said he, "so that this is not the first time. The master's son, you see, had come from beyond foreign parts in France and Spain, as young gentlemen used to go, before Bonaparte or any such was heard of; and sure enough there was a dinner given to all the people on the ground, gentle and simple, high and low, rich and poor. The ould gentlemen were the gentlemen, after all, saving your honour's presence. They'd swear at a body a little, to be sure, and maybe give one a cut of a whip now and then, but we were no losers by it in the end; and they were so easy and civil, and kept such rattling houses, and thousands of welcomes; and there was no grinding for rent, and few agents; and there was hardly a tenant on the estate that did not taste of his landlord's bounty often and often in the year; but now it's another thing: no matter for that, sir, for I'd better be telling you my story.

"Well, we had everything of the best, and plenty of it; and we ate, and we drank, and we danced, and the young master by the same token danced with Peggy Barry, from the Bohereen—a lovely young couple they were, though they are both low enough now. To make a long story short, I got, as a body may say, the same thing as

tipsy almost, for I can't remember ever at all, no ways, how it was I left the place: only I did leave it, that's certain. Well, I thought, for all that, in myself, I'd just step to Molly Cronohan's, the fairy-woman, to speak a word about the bracket heifer that was bewitched; and so as I was crossing the stepping-stones of the ford of Ballyasheenough, and was looking up at the stars and blessing myself—for why? it was Lady-day—I missed my foot, and souse I fell into the water. 'Death alive!' thought I, 'I'll be drowned now!' However, I began swimming, swimming, swimming away for the dear life, till at last I got ashore, somehow or other, but never the one of me can tell how, upon a *dissolute* island.

"I wandered and wandered about there, without knowing where I wandered, until at last I got into a big bog. The moon was shining as bright as day, or your fair lady's eyes, sir (with your pardon for mentioning her), and I looked east and west, and north and south, and every way, and nothing did I see but bog, bog, bog; I could never find out how I got into it; and my heart grew cold with fear, for sure and certain I was that it would be my berrin place. So I sat down upon a stone, which, as good luck would have it, was close by me, and I began to scratch my head and sing the Ullagone—when all of a sudden the moon grew black, and I looked up, and saw something for all the world as if it was moving down between me and it, and I could not tell what it was. Down it came with a pounce, and looked at me full in the face; and what was it but an eagle? as fine a one as ever flew from the kingdom of Kerry. So he looked at me in the face, and says he to me, 'Daniel O'Rourke,' says he, 'how do you do?' 'Very well, I thank you, sir,' says I; 'I hope you're well;' wondering out of my senses all the time how an eagle came to speak like a Christian. 'What brings you here, Dan?' says he. 'Nothing at all, sir,' says I; 'only I wish I was safe home again.' 'Is it out of the island you want to go, Dan?' says he. 'Tis, sir,' says I; so I up and told him how I had taken a drop too

much, and fell into the water; how I swam to the island; and how I got into the bog and did not know my way out of it. 'Dan,' says he, after a minute's thought, 'though it is very improper




"WHAT WAS IT BUT AN EAGLE?"

for you to get drunk on Lady-day, yet as you are a decent sober man, who tends mass well, and never flings stones at me nor mine, nor cries out after us in the fields—my life for yours,' says he; 'so get up on my back, and grip me well for fear you'd fall off, and I'll fly you out of the bog.' 'I am afraid,' says I, 'your honour's making game of me; for who ever heard of riding a horseback on an eagle before?' 'Pon the honour of a gentleman,' says he, putting his right foot on his breast, 'I am quite in earnest; and so now either take my offer or starve in the bog; besides, I see that your weight is sinking the stone.'

"It was true enough as he said, for I found the stone every minute going from under me. I had no choice; so thinks I to myself, faint heart never won fair lady, and this is fair persuadance:—'I thank your honour,' says I, 'for the loan of your civility, and I'll take your kind offer.' I therefore mounted upon the back of the eagle, and held him tight enough by the throat, and up he flew in the air like a lark. Little I knew the trick he was going to serve me. Up, up, up—goodness knows how far up he flew. 'Why, then,' said I to him—thinking he did not know the right road home—very civilly, because why?—I was in his power entirely—'sir,' says I, 'please your honour's glory, and with humble submission to your better judgment, if you'd fly down a bit, you're now just over my cabin, and I could be put down there, and many thanks to your worship.'

"Arrah, Dan,' said he, 'do you think me a fool? Look down in the next field, and don't you see two men and a gun? By my word it would be no joke to be shot this way, to oblige a drunken blackguard that I picked up off of a *could* stone in a bog.' 'Bother you!' said I to myself, but I did not speak out, for where was the use? Well, sir, up he kept flying, flying, and I asking him every minute to fly down, and all to

no use. 'Where in the world are you going, sir?' says I to him. 'Hold your tongue, Dan,' says he; 'mind your own business, and don't be interfering with the business of other people.' 'Faith, this is my business, I think,' says I. 'Be quiet, Dan,' says he; so I said no more.

"At last, where should we come to but to the moon itself. Now you can't see it from this, but there is, or there was in my time, a reaping-hook sticking out of the side of the moon, this way" (drawing the figure thus  on the ground with the end of his stick).

"Dan,' said the eagle, 'I'm tired with this long fly; I had no notion 'twas so far.' 'And, my lord, sir,' said I, who in the world axed you to fly so far—was it I? did not I beg, and pray, and beseech you to stop half an hour ago?' 'There's no use talking, Dan,' said he; 'I'm tired bad enough, so you must go off, and sit down on the moon until I rest myself.' 'Is it sit down on the moon?' said I; 'is it upon that little round thing, then? why then, sure, I'd fall off in a minute, and be *kilt*, and split and smashed all to bits. You are a vile deceiver—so you are.' 'Not at all, Dan,' said he; 'you can catch fast hold of the reaping-hook that's sticking out of the side of the moon, and 'twill keep you up.' 'I won't then,' said I. 'Maybe not,' said he, quite quiet; 'if you don't, my man, I shall just give you a shake, and one slap of my wing, and send you down to the ground, where every bone in your body will be



"GOOD MORNING TO YOU, DANIEL O'ROURKE,' SAID HE."

smashed as small as a drop of dew on a cabbage-leaf in the morning.' 'Why, then, I'm in a fine way,' said I to myself, 'ever to have come along with the likes of you;' and so giving him an

hearty curse in Irish, for fear he'd know what I said. I got off his back with a heavy heart, took a hold of the reaping-hook, and sat down upon

told him how I was a little overtaken in liquor at the master's, and how I was cast on a *dissolute* island, and how I lost my way in the bog, and how the thief of an eagle promised to fly me out of it, and how instead of that he had fled me up to the moon.

"Dan," said the man in the moon, taking a pinch of snuff when I was done, 'you must not stay here.' 'Indeed, sir,' says I, 'tis much against my will I'm here at all! but how am I to go back?' 'That's your business,' said he, 'Dan: mine is to tell you that here you must not stay, so be off in less than no time.' 'I'm doing no harm,' says I, 'only holding on hard by the reaping-hook, lest I fall off.' 'That's what you must not do, Dan,' says he. 'Pray, sir,' says I, 'may I ask how many you are in family, that you would not give a poor traveller lodging: 'I'm sure 'tis not so often you're troubled with strangers coming to see you, for 'tis a long way.' 'I'm by myself, Dan,' says he; 'but you'd better let go the reaping-hook.' 'Faith, and with your leave,' says I, 'I'll not let go the grip, and the more you bids me, the more I won't let go—so I will.' 'You had better, Dan,' says he again. 'Why, then, my little fellow,' says I, taking the whole weight of him with my eye from head to foot, 'there are two words to that bargain; and I'll not budge, but you may it you like.' 'We'll see how that is to be,' says he; and back he went, giving the door such a great bang after him (for it was plain he



"WHAP! IT CAME IN TWO."

the moon; and a mighty cold seat it was, I can tell you that.

"When he had me there fairly landed, he turned about on me, and said, 'Good morning to you, Daniel O'Rourke,' said he, 'I think I've nicked you fairly now. You robbed my nest last year' ('twas true enough for him, but how he found it out is hard to say), 'and in return you are freely welcome to cool your heels dangling upon the moon.'

"'Is that all, and is this the way you leave me, you brute you!' says I. 'You ugly unnatural baste, and is this the way you serve me at last? Bad luck to yourself, with your hooked nose, and to all your breed, you blackguard.' 'Twas all to no manner of use; he spread out his great big wings, burst out a laughing, and flew away like lightning. I bawled after him to stop; but I might have called and bawled for ever without his minding me. Away he went, and I never saw him from that day to this—sorrow fly away with him! You may be sure I was in a disconsolate condition, and kept roaring out for the bare grief, when all at once a door opened right in the middle of the moon, creaking on its hinges as if it had not been opened for a month before. I suppose they never thought of greasing 'em, and out there walks—who do you think but the man in the moon himself? I knew him by his bush.

"'Good morrow to you, Daniel O'Rourke,' said he: 'how do you do?'—'Very well, thank your honour,' said I. 'I hope your honour's well.' 'What brought you here, Dan?' said he. So I



"I CAUGHT THE GANDER BY THE LEG."

was huffed), that I thought the moon and all would fall down with it.

"Well, I was preparing myself to try strength with him, when back again he comes with the kitchen cleaver in his hand, and without saying a

word, he gives two bangs to the handle of the reaping-hook that was keeping me up, and *whap!* it came in two. 'Good morning to you, Dan,' says the spiteful little old blackguard, when he saw me cleanly falling down with a bit of the handle in my hand: 'I thank you for your visit, and fair weather after you, Daniel.' I had no time to make any answer to him, for I was tumbling over and over, and rolling and rolling at the rate of a fox-hunt. 'God help me,' says I, but this is a pretty pickle for a decent man to be seen in at this time of night; I am now sold fairly.' The word was not out of my mouth, when whiz! what should fly by close to my ear but a flock of wild geese, all the way from my own bog of Ballyasheenogh, else how should they know me? The *ould* gander, who was their general, turning about his head, cried out to me, 'Is that you, Dan?' 'The same,' said I, not a bit daunted now at what he said, for I was by this time used to all kinds of *bedevilment*, and, besides, I knew him of *ould*. 'Good morrow, to you,' says he, 'Daniel O'Rourke; how are you in health this morning?' 'Very well, sir,' says I, 'I thank you kindly,' drawing my breath, for I was mightily in want of some. 'I hope your honour's the same.' 'I think 'tis falling you are, Daniel,' says he. 'You may say that, sir,' says I. 'And where are you going all the way so fast?' said the gander. So I told him how I had taken the drop, and how I came on the island, and how I lost my way in the bog, and how the thief of an eagle flew me up to the moon, and how the man in the moon turned me out. 'Dan,' said he, 'I'll save you; put out your hand and catch me by the leg, and I'll fly you home.' 'Sweet is your hand in a pitcher of honey, my jewel,' says I, though all the time I thought in myself that I don't much trust you; but there was no help, so I caught the gander by the leg, and away I and the other geese flew after him as fast as hops.

"We flew, and we flew, and we flew, until we came right over the wide ocean. I knew it well, for I saw Cape Clear to my right hand sticking up out of the water. 'Ah! my lord,' said I to the goose, for I thought it best to keep a civil tongue in my head any way, 'fly to land, if you please.'

'It is impossible, you see, Dan,' said he, 'for a while, because you see we are going to Arabia.' 'To Arabia?' said I; 'that's surely some place in foreign parts, far away. Oh! Mr. Goose; why then, to be sure, I'm a man to be pitied among you.' 'Whist, whist, you fool,' said he, 'hold your tongue; I tell you Arabia is a very decent sort of place, as like West Carbery as one egg is like another, only there is a little more sand there.'

"Just as we were talking a ship hove in sight, scudding so beautiful before the wind: 'Ah! then, sir,' said I, 'will you drop me on the ship, if you please!' 'We are not fair over it,' said he. 'We are,' said I. 'We are not,' said he: 'if I dropped you now, you would go splash into the sea.' 'I would not,' says I: 'I know better than that, for it's just clean under us, so let me drop now at once.'

"If you must, you must,' said he. 'There, take your own way;' and he opened his claw, and faith he was right—sure enough I came down plump into the very bottom of the salt sea! Down to the very bottom I went, and I gave myself up then for ever, when a whale walked up to me, scratching himself after his night's sleep, and looked me full in the face, and never the word did he say, but lifting up his tail he splashed me all over again with the cold salt water, till there wasn't a dry stitch upon my whole carcass; and I heard somebody saying—'twas a voice I knew too—'Get up, you drunken brute, off of that;' and with that I woke up, and there was Judy with a tub full of water, which she was splashing all over me,—for, rest her soul! though she was a good wife, she never could bear to see me in drink, and had a bitter hand of her own!

"Get up,' said she again; 'and of all places in the parish would no place *sarve* your turn to lie down upon but under the *ould* walls of Carriga-phooka? an uneasy resting I am sure you had of it.' And sure enough I had; for I was fairly bothered out of my senses with eagles, and men of the moon, and flying ganders, and whales, driving me through bogs, and up to the moon, and down to the bottom of the green ocean. If I was in drink ten times over, long would it be before I'd lie down in the same spot again, I know that."



ONE TAKEN—THE OTHER LEFT.

[From "Dear Lady Disdain," By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.]



REAT heavens ! what a place ; what a country ; what a people ! Think of this—Cramp—you who have been in the States !” Christmas exclaimed. Thereupon the station-master set them down as two Yankees disparaging the institutions of Old England, and he withdrew from the consultation.

“A boat,” said Christmas, “can’t we have a boat ?” But he thought of the hours it would take to cross to Durewoods with such a sea running, and such a wind blowing ; and he began to despair.

A friendly porter offered a suggestion. The bay took an immense stretch inland—just there. If they could get a boat—if any one would give his boat in such weather, they could run across that stretch of sea to Portstone pier—a matter of five miles of water, and that would cut off more than twenty miles of road. They then would be less than ten miles from Durewoods, and they might get a carriage at Portstone. Besides, if they only ran in for Portstone pier they would have the wind right behind them all the way.

Christmas was delighted with the suggestion, and thrust a crown-piece into the hand of the man who had made it. Filled with gratitude for this generosity the porter set to work to help him to get a boat. This was hard work. The fishers were all at sea—had been out some days. There was only one small boat available anyhow, and only a couple of boys to row it, and their mother seemed a good deal alarmed at the thought of their venturing out in such weather, although the lads themselves were eager for the enterprise and the pay.

Christmas and the railway porter and the boys declared that there was not the slightest danger. The wind was falling, and anyhow it would be with them for Portstone that far.

“You don’t want to go to-day particularly, Cramp,” said Pembroke, turning to him. “You needn’t come if you think there is any risk. I have a special reason for going to-day.”

“Have you, Mr. Pembroke ?” Nat said, with deepened emphasis. “Then so have I. I’m going in that boat.” And he wildly waved all objection away.

“Well, then, look here ; if you will go——”

“I will go. I have said it.”

“Very well—can you pull an oar ?”

“I used to pull an oar often—on the lake in St. James’s Park.”

Christmas shrugged his shoulders.

“Well, no matter. I don’t think it will be much

a matter of rowing at all. With any scrap of a sail—I’ll manage it—we’ll run across as quickly as a bird ; and we needn’t take these lads at all. We’ll leave the boat at Portstone, and have it sent back to-morrow.”

“That’s the best thing to do,” said the railway porter, with an approving nod.

The proposal was a great relief to the mother and a corresponding disappointment to the boys. Christmas gave the lads a shilling a-piece and that reconciled them to safety on shore. He paid what the woman asked for the hire of the boat, which was not very much, for she was an honest creature who declined even to consider the possibility of her boat being lost or injured.

“Do you really think that there is danger ?” Nat asked in a low tone, and with a tremor of the lip, which Christmas set down to fear.

“Why do you ask me that ?”

“Not taking the boys, you know.”

“I don’t think there’s any danger. I have told you that I particularly want to get to Durewoods to-day—and being drowned would not bring me there. But if you think there is any danger, Cramp, why on earth do you go ? It will be a case of a straight run under sail ; and if the boat doesn’t turn bottom upwards she can’t help getting over to Portstone, and I don’t want anybody.”

“I am not afraid of the danger,” Nat replied, with a sickly smile. “It isn’t that, Mr. Pembroke ; you are quite wrong ; never were more out of your reckoning in all your life.”

“Come along, then ! Now, boys, to launch her.” A little crowd of boys and girls had got round. “You’d better get in, Cramp, and sit in the stern. I’ll jump in after.”

“Watch your time,” the railway porter recommended, “watch your time. There’s a stiff wave coming.” He, too, prepared to lend a hand. The oars were put in, and the little mast shipped, and the sail—a small square thing—reefed up for the moment, and Nat scrambled into the boat and sat in the stern.

“Take my coat, Cramp,” Christmas called out, as he pulled off and handed to Nat his thick Ulster overcoat, which threatened to be in his way during the rough work of launching the boat. “Now, then, lads, all together.”

Christmas and the railway porter and the two boys, with various amateur assistance, ran the boat down to the very edge of the surf.

“Lie down, Cramp,” Christmas called, “it’s the best thing you can do for the moment ;” and Nat threw himself down.

Then with a rush they sent the boat sliding on the back of a receding wave, and when Christmas had given a final push he sprang upon its bow, and got lightly in and seized an oar, ready to push off from the shore if needs were. But the wave took them fairly out and tossed them all dancing and whirling round to another wave; and wind, sea, and all were making for them, so that when Nat Cramp struggled into a sitting posture they were already a long way from the line of little figures still gazing after them.

"Are our things in, Cramp?"

"The two portmanteaus? Oh, yes; and your coat, Mr. Pembroke?"

"I shan't put it on. Holding this sheet and managing this sail will keep me warm enough. I think, Cramp, I had better steer unless you are quite sure of yourself?"

"It's so very rough—it tosses one so."

"Well, it isn't like St. James's Park. No matter; I can manage it all. In fact, there's nothing to do but to keep her head up and run right for Portstone with such a wind and sea as this."

The wind had abated somewhat, but it was still strong, and the sea was very rough. Christmas now had got his little sail all right, and was seated in the stern holding the sheet and managing the rudder at once. Cramp sat in the bow. The stout little boat tumbled about a good deal, and Nat, despite his longing for death, sometimes started a little when the bow was deep down in a greyish green valley and some great wave seemed about to fall upon it. Christmas felt his spirits rise immensely. There was something exhilarating in this battle with the sea and the knowledge that so much depended upon his eye and hand. For there was enough of wind and sea to make a small boat with a square sail a dangerous vessel for a clumsy hand or an uncertain eye.

The two companions did not speak much at first; it needed something like a shout to be heard through the wind and waves.

"It's very cold!" cried Nat.

"What do you say?" his fellow-voyager shouted.

"It's very cold!"

"Put on my coat, Cramp; I don't want it—I couldn't wear it—I am very warm; put it on."

Nat managed to put it on, not without greatly shaking their little ark.

"But I say, don't jump about in that way, Cramp, or you'll capsize us! It wouldn't take much to do it."

Nat crawled along the seats until he had got his head under the sail and within easier speaking distance of Christmas. He looked particularly livid and ghastly, and Christmas assumed that he was terribly frightened.

"I wish you would keep quiet, Cramp," he said. "There isn't the remotest danger as long as you keep quiet and don't capsize us."

The sky was all grey and dark, and the dull green of the sea, brightened by no ray or relief from above, had something funereal and boding in it.

"Wouldn't it be an odd thing," Nat said, "if you and me—I mean to say you and I—were to be drowned here to-day?"

"It wouldn't be at all odd if you keep moving about in that way."

Nat laughed defiantly.

"You saved me once off Durewoods pier, Mr. Pembroke. You couldn't save me in that sea now."

"No, Cramp—nor myself."

"Not much chance for us there?"

"Not any, I should say."

"I saw a sail—far off yonder. She couldn't save us?"

Christmas shook his head.

"Even if she saw us we should be down among the dead men long before she could bear down upon us, I fancy. For which reason, my good fellow, keep quiet."

"But, Mr. Pembroke, I don't know why I should want to live. I'm sick of life—I hate it all."

"Well, Cramp, I don't know that I have any great motive in living. But I want to live for this day, anyhow. Wait till to-morrow or next day, and then perhaps I should care as little about living, and be just as heroic as you."

Christmas spoke with a kind of contempt for Nat, whom he believed to be only in one of his familiar mock-heroic moods, a little swollen by the excitement of the situation.

"To-morrow?" Nat screamed, like one frenzied with sudden passion and despair. "To-morrow! I know what that means! No, no! To-day's our time! We'll never see Durewoods again, you and I. You will never see *her*!" And he jumped up in the boat and gesticulated like a madman, as he shouted "Hurrah, hurrah!"

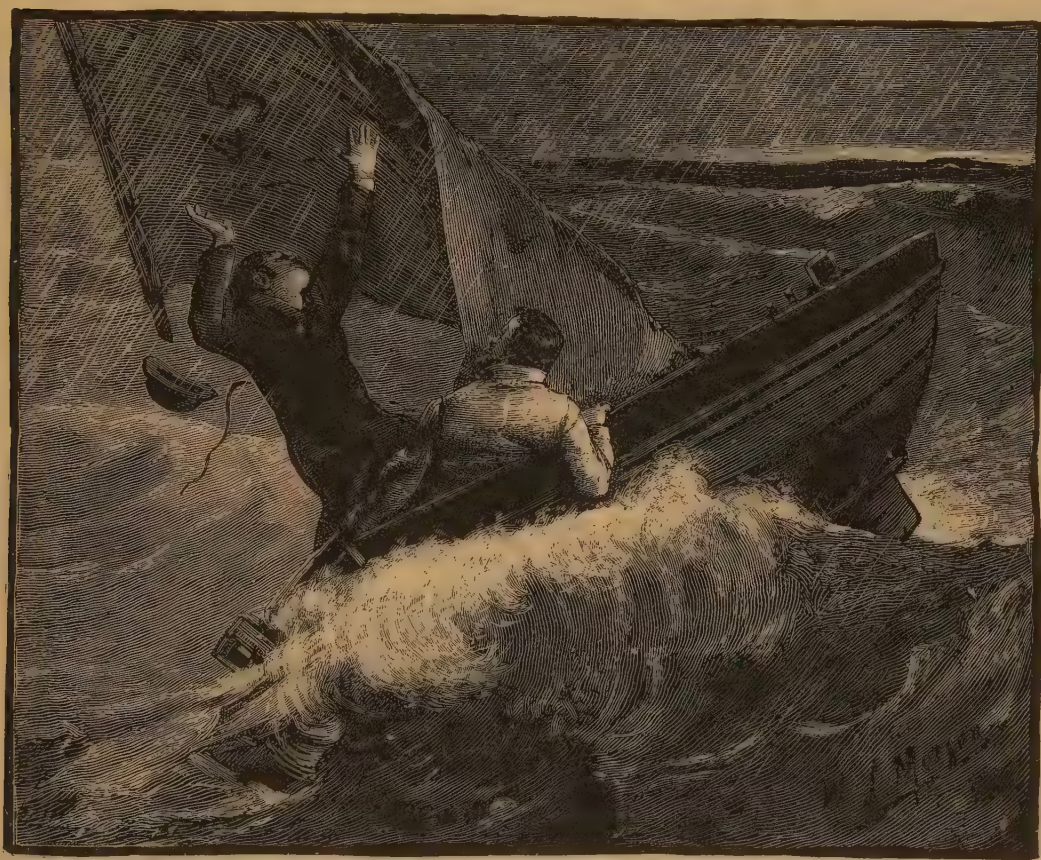
"Well, Cramp, you've done it now!" Christmas cried. He flung himself to the other side of the boat, tried in one terrible moment to keep her steady, to keep her head up; was conscious of a bewildering sensation, as if the whole world were upturning, and the sky and sea crashing down upon him together, and in another instant the boat turned over and the two young men were in the waves.

* * * * *

When the boat turned over and flung Christmas Pembroke and Nat Cramp into the sea, the two parted company in a moment. Christmas rose to the surface at once, and kept his nerves steady and tried to look about him. The waves were sharp

and rough, and buffeted him hither and thither as the gusts of sudden wind varied. They struck him in the face and beat him on the back of the head and blinded his eyes, and sometimes threw him clean over on his back. They seemed to own no regular rise and fall to which a stout swimmer might suit himself. Perhaps, in such a condition of things, if a man really can swim, he is apt at first to lose his temper rather than his courage.

strength in outcry when he had such a fight for his life before him. One passionate resolve filled him. He would not die : the waves should not kill him. He made up his mind to take things coolly. Swimming with any definite purpose would be a sheer waste of power. He did not know where to swim. The only thing he could do was to keep himself afloat with as little waste of strength as possible, and hold as well as he could that position



"HE JUMPED UP IN THE BOAT AND GESTICULATED LIKE A MADMAN."

It is almost impossible not to be angry with the waves, very hard to keep from shouting at them and cursing them. They seem to play so unfairly ; to give their enemy no chance ; to fall upon him from all sides at once ; to hit him when he is down ; to fling themselves on him most viciously when he is most embarrassed. The swimmer becomes infuriated against them and hates them as if they were living, treacherous, pitiless enemies ; and indeed there seems something perversely human in their malignantly boisterous behaviour.

If Christmas denounced or cursed them, however, it was from the teeth inwards. He had far too much sense to waste any of his breath and his

with regard to wind which would best save his face and eyes from the beating of the waves. "I shall do well enough for a good while longer," he thought, "if I don't freeze with cold." But heavens ! how cold the water was ! And how dreary the whole scene was—the grey sky : the black waves !

Christmas looked around everywhere when he could use his eyes to any advantage, but could see no sign of unfortunate Nat Cramp. It was probably a lucky thing for him that he did not see his late companion, for if he had he would certainly have tried to save him, and they would both in all probability have been washed ashore at Portstone

together. Such a struggle for life, however, leaves no time for regretting lost companions. Every moment that Christmas tried to raise his head a little above the waves to see if anywhere he could descry unhappy Nat, he was so beaten and buffeted and flung about and fallen upon, that all his attention had to go back at once to himself alone. At one moment, however, he saw that he was very near the upturned boat. A thrill of hope and joy went through him. It was not easy to get to the boat without the chance of being dashed against her or sucked under her, and Christmas dreaded almost above all things a disabled hand or arm just now. Nor was it easy being near the boat to do anything better than allow himself to be dashed against her and take his chance. So he made for her anyhow, and presently he was flung forward and felt a sensation as if some giant had flung him up against a wooden gate, and uncertain whether his ribs were dashed in or not he found himself lying across the upturned boat and clinging to her keel. This was the moment for safety. It was at all events a relief not to keep his limbs and senses employed in the mere struggle to remain afloat. He was afloat now easily enough, and the only thing was to keep himself from being smothered by waves breaking against the boat, or from being torn away from her, or having his head beaten against her keel. "Luckily there are no sharks about here," our poor hero thought.

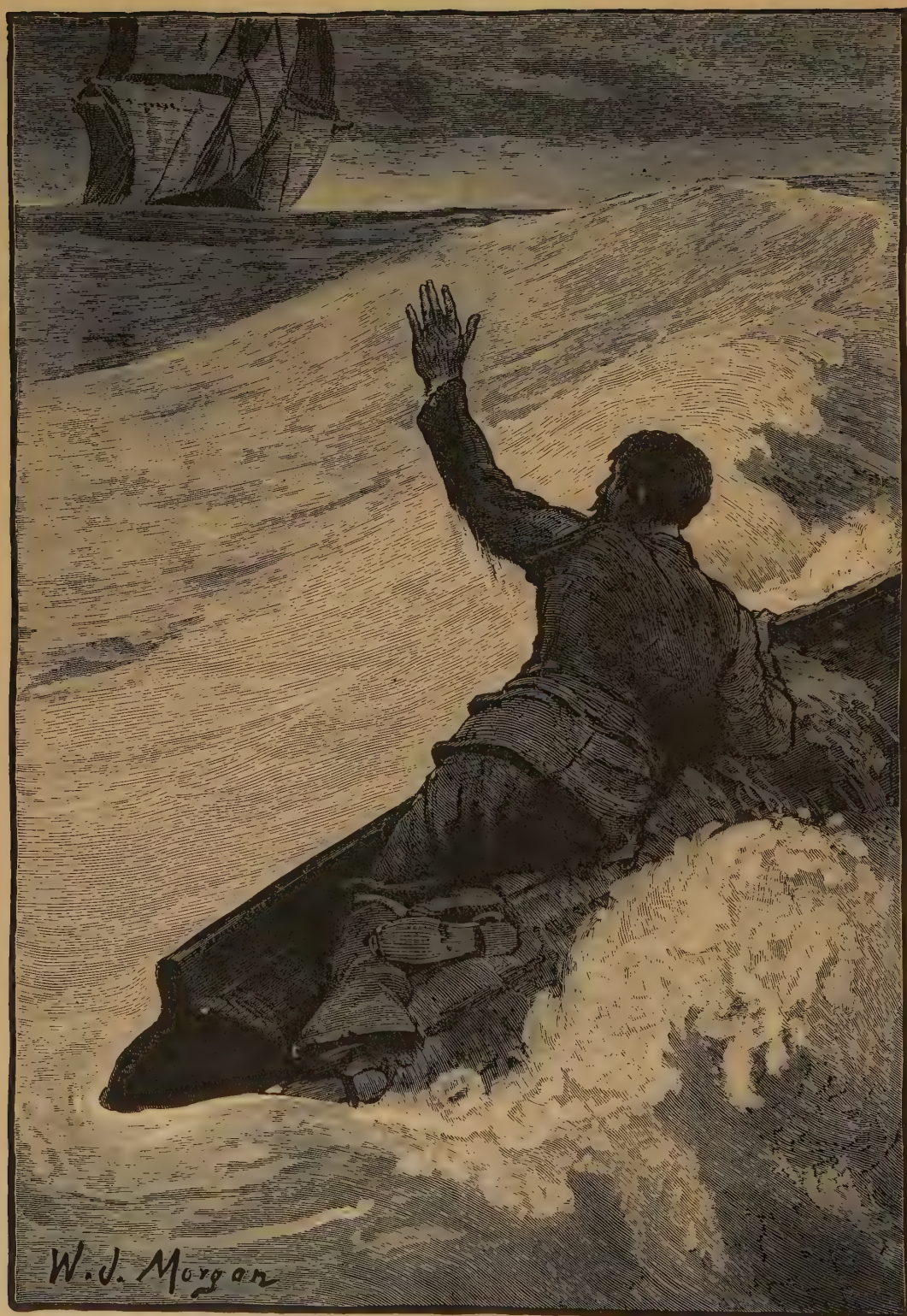
Far away he saw the sail of which Nat Cramp had spoken. The wind, however, blew from her to him, and he did not believe there would be the slightest chance of sending his voice across the gusts to her. So he prudently spared his lungs, and did not try. It was raining and the sky was all clouds, and he did not think he could do anything to make her see him. Still he had great hopes from her, and while that sail remained above his horizon he felt that no chilling sea could cause him to give up the struggle. For he seemed to have made up his mind that the sea should not swallow him before he had given his last message to Marie Challoner. "Die here now," he thought, "and she never to know how I loved her? No—I'll not die! I'll never give in! I'll get to Durewoods yet!"

It was strange how queer and drowsy and dreamy he seemed to grow. He was lying now not very uneasily along the back of the boat and holding on to her keel and was nearly out of the water, and there was a warmish and thick drizzle of rain falling around him, and the tossing motion and the hoarse roaring of the waves seemed to dull all his senses. The sharper tension of the struggle was gone and his frame was relaxed, and he felt inclined to go to sleep. He seemed to himself less like one clinging for dear life to an upturned boat in an angry sea than like one who lies in his bed and

dreams of being in such a plight. But that the light had not changed he would have thought he must have been hours in the water. It seemed half a lifetime since he left London in the pouring rain that very morning. Was it that morning or when? Had he really met Nat Cramp at all?

Sometimes he found his eyes closing, and he once must have dozed for an instant, for he thought he was travelling in the sleeping-car of a railway at night, and that the noise of the waves was the rush and rattle of the train. Then he came to himself with a start, fearing he was about to be washed off the boat. Sometimes his mind wandered and he fancied he was in Japan with his father; in San Francisco; in Durewoods with Marie Challoner in the hollow among the trees holding her hand, and he talked to her quite aloud. More than once, when his tired, languid eyes closed, he fancied he was lying in the chair in Sir John Challoner's library at Kensington asleep, and he believed that he had but to open his eyes and see Marie Challoner bending over him. So he looked up and saw the grey sky and felt the tossing of the pitiless waves, and clung all the faster and with strength renewed to the slippery boat and compelled his nerves to keep under his control, for if he lost his self-discipline for even a single moment he knew full well that he should never see Marie Challoner again. These little half-unconscious moments, these fits of sleepiness, were probably his salvation. Perhaps without them his nerves could never have endured the strain put on them—the strain of watching his safety and holding on to the boat.

What gleams of pleasure were extracted from the most unpromising condition, like the sunbeams from the Laputan cucumber? A chance change of position, bringing a sense of freshness and relief to the overstrained frame, to the uneasy limbs, was for the moment a delight, as it is to the sick man on a bed of pain. Then he allowed his mind to enjoy the respite for an instant, and it went off guard and stood at ease. Sometimes he found himself shouting out scraps of song in answer to the hoarse roar of the waters. Sometimes he talked to himself, and sometimes he shouted to Nat Cramp. Then he grew lazy and languid again, and felt very cold, and when his mind was awake and active enough to take in the reality of his condition he began to fear that he could not hold on any longer, that he must drop off and die, and never see Durewoods more. But again some change of position gave him fresh relief, and he presently found himself back in Durewoods among the trees talking with Marie Challoner. Then he grew so languid that even when he once became vaguely aware that the sail he had seen was much nearer to him than before he only made mental observation that it was a schooner, and did



"HE SHOUTED TO THE SCHOONER."

"ONE TAKEN—THE OTHER LEFT" (p. 89)

not seem to be conscious of his having any personal interest in it. But he suddenly awoke with a start that nearly lost him his place on the boat, and he cast away this languid, dying mood, and, tossed by the waves and soaking in the rain and chilled in the feet and legs as he was, he found the lifeblood bubbling and dancing in his veins again, and his mind told him "I shall see Durewoods again, after all!" and he shouted to the schooner with a lung-racking effort which made his voice


little good for singing for many a day after. Again and again he shouted till he fell back quite exhausted, only able to wait for any fate.

Afterwards he had a consciousness of being dragged and heaved on board a vessel, of having some delicious, divine, reanimating, burning liquid poured down his throat—only brandy and water—of seeing several faces round him, of asking if any one had seen poor Cramp, begging them to look out for Cramp, and then falling asleep.

THE LOVE ELEGIES OF ABEL SHUFFLEBOTTOM.

[By ROBERT SOUTHEY.]

I.—THE POET RELATES HOW HE OBTAINED DELIA'S POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.

 IS mine! what accents can my joy declare?
Blest be the pressure of the thronging rout!
Blest be the hand so hasty of my fair,
That left the *tempting corner* hanging out.

I envy not the joy the pilgrim feels,
After long travel to some distant shrine,
When at the relic of his saint he kneels,
For Delia's POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF IS MINE.

When first with *flashing fingers* I drew near,
Keen hopes shot tremulous through every vein:
And when the *finished deed* removed my fear,
Scarce could my bounding heart its joy contain.

What though the EIGHTH COMMANDMENT rose to mind,
It only served a moment's qualm to move;
For thefts like this it could not be designed—
THE *eighth commandment* WAS NOT MADE FOR LOVE!

Here, when she took the macaroons from me,
She wiped her mouth to clear the crumbs so sweet!
Dear napkin! yes, she wiped her lips on thee!
Lips *sweeter* than the *macaroons* she ate.

And when she took that pinch of Moccabaw,
That made my love so *delicately* sneeze,
Thee to her Roman nose applied I saw,
And thou art doubly dear for things like these.

No washerwoman's filthy hand shall e'er,
SWEET POCKET - HANDKERCHIEF! thy worth profane;
For thou hast touched the *rubies* of my fair,
And I will kiss thee o'er and o'er again.

II.—THE POET EXPATIATES ON THE BEAUTY OF DELIA'S HAIR.

The comb between whose ivory teeth she strains
The straight'ning curls of gold so *beamy bright*,
Not spotless merely from the touch remains,
But issues forth *more pure*, more *milky white*.

The rose pomatum that the FRISEUR spreads
Sometimes with honoured fingers for my fair,
No added perfume on her tresses sheds,
But borrows sweetness from her sweeter hair.

Happy the FRISEUR who in Delia's hair
With licensed fingers uncontrolled may rove!
And happy in his death the DANCING BEAR,
Who died to make pomatum for my love.

Oh, could I hope that e'er my favoured lays
Might *curl those lovely locks* with conscious pride,
Nor Hammond, nor the Mantuan shepherd's praise,
I'd envy them, nor wish reward beside.

Cupid has strung from you, O tresses fine,
The bow that in my breast impell'd his dart;
From you, sweet locks! he wove the subtile line
Wherewith the urchin *angled* for MY HEART.

Fine are my Delia's tresses as the threads
That from the silk-worm, *self interr'd*, proceed;
Fine as the GLEAMY GOSSAMER that spreads
His filmy net-work o'er the tangled mead.

Yet with these tresses Cupid's power, elate,
My captive *heart* has *handcuff'd* in a chain,
Strong as the cables of some huge first-rate,
THAT BEARS BRITANNIA'S THUNDERS O'ER THE MAIN.

The SYLPHS that round her radiant locks repair,
In *flowing lustre* bathe their bright'ning wings;
And ELFIN MINSTRELS with assiduous care,
The ringlets rob for FAIRY FIDDLESTRINGS.

III.—THE POET RELATES HOW HE STOLE A LOCK OF
DELIA'S HAIR, AND HER ANGER.

Oh ! be the day accurst that gave me birth !
Ye Seas ! to swallow me, in kindness rise !
Fall on me, mountains ! and thou merciful earth,
Open, and hide me from my Delia's eyes.

Let universal Chaos now return,
Now let the central fires their prison burst,
And EARTH, and HEAVEN, and AIR, and OCEAN
burn,
For Delia *frowns*. SHE FROWNS, and I am
curst.

Oh ! I could dare the fury of the fight,
Where hostile MILLIONS sought my single life ;
Would storm VOLCANOES, BATTERIES, with delight.
And grapple with GRIM DEATH in glorious
strife.

Oh ! I could brave the bolts of angry JOVE,
When ceaseless lightnings fire the midnight
skies ;
What is *his wrath* to that of HER I love ?
What is his LIGHTNING to my Delia's eyes ?

Go, fatal lock ! I cast thee to the wind ;
Ye *serpent* CURLS, ye *poison tendrils*, go !
Would I could tear thy memory from my mind,
ACCURSED LOCK ; thou cause of all my woe !

Seize the CURST CURLS, ye Furies, as they fly !
Demons of darkness, guard the infernal roll,
That thence your cruel vengeance, when I die,
May *knit the KNOTS OF TORTURE* for my SOUL.

Last night—Oh hear me, heaven, and grant my
prayer !
The BOOK OF FATE before thy suppliant lay,
And let me from its ample records tear
Only the single PAGE OF YESTERDAY !

Or let me meet OLD TIME upon his flight,
And I will STOP HIM on his restless way ;
Omnipotent in love's resistless might,
I'll force him back the ROAD OF YESTERDAY.

Last night, as o'er the page of love's despair,
My Delia bent *deliciously* to grieve,
I stood a *treacherous loiterer* by her chair,
And drew the FATAL SCISSORS from my sleeve :

And would at that instant o'er my thread
The SHEARS OF ATROPOS had opened then ;
And when I reft the lock from Delia's head,
Had cut me sudden from the sons of men !

She heard the scissors that fair lock divide,
And while my heart with transport parted big,
She cast a FURY frown on me, and cried,
"You stupid puppy — you have spoiled my
wig !"

WHEN MEN WORE ARMS.

[From "The Tower of London."* By HARRISON AINSWORTH.]



AT ISFIED
with the re-
sult of the ex-
amination, the
ambassador
turned to de-
part, when he
beheld, close
behind him, a
masked figure,
which he im-
mediately re-
cognised as the
same that had
appeared at the

window of his lodgings in the Bloody Tower, on
the evening when Jane's death-warrant was signed
by the queen. No sound had proclaimed the
mask's approach, and the door was shut. The
sight revived all Renard's superstitious fears.

"Who, and what art thou ?" he demanded.

"Your executioner," replied a hollow voice.
And suddenly drawing a poniard, the mask aimed
a terrible blow at Renard, which, if he had not
avoided it, must have proved fatal.

Thus assaulted, Renard tried to draw his sword,
but he was prevented by the mask, who grappled
with him, and brought him to the ground. In the
struggle, however, the assassin's vizard fell off, and
disclosed the features of Nightgall.

"Nightgall !" exclaimed Renard. "You, then,
were the mysterious visitant to my chamber in the
Bloody Tower. I might have guessed as much
when I met you in the passage. But you persuaded
me I had seen an apparition."

"If your excellency took me for a ghost, I took
you for something worse," replied Nightgall, keep-
ing his knee upon the ambassador's chest, and
searching for his dagger, which he had dropped in
the conflict.

"Release me, villain !" cried Renard. "Would
you murder me ?"

* By permission of Messrs. George Routledge and Sons.

"I am paid to put your excellency to death," rejoined Nightgall, with the utmost coolness.

"I will give you twice the sum to spare me," rejoined Renard, who saw from Nightgall's looks that he had no chance, unless he could work upon his avarice.

"Hum!" exclaimed the jailer; who, not being able to reach his dagger, which had rolled to some distance, had drawn his sword, and was now shortening it, with intent to plunge it in the other's throat—"I would take your offer—but I have gone too far."

"Fear nothing," gasped Renard, giving himself up for lost. "I swear by my patron, Saint Paul, that I will not harm a hair of your head. Against your employer only will I direct my vengeance."

"I will not trust you," replied Nightgall, about to strike.

But just as he was about to deal the fatal blow—at the very moment that the point of the blade pierced the ambassador's skin, he was plucked backwards by Cholmondeley, and hurled on the ground. Perceiving it was his rival, who was more hateful to him even than Renard, Cholmondeley, on the onset, had prepared to take some part in the struggle, and noticing the poniard, had first of all possessed himself of it, and then attacked Nightgall in the manner above related.

Throwing himself upon his foe, Cholmondeley tried to stab him; but it appeared that he wore a stout buff jerkin, for the weapon glanced aside, without doing him any injury. As Cholmondeley was about to repeat the thrust, and in a part less defended, he was himself pushed aside by Renard, who, by this time, had gained his feet, and was threatening vengeance upon his intended assassin. But the esquire was unwilling to abandon his prey; and in the struggle, Nightgall, exerting all his strength, broke from them, and wresting the dagger from Cholmondeley, succeeded in opening the door. Renard, foaming with rage, rushed after him, utterly forgetful of Cholmondeley, who listened with breathless anxiety to their retreating footsteps. Scarcely knowing what to do, but resolved not to throw away the chance of escape, the esquire hastily attired himself, and taking up a lamp which Renard had left upon the floor, quitted the cell.

"I will seek out Cicely," he cried, "and set her free; and then, perhaps, we may be able to escape together."

But the hope that for a moment arose within his breast was checked by the danger and difficulty of making the search. Determined, however, to hazard the attempt, he set out in a contrary direction to that taken by Nightgall and Renard, and proceeding at a rapid pace, soon reached a flight of steps, up which he mounted. He was now within a second passage, similar to the first, with cells on

either side; but though he was too well convinced, from the sounds issuing from them, that they were occupied, he did not dare to open any of them. Still pursuing his headlong course, he now took one turn, now another, until he was completely bewildered and exhausted. While leaning against the wall to recruit himself, he was startled by a light approaching at a distance, and fearing to encounter the person who bore it, was about to hurry away, when, to his inexpressible joy, he perceived it was Cicely. With a wild cry he started towards her, calling to her by name; but the young damsel, mistaking him, probably, for her persecutor, let fall her lamp, uttered a piercing scream, and fled. In vain her lover strove to overtake her—in vain he shouted to her, and implored her to stop—his cries were drowned in her shrieks, and only added to her terror. Cholmondeley, however, though distanced, kept her for some time in view, when all at once she disappeared.

On gaining the spot where she had vanished, he found an open trap-door, and certain she must have descended by it, took the same course. He found himself in a narrow, vaulted passage, but could discover no traces of her he sought. Hurrying forward, though almost ready to drop with fatigue, he came to a large octagonal chamber. At one side he perceived a ladder, and at the head of it the arched entrance to a cell. In an agony of hope and fear he hastened towards the recess, and as he approached, his doubt was made certainty by a loud scream. Quick as thought he sprang into the cell, and found, crouched in the further corner, the object of his search.

"Cicely," he exclaimed, "it is I—your lover—Cholmondeley."

"You!" she exclaimed, starting up and gazing at him as if she could scarcely trust the evidence of her senses; "and I have been flying from you all this time, taking you for Nightgall." And throwing herself into his arms, she was strained passionately to his bosom.

After the first rapturous emotions had subsided, Cicely hastily explained to her lover that after she had been borne away by Nightgall she had fainted, and on reviving found herself in her accustomed prison. Filled with alarm by his dreadful threats, she had determined to put an end to her existence rather than expose herself to his violence; and had arisen with that resolution when an impulse prompted her to try the door. To her surprise it was unfastened—the bolt having shot wide of the socket,—and quitting the cell, she had wandered about along the passages, until they had so mysteriously encountered each other. This explanation given, and Cholmondeley having related what had befallen him, the youthful pair, almost blinded to their perilous situation by their joy at their unexpected reunion, set forth in the hope of

discovering the subterranean passage to the further side of the moat.

Too much engrossed by each other to heed whither they were going, they wandered on; Cicely detailing all the persecution she had experienced from Nightgall, and her lover breathing vengeance against him. The only person she had seen, she said, during her captivity, was Xit. He had found his way to her dungeon, but was discovered, while endeavouring to liberate her, by Nightgall, who threatened to put him to death, if he did not take a solemn oath, which he proposed, not to reveal the place of her captivity. And she concluded the dwarf had kept his vow, as she had seen nothing of him since; nor had any one been led to her retreat.

To these details, as well as to her professions of love for him, unshaken by time or circumstance, Cholmondeley listened with such absorbing attention, that, lost to everything else, he tracked passage after passage, unconscious where he was going. At last, he opened a door which admitted them to a gloomy hall, terminated by a broad flight of steps, down which several armed figures were descending. Cholmondeley would have retreated, but it was impossible. He had been perceived by the soldiers, who rushed towards him, questioned him and Cicely, and not being satisfied with their answers, conveyed them up the stairs to the lower guard-room in the White Tower, which it appeared the wanderers had approached.

Here, amongst other soldiers and warders, were the three giants, and instantly addressing them, Cholmondeley delivered Cicely to their care. He would have had them convey her to the Stone Kitchen, but this an officer who was present would not permit, till inquiries had been made, and meanwhile the esquire was placed in arrest.

Shortly after this, an extraordinary bustle was heard at the door, and four soldiers entered carrying the body of a man upon a shutter. They set it down in the midst of the room. Amongst those who flocked round to gaze upon it was Cholmondeley. It was a frightful spectacle. But in the mutilated though still breathing mass the esquire recognised Nightgall. While he was gazing at the miserable wretch, and marvelling how he came in this condition, a tall personage strode into the room, and commanding the group to stand aside, approached the body. It was Renard. After regarding the dying man for a few moments with savage satisfaction, he turned to depart, when his eye fell upon Cholmondeley.

"I had forgotten you," he said. "But it seems you have not neglected the opportunity offered you of escape."

"We caught him trying to get out of the subterranean passages, your excellency," remarked the officer.

"Let him remain here till further orders," rejoined Renard. "You have saved my life, and shall find I am not ungrateful," he added to Cholmondeley.

"If your excellency would indeed requite me," replied the esquire, "you will give orders that this maiden, long and falsely imprisoned by the wretch before us, may be allowed to return to her friends."

"I know her," rejoined Renard, looking at Cicely; "and I know that what you say is true. Release her," he added to the officer. And giving a last terrible look at Nightgall, he quitted the room.

"Is Cicely here?" groaned the dying man.

"She is," replied Cholmondeley. "Have you aught to say to her?"

"Ay, and to you, too," replied Nightgall. "Let her approach, and bid the others stand off, and I will confess all I have done. Give me a draught of wine, for it is a long story, and I must have strength to tell it."

Before relating Nightgall's confession, it will be necessary to see what dreadful accident had befallen him; and in order to do this, his course must be traced subsequently to his flight from Cholmondeley's dungeon.

Acquainted with all the intricacies of the passages, and running with great speed, Nightgall soon distanced his pursuer, who having lost trace of him, was obliged to give up the chase. Determined, however, not to be balked of his prey, he retraced his steps to the torture-chamber, where he found Wolfytt, Sorrocol, and three other officials, to whom he recounted the gaoler's atrocious attempt.

"I will engage to find him for your excellency," said Wolfytt, who bore no very kindly feeling to Nightgall; "if he is anywhere below the Tower. I know every turn and hole in these passages better than the oldest rat that haunts them."

"Deliver him to my vengeance," rejoined Renard, "and you shall hold his place."

"Says your excellency so!" cried Wolfytt; "then you may account him already in your hands."

With this he snatched up a halberd and a torch, and bidding two of the officials come with him, started off at a swift pace on the right. Neither he nor his companions relaxed their pace, but tracked passage after passage, and examined vault after vault—but still without success.

Renard's impatience manifested itself in furious exclamations, and Wolfytt appeared perplexed and disappointed.

"I have it!" he exclaimed, rubbing his shaggy head. "He must have entered Saint John's Chapel, in the White Tower, by the secret passage."

The party were again in motion; and, taking the least circuitous road, Wolfytt soon brought them to a narrow passage, at the end of which he descried a dark crouching figure.

"We have him!" he cried exultingly. "There he is!"

Creeping quickly along, for the roof was so low that he was compelled to stoop, Wolfytt prepared

the aperture. With a yell of rage and disappointment, Wolfytt sprang after him, and was instantly struck down by a blow from his opponent's dagger. Renard followed, and beheld the fugitive speeding



"RENARD . . . FORCED HIM SLOWLY BACKWARDS." (Drawn by G. C Hindley.)

for an encounter with Nightgall. The latter grasped his dagger, and appeared ready to spring upon his assailant. Knowing the strength and ferocity of the gaoler, Wolfytt hesitated a moment, but goaded on by Renard, who was close behind and eager for vengeance, he was about to commence the attack, when Nightgall, taking advantage of the delay, touched a spring in the wall behind him, and a stone dropping from its place, he dashed through

across the nave of Saint John's Chapel, and, without regarding Wolfytt, who was lying on the floor, bleeding profusely, he continued the pursuit.

Nightgall hurried up the steps behind the altar, and took his way along one of the arched stone galleries opening upon the council-chamber. But, swiftly as he fled, Renard, to whom fury had lent wings, rapidly gained upon him.

It was more than an hour after daybreak, but

no one was astir in this part of the citadel, and as the pursued and pursuer threaded the gallery, and crossed the council-chamber, they did not meet even a solitary attendant. Nightgall was now within the southern gallery of the White Tower, and Renard shouted to him to stop ; but he heeded not the cry. In another moment, he reached a door opening upon the north-east turret. It was bolted, and the time lost in unfastening it brought Renard close upon him. Nightgall would have descended, but thinking he heard voices below, he ran up the winding stairs.

Renard now felt secure of him, and uttered a shout of savage delight. The fugitive would have gained the roof, if he had not been intercepted by a party of men, who, at the very moment he reached the doorway communicating with the leads, presented themselves at it. Hearing the clamour raised by Renard and his followers below, these men commanded Nightgall to surrender. Instead of complying, the miserable fugitive, now at his wits' end, rushed backwards, with the determination of assailing Renard. He met the ambassador at a turn in the stairs a little below, and aimed a desperate blow at him with his dagger. But Renard easily warded it off, and pressing him backwards, drove him into one of the deep embrasures at the side.

Driven to desperation, Nightgall at first thought of springing through the loophole ; but the in-

voluntary glance that he cast below made him recoil. On seeing his terror, Renard was filled with delight, and determined to prolong his enjoyment. In vain Nightgall endeavoured to escape from the dreadful snare in which he was caught. He was driven remorselessly back. In vain he implored mercy, in the most abject terms. None was shown him. Getting within the embrasure, which was about twelve feet deep, Renard deliberately pricked the wretched man with the point of his sword, and forced him slowly backwards.

Nightgall struggled desperately against the horrible fate that awaited him, striking at Renard with his dagger, clutching convulsively against the wall, and disputing the ground inch by inch. But all was unavailing. Scarcely a foot's space intervened between him and destruction, when Renard sprang forward, and pushed him by main force through the loophole. He uttered a fearful cry, and tried to grasp at the roughened surface of the wall. Renard watched his descent. It was from a height of near ninety feet.

He fell with a terrific smash upon the pavement of the court below. Three or four halberdiers, who were passing at a little distance, hearing the noise, ran towards him ; but finding he was not dead, though almost dashed in pieces, and scarcely retaining a vestige of humanity, they brought a shutter, and conveyed him to the lower guard-room.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

[By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.]

T was the schooner Hesperus
That sailed the wintry sea ;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
With his pipe in his mouth,
And watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish main :
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see !"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and colder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east ;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm and smote amain
The vessel in its strength ;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so,
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"Oh father ! I hear the church-bells ring,
Oh say what may it be ?"
"Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast ;"
And he steered for the open sea.

"Oh father ! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh, say, what may it be ?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea."

"Oh, father ! I see a gleaming light,
Oh, say, what may it be ?"
But the father answered never a word—
A frozen corpse was he.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept,
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever, the fitful gusts between,
A sound came from the land ;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and hard sea-sand.



"A FISHERMAN STOOD AGHAST." (Drawn by Charles Green.)

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face to the skies,
The lantern gleamed, through the gleaming
snow,
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands, and prayed
That saved she might be ;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the waves
On the lake of Galilee.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billoy swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy
waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
 With the masts, went by the board ;
 Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank—
 Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared.

At daybreak on the bleak sea-beach,
 A fisherman stood aghast,
 To see the form of a maiden fair
 Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
 The salt tears in her eyes ;
 And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
 On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
 In the midnight and the snow !
 Christ save us all from a death like this,
 On the reef of Norman's Woe.

MY LOST HOME.

[By JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.]

IN the still hours of the night ; in the evening rest from labour—when the twilight shadows darken my solitary room, and oftentimes in the broad glare of day, amongst the eager, busy merchants upon 'Change—it comes before me : the picture of my lost shadowy home. So dim and indistinct at times seems the line that separates my past from my present self—so dream-like seem the events that have made me the hunted outcast which I am—that, painful as my history is, it is a mental relief to me to go over it step by step, and dwell upon the faces of those who are now lost to me for evermore.

It seems but yesterday—although many years have passed away—that I was in a position of trust in the counting-house of Askew, Dobell, and Picard. I entered the service of these merchants about the age of sixteen, fresh from the Blue-Coat School ; a raw, ungainly lad, with no knowledge or experience of the world, and with a strong letter of recommendation from the head master, which procured me a junior clerkship. Our business was conducted with a steady tranquillity—an almost holy calm—in harmony with the place, which had the air of a sacred temple dedicated to commerce. I rose step by step ; till at last, about the age of thirty, I attained the position of first-class clerk. My advance was not due to any remarkable ability that I had displayed ; nor because I had excited the interest of any member of the firm, for I seldom saw the faces of my employers. It was purely the result of a system which ordained a general rise throughout the house when any old clerk died or was pensioned off.

The third partner in the firm, Mr. Picard, was a man of a very different stamp from the other two. At one period he had been our managing clerk, and he obtained his share in the business in the same year that I entered the house. He was of French extraction ; thin, sallow, with small grey eyes, and light sandy hair. His age at the time I

am writing of must have been near fifty. Although his origin was very obscure—some of our old clerks remembering him walking about the docks in an almost shoeless state—his pride was very great, and his harshness, sternness, and uneasy, fretful, and ever-conscious attempts at dignity, were a painful contrast to the quiet, off-hand manner of Mr. Dobell, or the venerable and dreamy calmness of old Mr. Askew. He was a bad-hearted, cold, calculating man—a man with a strong, reckless will, who allowed nothing to stand between him and his self-interest. When he came into authority, and had his name put up as one of the firm, his humble relations were removed to a distance ; and a poor old Irishwoman who had kept a fruit-stall upon sufferance under our gateway for many years, was swept away, because he felt that she remembered him in the days of his poverty.

My position and duties required me to live in the house, and to take charge of the place. When I married, I took my wife, Esther, to our old City home, and our one child, little Margaret, was born there. The child was a little blue-eyed, fair-haired thing ; and it was a pleasing sight to see her, between two and three years of age, trotting along the dark passages, and going carefully up the broad oaken stairs. On one occasion she was checked, by the order of Mr. Picard, for making a noise during business hours ; and, from ten to five, she had to confine herself to her little dingy room at the top of the house. She was a great favourite with many of the old childless clerks, who used to bring her presents of fruit in the summer mornings. Scarcely a day passed but what I stole an hour—my dinner hour—to play with her ; and, in the long summer evenings, I carried her down to the river to watch the boats. Sometimes, on Sundays, I took her out of the City into the fields about Canonbury, and carried her back again loaded with buttercups. She was a companion to me—oftentimes my only companion, with her innocent prattle, and gentle, winning ways—for my wife, Esther, was

cold and reserved in her manners, with settled habits, formed before our marriage. She was an earnest Baptist, and attended regularly, three times a week, a chapel for that persuasion in Finsbury. My home often looked cheerless enough when little Margaret had retired to bed and my wife's empty chair stood before me; but I did not complain—it would not have been just for me to do so—for I knew Esther's opinions and habits before I married her; yet I thought I discerned, beneath the hard sectarian crust, signs of a true, womanly, loving heart; signs, amongst the strict faith and stern principles, of an affection equal to my own. I may have been mistaken in her, as she was mistaken—oh, how bitterly mistaken—in me! Her will was stronger than mine, and it fretted itself silently, but incessantly, in vain endeavours to lead me along the path she had chosen for herself. She may have misunderstood my resistance, as I may have misapprehended her motives for desiring to alter my habits and tone of thinking. There were probably faults and errors on both sides.

Thus we went on from day to day; Esther going in her direction and I going in mine, while the child acted as a gentle link that bound us together.

About this time Mr. Askew finally retired from business, and there was a general step upward throughout the house—Mr. Picard getting one degree nearer absolute authority. The first use that he made of his new power was to introduce an only son into the counting-house, who had not been regularly brought up to the ranks of trade; but who had received, since his father's entrance as a member of the firm, a loose, hurried, crammed, half-professional education, and who had hovered for some time between the choice of a lawyer's office and a doctor's consulting-room. He was a high-spirited young man, whose training had been of that incomplete character which had only served to unsteady him. He had his father's fault of a strong, reckless will, unchecked by anything like his father's cold, calculating head; though tempered by a virtue that his father never possessed—an open-hearted generosity. As he had everything to learn, and was a troublesome pupil, he was assigned to my care. His writing-table was brought into my office, and I had plenty of opportunity of judging of his character. With all his errors and shortcomings—not to say vices—it was impossible not to like him. There is always a charm about a free, impulsive nature, that carries the heart where the judgment cannot follow. Although more than ten years his senior, I held and claimed no authority over him; his more powerful will and bolder spirit holding me in subjection. I screened the fact of his late arrivals, and his frequent absences, by doing his work for him; and, for anything that Mr. Dobell or his father knew, he was the most

promising clerk in the house. Little Margaret soon found him out, and took a childish liking to him. He was never tired of playing with her; and seldom a week passed that he did not bring her something new in the shape of toys or sweetmeats. My evenings at home, which used to be solitary, were now solitary no longer; either he came and kept me company, unknown to his father—who would have been indignant at his associating with one of the ordinary clerks—or (which was most frequently the case) I accompanied him in his evening rambles about town. The gulf between me and Esther was greatly widened.

Thus our lives went on in the old City mansion, with little variety, until our child completed her third year.

Young Mr. Picard had been absent from the office for more than a week, and illness, as usual, was pleaded as the cause. In about four days more he returned, looking certainly much thinner and paler than usual. I did not question him then as to the real cause of his absence; for there were arrears to work up, and he did not seem in a communicative humour. This was on a Saturday. On the following Monday, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, he brought in a cheque for five hundred pounds, drawn by the firm upon our bankers, Messrs. Burney, Holt, and Burney, of Lombard Street. This, he told me, was an amount he had got his father and Mr. Dobell to advance him for a short period, to enter upon a little speculation on his own account, and he gave it to me to get changed when I went down to the bankers to pay in money on the same afternoon. In the meantime, he induced me to give him two hundred pounds on account, out of the cash that I, as cashier, had received during the day. Shortly afterwards he went away, saying he would receive the other portion in the morning. I went to the bankers that afternoon, cashed the cheque for five hundred pounds, returned the two hundred to my cash charge, paid it into the credit of the firm, and returned to the office with the three hundred pounds in my possession, in bank-notes, for young Mr. Picard when he came in the morning. I never saw him again, and never shall, in this world.

As to the cheque—it was a forgery. The bankers had discovered it later in the evening, and I was taken into custody, with the bank-notes in my pocket-book, by a Bow Street officer, acting under Mr. Picard, Senior's, orders. My wife was not at home. Casting, therefore, one hurried glance at my poor, unconscious, sleeping child—a glance in which were concentrated the love and agony of a lifetime—I turned my back upon the old house to go with the officer to the appointed prison.

The next morning, at the preliminary examination before a magistrate, the charge was made out.

I gave my explanation ; but young Mr. Picard was not to be found, and unsupported as I was by any evidence, with a string of circumstances so strongly against me, what was I to expect ? I was fully committed, and removed to Newgate to take my trial at the ensuing sessions.

Prostrated with grief and shame, I passed the first night in my dismal cell, in stupor rather than sleep, broken by thoughts of my lost home. My poor dear child seemed to me to be removed to an immeasurable distance—to belong to another world—and even my cold, passionless wife appeared in warmer and more wifely colours, and my heart was softened towards her. I felt as if I had left her in the morning, full of health and strength, and had returned at nightfall to find her dead.

The first morning, at the visiting hour, I was stopped in my short, impatient walk, by hearing my name called by the turnkey : my wife had come to see me. I went to the grating where stood many of my fellow-prisoners talking to their wives and friends, and, making room against the bars, I brought myself face to face with Esther. There, outside another barrier, between which and my own walked the officer on duty, she stood with her cold, passionless face looking sterner and paler than usual ; her thin lips firmly compressed, and her keen grey eyes fixed upon me with a searching, dubious expression. Thinking of the place I was in, and the character of my companions, whose voices, without one tone of sorrow or remorse, were busy around me ; feeling cold, dirty, and miserable, and looking from all this upon Esther, as she stood there before me in her Quakerish dress, and neat, clean respectability, I wavered for a moment in the belief of my innocence, and felt that there was an impassable gulf between us, which my desponding heart told me would never be bridged over.

"Esther," I said, "has young Mr. Picard been heard of ? Is little Margaret well ? Do my employers really believe me guilty ?"

"Randall," she answered in a calm, clear voice, "your own heart must tell you whether young Mr. Picard will ever be found. Our child, thank God, is well, and too young to know the great grief and shame that have fallen on us. Mr. Dobell has carefully avoided speaking to me upon the subject of your suspected crime, but Mr. Picard believes you guilty."

Though I could not clearly see the expression of her face, broken up as it was into isolated features by the double row of intervening bars, I felt that her eyes were fixed curiously upon me, and the tone of her voice, as she said this, told me that I was suspected—suspected even of crime far deeper than forgery ! A cold shudder passed across my heart, and the old feeling of antagonism came back again to harden me.

"Randall," she continued in the same emotionless tone, "some money that I had saved for the child I have devoted to your defence, and to procuring you certain comforts which you will sadly need here. If you are guilty, pray to be forgiven : if you are innocent, pray—as I and Margaret will pray—that this dark cloud may pass from us."

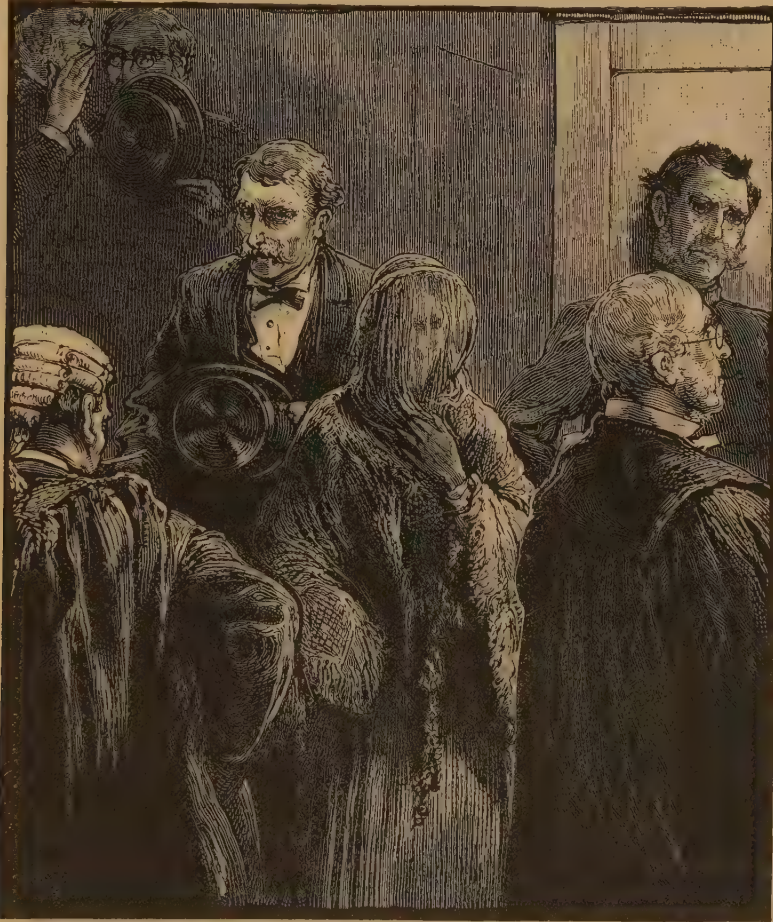
Twice again Esther visited me : still with the same story—for young Mr. Picard had not been found ; still with the same tone ; still with the same look. At length the day of trial came. As I stood in the dock, the first person my eye fell upon in the court was Mr. Picard ; his sallow face looking sallow than ever, his small grey eyes peering quickly and sharply about him. He was there to watch over his family honour, to obtain a conviction at any cost, and to favour the belief that I had either murdered his son, or had compelled him to keep out of the way. Esther was there, too, following the proceedings with quiet intensity ; her face fixed as marble, and her eyes resting upon me the whole time without a tear. It was over at last, the long painful trial, and I was convicted—sentenced to transportation for life. I saw the triumph on Mr. Picard's features ; and with glazed eyes I saw Esther leave the court, with her dark veil closely drawn over her face. She stooped and, I thought, sobbed ; but I saw her no more. In a few weeks I was on the high seas, proceeding to a penal settlement. Often in the dead of night the vision of my fatherless child, weeping in the gateway of the old mansion, passed before me, and sometimes I heard her little gentle voice in the wailing of the wind. The veil had fallen over my lost home never to rise again—never but once, years after.

Our vessel never reached her destination. She was wrecked in the third month of our voyage, and all on board, except myself and another convict, were lost. We were picked up by an American vessel ; and, keeping our secret as to what we were, we were landed safely in New York. My companion went his way, and I entered the service of a storekeeper, and worked steadily for four years—four long years, in which the vision of my lost home was constantly before me. Any feeling of resentment that I may have had at the suspicions of my wife, and at her seeming indifference to my fate, was now completely obliterated by the operation of time and distance, and the old love I gave to her as a girl came back in all its tenderness and force. She appeared to me as the guardian and protector of my dear fatherless child, whom I had left sleeping innocently in her little bed on the night when the door of my lost home closed upon me. My dreams by night, my one thought by day, grew in intensity, until I could resist the impulse no longer. Risking the chance of discovery, I procured a passage, and landed in London in the

winter of the fifth year from that in which I had left England.

I took a lodging at a small public-house at Wapping, near the river; and I neglected no means to escape observation. I waited with a beating, anxious heart impatiently for night; and, when it came, I went forth well disguised, keeping along the line of the docks and silent warehouses,

through the small grating. There were no lights in the front, and I went cautiously round, up a side lane, and along a narrow passage that ran between the churchyard and the back of the house. At that moment the church-clock struck eight, and the bells chimed the Evening Hymn, slowly and musically, as they had done, perhaps, for centuries; slowly and musically, as they had done in the days



"I SAW ESTHER LEAVE THE COURT." (Drawn by T. W. Wilson.)

until I reached the end of the lane in which the old mansion stood. I did not dare to make any inquiry to know if Esther and the child were still at the old home; but my knowledge of the character and prospects of my wife told me that, if the firm allowed her to stay, she would have accepted the offer, as her principles and determination would have sustained her under any feelings of disgrace. I walked slowly up the old familiar lane, until I stood before the gateway. It was near eight o'clock, and the gate was closed, but it looked the same as it did when I first knew it as a boy; so did the quaint oak carving, and the silent court-yard seen

gone by, while I sat at the window with little Margaret in my arms, nursing her to sleep. A flood of memories came across my heart. Forgetful of the object that had brought me there, I leant against the railings and wept.

The chimes ceased, and the spell was broken. I was recalled to the momentous task that lay before me. I approached, with a trembling step, the window of what used to be our sitting-room, on the ground-floor. I saw lights through the crevices of the closed shutters. Putting my ear closely against the wall I heard the hum of voices. Faint, confused, and indistinct as the sound was, some-

thing—perhaps the associations of the place—made me feel that I was listening to my wife and child. I was startled by the sound of footsteps ; and, turning my eyes in the direction of the entrance to the passage (it had but one entrance) I saw approaching an old man, who had been in the service of the firm as house porter for fifty years. He was called Blind Stephen ; for, though not totally blind, his eyes had a stony, glazed appearance. He had lived so long in the house that he would have died if he had been removed ; and, in consideration of his lengthened service, he was retained, by Mr. Askew's special commands. This was before I left, and I presumed, from finding him there, that he was still at his old duty—coming round to see, or rather feel, that all was secure before retiring for the night. I shrank against the wall with the hope of avoiding discovery ; not that I feared the consequences of being recognised by Stephen—for I had many claims upon his kindness and sympathy—but that I dreaded, although I longed, to hear what he might have to tell me. He came directly towards me, as if by instinct—for I was perfectly, breathlessly still—and paused immediately opposite to where I was partially hidden, under the shadow of the wall. He seemed to feel that some one was there, and his glazed eyes were directed full upon me, looking now more ghastly than ever, as they glistened in the light of the moon, which just then had passed from behind a cloud. Unable to restrain myself, I uttered his name.

"Good Heaven ! Mr. Randall, is it you ?" he exclaimed with a start, recognising my voice. "We thought you were drowned !"

"It is, Stephen," I replied, coming forward. "Tell me, for mercy's sake, are Esther and the child well ?"

"They are."

"Are they here ?"

"In that room, Mr. Randall," he said, pointing to the one at which I had been listening.

"Thank Heaven !"

"They are much changed, Mr. Randall, since you—since you went away," he continued in a sorrowful tone.

"Do they ever speak of me in your hearing, Stephen, when you are about the house ?"

"Never, now, Mr. Randall."

There was something in the tone of Stephen's voice that weighed upon my heart. He always was a kind old fellow, with a degree of refinement above his class ; but now his voice was weak, and sad, and tremulous ; more so than what he told me seemed to demand. I conjured him to tell me all. With considerable hesitation and emotion, he complied.

"None of us in the office thought you guilty of the forgery, sir, not one ; and the principal clerks presented a note of sympathy and condolence to

your good lady. Mr. Picard became, as he is now, more harsh and disagreeable than ever ; and at one time we thought Mrs. Randall would leave the place ; but Mr. Dobell, we fancy, persuaded her to stay. She was always, you know, sir, of a very serious turn, and she now went more frequently to chapel than ever. She took on a great deal, we fancy, at first ; but she is a lady, sir, of great spirit and firmness, and she concealed her feelings very well, and held herself up as proudly as the best of them."

"And poor little Margaret, did she miss me much ?"

"Indeed, sir, she did at first. Poor little dear, I often heard her crying after you in the morning ; and, for many weeks, not even the fear of Mr. Picard could keep her from going down in the daytime to the gateway, and standing there looking up and down the lane until she was fetched gently back by me. God forgive me for the many falsehoods I told her, sir, about your coming back ! But I could not bear to see her crying about the great lonely house. And she always asked after you in such a loving, innocent, sorrowful way."

Poor old Stephen's narrative was here stopped by tears ; as for me, I sobbed like a child.

"Many of the gentlemen, sir, would gladly have taken her to their own homes ; but your good lady would not part with her. I used often to go up to her little room at the top of the house and play with her as I had seen you do, sir, in the middle of the day. She was always very glad to see me, and sometimes she would take me to the window when the noonday chimes of our old church were playing, and, pointing up to the sky above the tower, would fancy she saw you there. By degrees her inquiries after you became less frequent, and when the intelligence of the wreck of your ship arrived, and your good lady put her into mourning, supposing you dead, she had ceased to ask about you."

"Has she grown much ?"

"Very much, sir. She is a dear, sweet, gentle thing. We all respect your good lady ; but we love little Margaret ; and, although I lost my sight entirely four years ago, and am now stone-blind, I know her height to a hair, for there is not a night that she does not kiss me before she goes to bed, and I have had to stoop less for the kiss every week all that time."

"Has young Mr. Picard ever been heard of ?"

"Oh, yes, sir. We believe he was found murdered in some low house in a remote part of the town ; but Mr. Picard, Senior, hushed the matter up, so that we never clearly knew the facts."

"I thought he would never have allowed me to suffer for him," I returned, "if he had been on this side of the grave."

"No, that he would not," replied Stephen.

I felt from Stephen's manner that there was yet some disclosure which his nerve was scarcely equal to make. Painful or not, I again conjured him to tell me all. After much entreaty, I learned from him the dreadful truth that my wife had married again. It was many minutes before I recovered from the shock. My lost home stood before me, and I was an outcast wanderer on the wide earth.

"They have been married about a twelvemonth," continued Stephen, "and although I can only feel what kind of a man he is, I don't think they are happy."

"Is he kind to the child?" I inquired, almost sternly.

"I don't think he is positively unkind; but he is very strict. He was a member of the chapel that your good lady used to go to, and he tries to mould little Margaret after his own heart. I fear they are not happy. Your good lady is less reserved before me, as I am blind, and I feel sometimes that, when she is reading, she is thinking of you."

"Stephen," I replied, sadly and firmly, "I have only one more request to make of you before I leave the country again for ever. Keep my secret, and let me for one minute see Esther and the child."

"I will," returned Stephen, weeping bitterly, "that I will; and may Heaven sustain you in your trouble."

He threw the old wooden shutter back, which

was not fastened on the inside, and exposed the long, deep, narrow recess, closed in at the end with red curtains glowing with the fire and light within.

"I will now go into the room," he said, "and deliver my keys; and while there, I will contrive to hook back the curtain."

I thanked him with a silent pressure of the hand, and he went. Just then the deep church-bell struck nine, and every stroke sounded like a knell upon my beating heart. I watched—oh, how intensely I watched!—grasping the window-sill with my hands. At length the curtain was drawn back, and the vision of my lost home stood before me. They were engaged in evening prayer. My child—my dear lost child—now grown tall and graceful, was kneeling at a chair, her long golden hair falling in clusters over her slender, folded hands. Esther was also kneeling, with her face towards me. It looked more aged and careworn than I expected to see it, but it was still the old pale, statue-like face that I had cherished in my dreams, and that had nestled on my shoulder in the days gone by.

He who now stood in my place as the guardian of my lost home was kneeling where I could not see his face; but I heard his voice faintly muttering the words of prayer. Did any one in all that supplicating group think of the poor, wrecked convict outcast? Heaven alone knows. The curtain closed, and shut out my lost home from my dimmed sight for evermore.

A VISIT TO A RAJAH.

[From "My Diary in India." By WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL.]

DUTTIALA must be as large as Dublin. It contains many open waste places, where rubbish is shot without let or hindrance; then come nests of narrow tortuous streets, just wide enough for elephants to pass. Ladies in bright dresses greeted us from the balconies, and the families of the citizens who were seated on the house-tops at nearly our own level, rose as the Rajah came past, and saluted him. It seemed to me as if the turning and twining through those streets would never end, but at last we came out upon an avenue of trees, at the end of which appeared the tops of a fine palace, rising above battlemented walls. This is one of the summer retreats of the Rajah, which he reserves for English visitors, and to which he was now conducting us. The infantry and the bulk of the cavalry halted, the mummers filed off to the city palace, outside which we passed on our way, and the court officials had also retired, so that

we arrived at the gate porch of the summer palace with comparatively few attendants. On entering it a pleasant garden lay before us, in the midst of which was a pretty kiosk, with turrets and long wings, in a sort of Hindoo-Italian style, such as is common about Lucknow. Here a guard of honour was drawn up. The elephants proceeded to the flight of steps and knelt down, the attendants ranged themselves in two rows by the steps; the Rajah descended, I followed. His Highness took me by the hand, and, with Mr. Melville on his left, walked up the steps into the carpeted hall, or ante-room, and having led me to the middle of it, expressed his hope that I would make myself quite at home, saluted us, and mounted his elephant, and retired to his palace, where it was arranged he would receive us in durbar at two o'clock.

Many servants in the Rajah's livery now bustled around us, and led the way to the rooms prepared for us, from which there was a very rich, wide

prospect of the Rajah's gardens and of the surrounding country, which is very finely wooded, and dotted with pagodas and country-seats embowered in trees. The breakfast-table was ready laid with snow-white cloth and napkins, silver plate, and an odd assortment of delf and china-ware of many different patterns. When we had got rid of some of the dust, breakfast was announced, and innumerable luxuries were offered to us as its

announced, the Rajah's vakeel made his appearance, and we set out to pay our visit to his Highness. The streets through which we passed were now nearly deserted. The inhabitants were enjoying their siesta, and we could observe that there was a fair proportion of squalid houses and miserable lanes in the good city of Puttiala. Sweetmeats, sugar, rice, ghee, grain, seemed the staple trades ; but there were a good many shops



"TWO LITTLE PRINCES . . . WALKED TOWARDS THE RAJAH AND SALUTED HIM."

adjuncts—champagne, Worcester sauce, pale ale, claret, hock, bottled porter, pickled salmon, *paté de foie gras*, and sausages. The breakfast consisted of cakes, biscuits, tea, coffee, wine, fish, fried and boiled, curries of many kinds, roast fowl ; the dishes were well made, by a cook whom the Rajah retains on purpose, and we were hungry and thirsty, so that ample justice was done to the ample repast. The rooms are provided with charpoys and sofas, chairs and mirrors ; and as the day was exceedingly warm, we were glad to look forward to a short repose ere we got ready for the durbar. The servants retired ; a little conversation and a cheroot followed, and then came a gentle sleep—not so much as the buzz of a fly disturbed us. But it soon drew near to two o'clock ; the elephants were

where tin and brass vessels, cotton cloths, and Manchester calico were exposed for sale.

The city palace has not a very imposing exterior, though the gateway is lofty and richly-coloured and ornamented, and is flanked by two turrets full of jalousied windows. The walls are surrounded by the houses of the city people. Inside, there is a tolerably large, well-paved court, with a continuous line of buildings around it, in which are lodged the officers and servitors of the royal household. From this court we passed to a smaller quadrangle, on the left of which is a large hall, supported on pillars and open to the front, which is approached by a few steps. There is a fountain in the middle of the court. Here a guard of honour of the Rajah's horse was drawn up at one

side of the entrance, who received us with a flourish and a present-arms. A crowd of the palace officials in gala-dress stood on the other side. As we dismounted from our elephants the Rajah came forward and received us at the steps. Then, taking me by the hand, as before, he led me into the carpeted hall or divan, towards a row of chairs of state which were placed to face the open porch, and, desiring me to be seated in one of

splendid European courts, and witnessed many state pageants, I may be permitted to credit that statement when I consider how much finer must have been the durbar of the Chief of the Khalsa than that of the Rajah of Puttiala, which was nevertheless rich enough and splendid enough to astonish me. The Rajah himself was sheathed in an armour of gems, one could call it nothing else—turban, neck, breast, arms—all were dazzling with



"HERE WAS £30,000 AT MY FEET!"

them, took that which was next, so as to place me on his right hand. Mr. Melville sat on his left, and the officer next to him. Further on the left were several venerable-looking old men, probably the heads of Puttiala church and law. As soon as we were seated the Rajah asked many questions of a general nature, and gradually the divan became filled with one of the most picturesque and graceful assemblages I ever saw. I had often heard it said that the Sikh sirdars possessed exquisite taste in dress, and that the court of old Runjeet Sing was the most brilliant and gorgeous in the world, not only on account of the actual magnificence of the jewels and attire of the courtiers, but on account of the charming effect of colour and costume in which his people excelled. Having seen two very

emerald, ruby, pearl, diamond. His courtiers and great officers sustained by their dress the glory of their chief. I never beheld such perfect harmony and combination, and play of delightful colours—pale, subdued tints of rose, lavender, pink, salmon-colour, sky-blue, and delicate greens predominated, massed and contrasted with gold-embossed Cashmere shawls, and encrustations of precious stones. One wretched man alone offended the eye, and he wore an old-fashioned English infantry coatee, with huge epaulettes and aiguillettes of a distant period; his waist under his shoulders, and tight white pantaloons with a gold stripe down the sides tightly strapped down under his socks. As a matter of course, all the courtiers left their shoes or slippers at the door of the porch, and walked

over the rich carpet in stockings or with naked feet. The divan in which we sat was brightly coloured in arabesque—the ceiling being particularly rich, and a line of glass chandeliers, packed as close as they could hang, reflected the colours from their long prisms in infinite variety.

After a few minutes' conversation with the Rajah the great throng of courtiers on the right opened, and two little princes, boys of nine or ten years of age, walked towards the Rajah and saluted him. They were covered with chains of diamonds and emeralds, and had magnificently mounted miniature tulwars by their sides. The Rajah introduced one of them to us as his son and heir, the other was the intended husband of his Highness's daughter. The Prince is a very fine intelligent boy, exceedingly graceful in his manner—the intended of his sister is a delicate slender boy without much expression in his face, though his eye is quick and soft. The young Rajah took his seat in the chair on my right hand, his little friend sat next to him. The master of the ceremonies, I suppose, a very fine-looking, stately old gentleman, then advanced from the right and presented to me another equally stately person with a long-sounding name, as far as I could make out, the commander-in-chief of the Rajah's army. He held in his hands, on a napkin, a quantity of gold and silver coins, as a nuzzur, or offering, which according to etiquette, I touched with my hand, bowing at the same time. Then he salaamed, and passed on before the Rajah—made his salaams and nuzzur to Mr. Melville, and drew up on the left of the hall of audience. Viziers, vakeels, sirdars, zemindars, generals, captains, potentates, and powers followed in succession, each with his nuzzur and his salaam, whilst the master of the ceremonies recited their titles in a loud, even-toned voice. Then came gold and silver sticks, and the officers of the household, till the whole of the brilliant assemblage which had been on the right-hand side, had passed over to the left, and only a few of their attendants were left on the right, standing near the pillars of the outer porch.

I was aware during the ceremony, that behind a latticed window, high up on the same end of the hall, there were eyes peering through, and a gentle, susurrous whispering; but that was all we were destined to see or hear of the court ladies. Not, indeed, but that we were to be permitted to look upon some of the *attachées* of the Rajah's state; for just as the presentations were over, a party of nautch girls made their appearance on the steps of the outer porch in front of the divan, and began to dance for us to the music of the performers who accompanied them. But the ceremonial which followed distracted my attention. On the right once more appeared a great band of domestics bearing trays covered with the most gorgeous bracelets, necklaces, bangles, amulets, beads, shawls

of cashmere, embroidered work, who, on a given signal, advanced in succession and laid their treasures at my feet, whilst the Rajah requested I would oblige him by taking whatever I liked. The first servant brought up a tray, on which lay a sort of coronet and necklace of emeralds and diamonds, which I was subsequently told were worth £30,000. I asked Mr. Melville previously, what I was to do, and he said that as I was not in the service of the Crown or the Company, in either a civil or military capacity, I might do what I pleased. And here was £30,000 at my feet! I felt myself obliged to refuse the crown, though I knew it never would come to me again. I bowed, and it was borne away. Some time before this, a gallant officer who visited the Rajah, was offered the same magnificent present, and he felt very much inclined to take it; but he was told he must make a return present of equal value, and on learning that the jewels were worth three lacs of rupees, he denied himself the gratification. It would be hopeless and tedious to attempt to describe the contents of the trays which were laid before me, gradually diminishing in value till some quiet trays of turban-pieces and silk and kinkob closed the list of offerings, from one of which I selected the plainest-looking square of kinkob, which was at once taken from the tray and handed to a servant to give to an attendant. Mr. Melville and his friend took two plain turban-pieces to fasten in pugree-fashion round their hats. I must not omit to mention that, among other things, a very fine Arab was brought to the steps, and that the Rajah requested I would accept him just as he stood, in order that I might be reminded of Puttiala when I was riding among the Poorbeahs. The horse was snow-white; of the finest breed, over fifteen hands high; his tail, mane, and fetlocks were dyed red; the saddle-cloth was of gold brocade set with pearls and other stones. The trappings were equally rich; the stirrups were gold, or silver-gilt; the saddle seemed to be almost a block of the same material. It went to my heart to refuse that horse. But if I was not in the service of the Queen or Company, I felt I was in a position which forbade me to accept such gifts.

All this time the nautch girls, relieved by new dancers, were singing and dancing unheeded; but I could see that two, at least, were very pretty and graceful, in spite of betel-stained teeth and nose-rings; and they certainly did their best to attract our notice, but I must confess that for me the charms of the nautch are *fades*, if not inappreciable. Now came a difficult little negotiation with the Rajah. It appeared that he expected us to remain at Puttiala for several days, and that he had prepared fireworks and illuminations—for which his artificers are famous—to be exhibited at our palace, and on the piece of ornamental water,

which on such occasions is the scene of most elaborate pyrotechnics. I was, however, bound to lose no time on my way to Allahabad, and more particularly not to lose the dak, for which I had already paid Mr. Parker, for it was hard to say when I could get another, inasmuch as the post relays had been secured for several days to come by officers and others going down country. Accordingly, Mr. Melville had to request that the Rajah would permit us to leave Puttiala that evening; and the request was by no means palatable, but it was made so well that it could not be a ground of offence; and after many expressions of regret at the necessity imposed upon us to go away without seeing the *feux d'artifice* which were specially prepared in our honour, or availing ourselves of a larger share of his hospitality, the Rajah resigned himself to our departure. The durbar was about

to close. Pages bearing salvers of gilt pawn and betel, and boxes of perfume, now made their appearance. Etiquette forced me to take a leaf of the former dreadful preparation, with some aromatic spice, and a sort of confection of roses, which I found it very difficult to dispose of. Then the Rajah stood up, took a bottle of some strong Indian scent, poured a little on his hands, and rubbed it and sprinkled it on my coat; did the same to the other visitors; took me by the hand and led me to the steps, where he bade us adieu. Our carriage, with an escort of horse, was waiting for us. We bowed, made our salutations, and retired, just as the sun was beginning to sink in the west; and in a few minutes more we were driving rapidly on the way to Umballah, which we reached about half-past eight in the evening.

A GREAT FIT.*

[By ORPHEUS C. KERR.]



HERE was a man in Arkansaw
As let his passions rise,
And not unfrequently picked out
Some other varmint's eyes.

His name was Tuscaloosa Sam;
And often he would say:
"There's not a cuss in Arkansaw
I can't whip any day."

One morn, a stranger passin' by
Heard Sammy talkin' so,
When down he scrabbled from his hoss,
And off his coat did go.

He sorter kinder shut one eye,
And spit into his hand,
And put his ugly head one side,
And twitched his trousers' band.

"My boy," says he, "it's my belief,
Whoever you may be,
That I kin make you screech, and smell
Pertikler agony."

"I'm thar," says Tuscaloosa Sam,
And chucked his hat away;
"I'm thar," says he, and buttoned up
As far as button may.

He thundered on the stranger's face,
The stranger pounded he;
And oh! the way them critters fit
Was beautiful to see.

They clinched like two rampagious bears,
And then went down a bit;
They swore a stream of six-inch oaths,
And fit, and fit, and fit.

When Sam would try to work away,
And on his pegs to git,
The stranger 'd pull him back; and so
They fit, and fit, and fit!

Then, like a pair of lobsters, both
Upon the ground were knit,
And yet the varmints used their teeth,
And fit, and fit, and fit!!

The sun of noon was high above,
And hot enough to split,
But only riled the fellers more
That fit, and fit, and fit!!!

The stranger snapped at Sammy's nose,
And shortened it a bit;
And then they both swore awful hard,
And fit, and fit, and fit!!!!

The mud it flew, the sky grew dark,
And all the litenins lit:
But still them critters rolled about,
And fit, and fit, and fit!!!!!!

First Sam on top, then t'other chap;
When one would make a hit
The other 'd smell the grass: and so
They fit, and fit, and fit!!!!!!

* Fit is American for the verb "to fight," in all its tenses.

The night came on, the stars shone out
As bright as wimmen's wit ;
And still them fellers swore and gouged,
And fit, and fit, and fit !!!!!!!

The neighbours heard the noise they made,
And thought an earthquake lit ;
Yet all the while 'twas him and Sam
As fit, and fit, and fit !!!!!!!

Fur miles around the noise was heard,
Folks couldn't sleep a bit,
Because them two rantankerous chaps
Still fit, and fit, and fit !!!!!!!

But jist at cock-crow, suddenly,
There came an awful pause,
And I and my old man run out
To ascertain the cause.

The sun was rising in the yeast,
And lit the hull concern,
But not a sign of either chap
Was found at any turn.

Yet in the region where they fit,
We found, to our surprise,
One pint of buttons, two big knives,
Some whiskers and four eyes !

LEAVE WELL ALONE.

[From "Mr. Midshipman Easy." By CAPTAIN MARRYAT.]

A FEW days afterwards Jack discovered, one fine morning, on the other side of a hedge, a summer apple-tree bearing tempting fruit, and he immediately broke through the hedge, and climbing the tree, he culled the fairest, as our first mother did before him, and did eat.

"I say, you sir, what are you doing there?" cried a rough voice.

Jack looked down, and perceived a stout, thick-set personage in grey coat and red waistcoat, standing underneath him.



"I'M EATING APPLES."

"Don't you see what I'm about?" replied Jack ;
"I'm eating apples ; shall I throw you down a few ?"

"Thank you kindly ; the fewer that are pulled the better. Perhaps as you are so free to give them to others as well as to help yourself, you may think that they are your own property ?"

"Not a bit more my property than they are yours, my good man."

"I guess that's something like the truth ; but you are not quite at the truth yet, my lad ; those apples are mine, and I'll trouble you to come down as fast as you please ; when you're down we can then settle our accounts ; and," continued the man, shaking his cudgel, "depend upon it you shall have your receipt in full."

Jack did not much like the appearance of things.

"My good man," said he, "it is quite a prejudice on your part to imagine that apples were not given, as well as all other fruit, for the benefit of us all—they are common property, believe me."

"That's a matter of opinion, my lad, and I may be allowed to have my own."

"You'll find it in the Bible," says Jack.

"I never did yet, and I've read it through and through all, bating the 'Pocryfar.'"

"Then," said Jack, "go home and fetch the Bible, and I'll prove it to you."

"I suspect you'll not wait till I come back again. No, no ; I have lost plenty of apples, and have long wanted to find the robbers out ; now I've caught one I'll take care that he don't 'scape without apple-sauce, at all events—so come down, you young thief, come down directly, or it will be all the worse for you."

"Thank you," said Jack, "but I am very well here. I will, if you please argue the point from where I am."

"I've no time to argue the point, my lad, I've plenty to do, but do not think I'll let you off. If

you don't choose to come down, why, then you may stay there, and I'll answer for it, as soon as work is done I shall find you safe enough."



"I CAN'T WAIT HERE, BUT CÆSAR CAN."

"What can be done," thought Jack, "with a man who will not listen to argument? What a world is this!—however, he'll not find me here when he comes back, I've a notion."

But in this Jack was mistaken. The farmer walked to the hedge, and called to a boy, who took his orders and ran to the farmhouse. In a minute or two, a large bull-dog was seen bounding along the orchard to his master. "Mark him, Cæsar," said the farmer to the dog, "mark him." The dog crouched down on the grass, with his head up, and eyes glaring at Jack, showing a range of teeth that drove all our hero's philosophy out of his head.

"I can't wait here, but Cæsar can, and I will tell you, as a friend, that if he gets hold of you, he'll not leave a limb of you together—when work's done, I'll come back;" so saying, the farmer walked off, leaving Jack and the dog to argue the point, if so inclined. What a sad jade must Philosophy be to put her votaries in such predicaments!

After a while, the dog laid his head down and closed his eyes, as if asleep, but Jack observed that at the least movement on his part one eye was seen to partially unclose, so Jack, like a prudent man, resolved to remain where he was. He picked a few more apples, for it was his dinner-time, and as he chewed he ruminated.

Jack had been but a few minutes ruminating before he was interrupted by another ruminating animal, no less a personage than a bull, who had been turned out with full possession of the orchard, and who now advanced, bellowing occasionally,

and tossing his head at the sight of Cæsar, whom he considered as much a trespasser as his master had our hero. Cæsar started on his legs and faced the bull, who advanced pawing, with his tail up in the air. When within a few yards, the bull made a rush at the dog, who evaded him and attacked him in return, and thus did the warfare continue until the opponents were already at some distance from the apple-tree. Jack prepared for immediate flight, but unfortunately the combat was carried on by the side of the hedge at which Jack had gained admission. Never mind, thought Jack, there are two sides to every field, and although the other hedge joined on to the garden near to the farmhouse, there was no option. "At all events," said Jack, "I'll try it." Jack was slipping down the trunk, when he heard a tremendous roar; the bull-dog had been tossed by the bull; he was then high in the air, and Jack saw him fall on the other side of the hedge; and the bull was thus celebrating his victory with a flourish of trumpets. Upon which Jack, perceiving that he was relieved from his sentry, slipped down the rest of the tree, and took to his heels. Unfortunately for Jack, the bull saw him, and, flushed with victory, he immediately set up another roar, and bounded after Jack. Jack perceived his danger, and fear gave him wings; he not only flew over the orchard, but he flew over the hedge, which was about five feet high, just as the bull drove his head into it. Look before you leap is an old proverb. Had Jack done so, he would have done better; but as there were cogent reasons to



"THE BULL MADE A RUSH AT THE DOG."

be offered in extenuation of our philosopher, we shall say no more, but merely state that Jack, when he got on the other side of the hedge, found

that he had pitched into a small apiary, and had upset two hives of bees, who resented the intrusion, and Jack had hardly time to get upon his legs before he found them very busy stinging him in all quarters. All that Jack could do was to run for it, but the bees flew faster than he could run, and Jack was mad with pain, when he stumbled,



"LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP."

half-blinded, over the brick-work of a well. Jack could not stop his pitching into the well, but he seized the iron chain as it struck him across the face. Down went Jack, and round went the windlass, and after a descent of forty feet, our hero found himself under water, and no longer troubled with the bees, who, whether they had lost scent of their prey from his rapid descent, or being notoriously clever insects, acknowledged the truth of the adage, "leave well alone," had certainly left Jack with no other companion than Truth. Jack rose from his immersion, and seized the rope to which the chain of the bucket was made fast—it had all of it been unwound from the windlass, and therefore it enabled Jack to keep his head above water. After a few seconds, Jack felt something against his legs, it was the bucket about two feet under the water; Jack put his feet into it, and found himself pretty comfortable, for the water, after the sting of the bees and the heat he had been put into by the race with the bull, was quite cool and refreshing.

"At all events," thought Jack, "if it had not been for the bull, I should have been watched by the dog, and then thrashed by the farmer; but then again, if it had not been for the bull, I should not have tumbled among the bees; and if it had not been for the bees, I should not have tumbled into the well; and if had not been for the chain, I

should have been drowned. Such has been the chain of events, all because I wanted to eat an apple."

After he had been there some fifteen minutes, his teeth chattered, and his limbs trembled; he felt a numbness all over, and he thought it high time to call for assistance, which at first he would not, as he was afraid he should be pulled up to encounter the indignation of the farmer and his family. Jack was arranging his jaws for a halloo, when he felt the chain pulled up, and he slowly emerged from the water. At first he heard complaints of the weight of the bucket, at which Jack was not surprised, then he heard a tittering and laughing between two parties, and soon afterwards he mounted up gaily. At last his head appeared above the low wall, and he was about to extend his arms so as to secure a position on it, when those who were working at the windlass beheld him. It was a heavy farming man and a maid servant.

"Thank you," said Jack.

One never should be too quick in returning thanks; the girl screamed, and let go the winch, the man, frightened, did not hold it fast; it slipped from his grasp, whirled round, struck him under the chin, and threw him over it, headlong, and before the "Thank you" was fairly out of Jack's lips, down he went again like lightning to the bottom. Fortunately for Jack, he had not yet let go the chain, or he might have struck the sides and have been killed; as it was, he was merely soused a second time, and in a minute or two regained his former position.

"This is mighty pleasant," thought Jack, as he clapped his wet hat once more on his head; "at all events, they can't now plead ignorance, they must know that I'm here."

In the meantime, the girl ran into the kitchen, threw herself down on a stool, from which she reeled off in a fit upon sundry heaps of dough waiting to be baked in the oven, which were laid to rise on the floor before the fire.

"Mercy on me, what is the matter with Susan?" exclaimed the farmer's wife. "Here—where's Mary—where's John?—Deary me, if the bread won't all be turned to pancakes."

John soon followed, holding his under jaw in his hand, looking very dismal and very frightened, for two reasons, one because he thought that his jaw was broken, and the other, because he thought he had seen the devil.

"Mercy on us, what is the matter?" exclaimed the farmer's wife again. "Mary, Mary, Mary!" screamed she, beginning to be frightened herself, for with all her efforts she could not remove Susan from the bed of dough, where she lay senseless and heavy as lead. Mary answered to her mistress's loud appeal, and with her assistance they raised up Susan, but as for the bread, there was no hope

of it ever rising again. "Why don't you come here and help Susan, John?" cried Mary.

"Aw-yaw-aw!" was all the reply of John, who had had quite enough of helping Susan, and who continued to hold his head, as it were, in his hand.

"What's the matter here, missus?" exclaimed the farmer, coming in. "Highty-tighty, what ails Susan, and what ails you?" continued the farmer, turning to John. "Dang it, but everything seems to go wrong this blessed day. First there be all the apples stolen—then there be all the hives turned topsy-turvy in the garden—then there be Cæsar with his flank opened by the bull—then there be the bull broken through the hedge and tumbled into the saw-pit—and now I come to get more help to drag him out, I find one woman dead like, and John looks as if he had seen the devil."

"Aw-yaw-aw!" replied John, nodding his head very significantly.

"One would think that the devil had broke loose to-day. What is it, John? Have you seen him, and has Susan seen him?"

"Aw-yaw!"

"He's stopped your jaw then, at all events, and I thought the devil himself wouldn't have done that—we shall get nothing of you. Is that wench coming to her senses?"

"Yes, yes, she's better now. Susan, what's the matter?"

"Oh, ho, ma'am! the well, the well——"

"The well! Something wrong there, I suppose: well, I will go and see."

The farmer trotted off to the well; he perceived the bucket was at the bottom and all the rope out; he looked about him, and then he looked into the well. Jack, who had become very impatient, had been looking up some time for the assistance which he expected would have come sooner; the round face of the farmer occasioned a partial eclipse of the round disc which bounded his view, just as

one of the satellites of Jupiter sometimes obscures the face of the planet round which he revolves.

"Here I am," cried Jack, "get me up quick, or I shall be dead;" and what Jack said was true, for he was quite done up by having been so long down, although his courage had not failed him.

"Dang it, but there be somebody fallen into the well," cried the farmer: "no end to mishaps this day. Well, we must get a Christian out of a well afore we get a bull out of a saw-pit, so I'll go call the men."

In a very short time the men who were assembled round the saw-pit were brought to the well.

"Down below there, hold on now."

"Never fear," cried Jack.

Away went the winch, and once more Jack had an extended horizon to survey. As soon as he was at the top, the men hauled him over the bricks and laid him down upon the ground, for Jack's strength had failed him.

"Dang it, if it bea'n't that chap who was on my apple-tree," cried the farmer; "howsomever he must not die for stealing a few apples; lift him up, lads, and take him in—he is dead with cold—no wonder!"

The farmer led the way, and the men carried Jack into the house, when the farmer gave him a glass of brandy; this restored Jack's circulation, and in a short time he was all right again.

After some previous conversation, in which Jack narrated all that had happened, "What may be your name?" inquired the farmer.

"My name is Easy," replied Jack.

"What, be you the son of Mr Easy, of Forest Hill?"

"Yes."

"Dang it, he be my landlord, and a right good landlord too—why didn't you say so when you were up in the apple-tree? You might have picked the whole orchard and welcome."



A MISSING SHAFT.

[From "The White Rose." By G. J. WHITE MELVILLE.]



GERARD AINSLIE sat at breakfast in his cheerful room overlooking the park, with a bright spring sunshine pouring in on his white tablecloth, and the balmy air stealing through his open window to stir the broad sheet of his morning paper, propped against the coffee-pot. There was a tender quiver of green leaves, a fragrance of opening buds and bursting vegetation, pervading the world outside; and within, for Gerard at least, late in life as it had come, the veritable spring-tide of the heart.

He was happy, this bright morning, so happy! A kindly, well-worded letter from Dolly, detailing the interview with Count Tourbillon, had been brought by his servant when he woke, and it seemed like the announcement of freedom to a prisoner for life. True, he had given more than one gentle thought to the memory of the woman who had loved him so recklessly, deceived him so cruelly; but all sadder emotion was speedily swallowed up in the joyous reflection that now at last he might stretch his hand out for the White Rose, and take her home to his breast for evermore. What a world this seemed suddenly to have become! How full of life and beauty everything had grown in the space of an hour! He could scarcely believe in the listlessness of yesterday, or realise the dull weight of sorrow he had carried for so many years that he was accustomed to its pressure, and only knew how grievous it had been now, when it was shaken off. He sat back in his arm-chair, absorbed in dreams of happiness. He felt so good, so considerate, so kindly, so thankful. How delightful, he thought, thus to be at peace with self, in favour with fortune, and in charity with all men!

His servant threw open the door and announced "Mr. Burton."

I suppose since the fall of our first parents, there never was a Garden of Eden yet into which a serpent of some sort did not succeed in writhing himself soon or late,—never a rose in which, if you did but examine closely, you might not find an insect, possibly an earwig, at the core.

Gerard, cheerfully and hospitably greeting his early visitor, little suspected how that gentleman was about to combine the amiable qualities of insect and reptile in his own person.

"Breakfasted!" replied the Dandy, in answer to his host's inquiry. "Hours ago! Been round the park since that, and half-way to Kensington. Fact is, my good fellow, I'm restless, I'm anxious, I'm troubled in my mind, and it's about you!"

"About me!" said the other. "Don't distress

yourself about me, Dandy. I've had a roughish time of it, as you know, but I'm in smooth water at last. If you won't eat, I'll have the things taken away."

While a servant was in the room, Burton preserved an admirable composure, enlarging pleasantly enough on those engrossing topics which make up the staple of everyday conversation. He touched on the political crisis, the new remedy for gout, the Two Thousand, The Derby, the Jockey Club, the Accordion, and the American actress of whom everybody was talking; while Gerard listened with a vague, happy smile, not attending to a syllable, as he pictured to himself the White Rose moving gracefully through her morning-room, amongst her flowers, and wondered how early he could call without exciting remarks from the household, or outraging the decencies of society.

The moment the door closed, Burton's face assumed an expression of deep and friendly concern.

"Jerry," said he, "I didn't come here at early dawn only to tell you what 'the Man in the Street' says. I've got something very particular to talk to you about. Only—honour!—it must go no farther than ourselves."

Since they left Archer's years ago, he had not called Ainslie by the familiar boyish nickname. The latter responded at once.

"Out with it, old fellow! Is it anything I can do for you?"

Burton became perfectly saint-like in his candour.

"You will be offended with me, I know," said he. "But a man ought not to shrink from doing his duty by him even at the risk of quarrelling with his friend. You and I are not mere acquaintances. If you saw me riding at a fence where you knew there was a gravel-pit on the other side, wouldn't you halloo to stop me?"

Gerard conceded that he certainly would bid him "hold hard," marvelling to what this touching metaphor tended the while.

"Jerry," continued his friend, with exceeding frankness, "I have reason to believe you are going to ride at a very blind place indeed. You shan't come to grief if I can help it!"

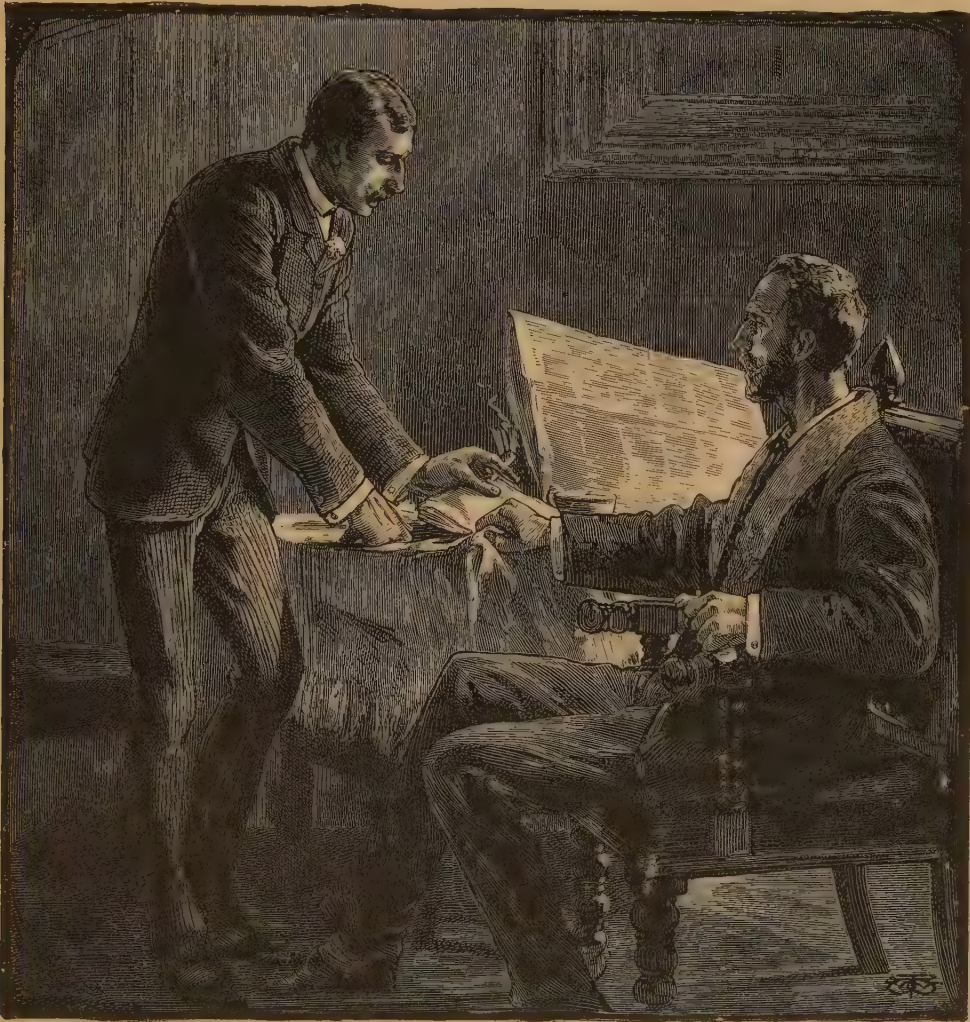
Ainslie laughed good-humouredly. "Show us the gravel-pit," said he. "I don't want to break my neck just yet, I can tell you."

"You won't like it," answered the other. "It's about Mrs. Vandeleur."

Gerard rose and took two turns through the room. Then he stopped opposite Burton's chair,

and asked stiffly, almost fiercely,—“What about Mrs. Vandeleur? Mind, I have known that lady a good many years. No man alive, not the oldest friend I have, shall say anything disrespectful of her in my presence.”

He had no particular grudge against his old fellow-pupil, entertained no rabid sentiment of jealousy that the woman who had dismissed him so uncereemoniously should be too favourably inclined towards the returned gold-digger,—but it



“LOOK AT THOSE.” (Drawn by T. W. Wilson.)

The Dandy began to think he didn't quite like his job, but he had resolved to go through with it.

“You make my task very difficult,” said he; “and yet you must know, it is only in your interest I speak at all. Sit down, Ainslie, and let me assure you that the subject cannot be more painful to you than it is to me.”

Gerard sat down, took a paper-cutter from the writing-table, and began tapping it irritably against his teeth, while Burton watched him with about as much compunction as he might have felt for an oyster.

was only through Gerard, as he believed, that he could crush the White Rose to the earth. Men have such different ways of showing their attachment. The kindly, gallant spirit, the stuff of which a really brave heart is made, can continue loyal even under defeat, can sacrifice its own happiness ungrudgingly to hers, whom it loves better than self, and while writhing in its acutest sufferings, can obey the first instinct of pluck, and say, “I am not hurt.”

But the cur, howling under punishment, turns fiercely on the once caressing hand, tears and

worries at the heart it cannot make its own, and, cruel as cowardly, seeks or creates a hundred opportunities to inflict the pain it feels.

Burton hated Mrs. Vandeleur with a hatred that sprang from pique, disappointment, and a sense of conscious unworthiness discovered by one whom he had hoped to deceive. Therefore, he determined to be revenged. Therefore, he swore, in his own idiom, "to spoil her little game." Therefore, he stuck at no baseness, however unmanly, to detach her from the one person in the world who could have made her happy.

But effectually to work out his plans, it was necessary to be on good terms with the enemy. He had written many notes, wearied a score of common friends, and submitted to much humiliation with this object. Now he began to see the fruit ripening he had been at such charges to bring to maturity.

"It is not yet too late," said he, standing on the hearth-rug and gesticulating impressively with his umbrella, "for what I have to tell you. Had she been your wife, of course I must have held my tongue. Ainslie, the world says you are going to marry Mrs. Vandeleur. I don't ask you whether this is true; but you and I were boys together, and there is something you ought to know, which shall not be withheld by any foolish scruples of mine."

Gerard felt his very lips shake. There was more at stake here than wealth, honour, life, but he steadied himself bravely, and bade the other "go on."

"You have cared for this woman a great many years, I fancy," continued Burton, in grave, sympathising tones. "Believe me, from my soul I feel for you. But it is better you should be undeceived now than hereafter. Hang it! old fellow," he added, brightening up, "they're all so, you may depend upon it. There never was one born worth breaking your heart about."

With dry lips Gerard only answered, "You have told me nothing yet. Speak out, man. I'm not a child."

"She has made love to a great many fellows besides you, Jerry," said the Dandy. "Mind, I'm too old a bird to credit half or a quarter of the scandal I hear, but, at the same time, I cannot shut my eyes to what I see. Ask any man in London, if you don't believe me. You've not been in the world so much as I have; and besides, you're such a fierce, game sort of chap, people would be shy of telling you anything they thought you didn't like. It is only a true friend who dare take such liberties. I don't want to hurt your feelings. I don't want to blacken anybody's character; but, Jerry, indeed this lady is not fit to be your wife. You wouldn't like to marry a woman that's been talked about."

The paper-cutter broke short off in Ainslie's grasp. "Blacken! Talked about!" he exclaimed furiously; then, checking himself, added in a calmer tone, "I believe you mean kindly, Burton, but you have proved nothing, even now."

The latter opened his pocket-book, took from it three or four folded papers, smoothed them out methodically on the table, and observed—

"I suppose you know Mrs. Vandeleur's handwriting? Look at those!"

They were receipts of recent date for large sums of money, paid, as it would seem, by Burton to Mrs. Vandeleur's account, and represented, indeed, the withdrawal of certain investments he had made, during their pecuniary confederacy, on her behalf. Gerard opened his eyes wide, as also his mouth, but common sense had not yet quite deserted him, and he pushed the papers back, observing—

"I don't see what these have to do with the question. They refer, apparently, to some matter of business between—between Mrs. Vandeleur (he got the name out with difficulty) and yourself. It may or may not be a breach of confidence to show them, but—(and here he hesitated again)—but I don't suppose a man takes a receipt from a woman he cares for!"

"Confound the gold-digger!" thought Burton; "where did he get his knowledge of life?" He turned a franker face than ever on his friend, and searched once more in the pocket-book.

"You talk of breach of confidence," said he. "I am the last person in the world to betray a trust. But see the corner in which I am placed. Am I to keep faith with a woman to the destruction of my friend? Jerry, you are a man of honour. What would you do in my case?"

"I cannot advise you," answered the other in a faint voice, "and I cannot understand you. There seems to be something more to say. Let us get it over at once."

He could not have endured his torture much longer. He was ready now for the *coup de grâce*.

From an inner flap of the pocket-book Burton produced a note in a lady's handwriting, and tossed it to his friend. It had no envelope nor address, but there were Norah's free, bold characters; there was Norah's monogram. The very paper was peculiar to Norah, and the scent she had used from childhood seemed to cling faintly about its folds. Gerard was steady enough now, and nerved himself to read every word bravely, as he would have read his death-warrant.

It was the note Mrs. Vandeleur had written long ago to Jape Tregunter, about a fancy ball, and which Burton had abstracted from her writing-table. Every endearing term, every playful allusion, would equally have suited the hurried lines a lonely woman might send to the man she loved. The tears almost rose to his eyes while

he thought what he would have given for such a production addressed to himself; but that was all over now. It had lasted for—how many years? Never mind. It was all over now. He folded the note carefully in its former creases, and returned it to Burton, observing, very gravely—

“You ought never to have shown such a letter as that to a living soul.”

“You are the last man who should reproach me,” retorted the Dandy, affecting to be much hurt, and feeling, indeed—such is the power of deception in the human mind—that his friend was not using him so well as he deserved! “Perhaps I might have valued it more had I not known the writer’s character so well. It would have been the worse for you. Good-bye, Gerard. I never expected your gratitude, and I came here prepared to lose your friendship, but I don’t care. I have done my

duty, and some day you will confess you have judged me unfairly.”

So the Dandy walked out with all the honours of injured innocence, and Gerard sat him down, with his head bowed in his hands, numbed and stupefied, wondering vaguely how such things could be.

Never before, in any of his adventures, at any stage of his wanderings—in the crisis of danger, or the depth of privation—had he felt so utterly lost and desolate. Hitherto there had been at least a memory to console him. Now, even the Past was rubbed out, and with it everything was gone too. There was no hope left in life—no comfort to cheer—no prize to strive for—no guerdon to gain. The promise had vanished from the future—the colour had faded out of nature—there was no more magic in the distance—no more warmth in the sunshine—no more glory in the day.

SPELLING DOWN THE MASTER.

[From “The Hoosier Schoolmaster.” By EDWARD EGGLESTON.]



EVERY family furnished a candle. There were yellow dips and white dips, burning, smoking, and flaring. There was laughing, and talking, and giggling, and simpering, and ogling, and flirting, and courting. What a dress party is to Fifth Avenue, a

spelling-school is to Hoophole County. It is an occasion which is metaphorically inscribed with this legend, “Choose your partners.” Spelling is only a blind in Hoophole County, as is dancing on Fifth Avenue. But as there are some in society who love dancing for its own sake, so in Flat Creek district there were those who loved spelling for its own sake, and who, smelling the battle from afar, had come to try their skill in this tournament, hoping to freshen the laurels they had won in their school-days.

“I ’low,” said Mr. Means, speaking as the principal school trustee, “I ’low our friend the Square is jest the man to boss this ere consarn to-night. Ef nobody objects, I’ll appint him. Come, Square, don’t be bashful. Walk up to the trough, fodder or no fodder, as the man said to his donkey.”

There was a general giggle at this, and many of the young swains took occasion to nudge the girls

alongside them, ostensibly for the purpose of making them see the joke, but really for the pure pleasure of nudging.

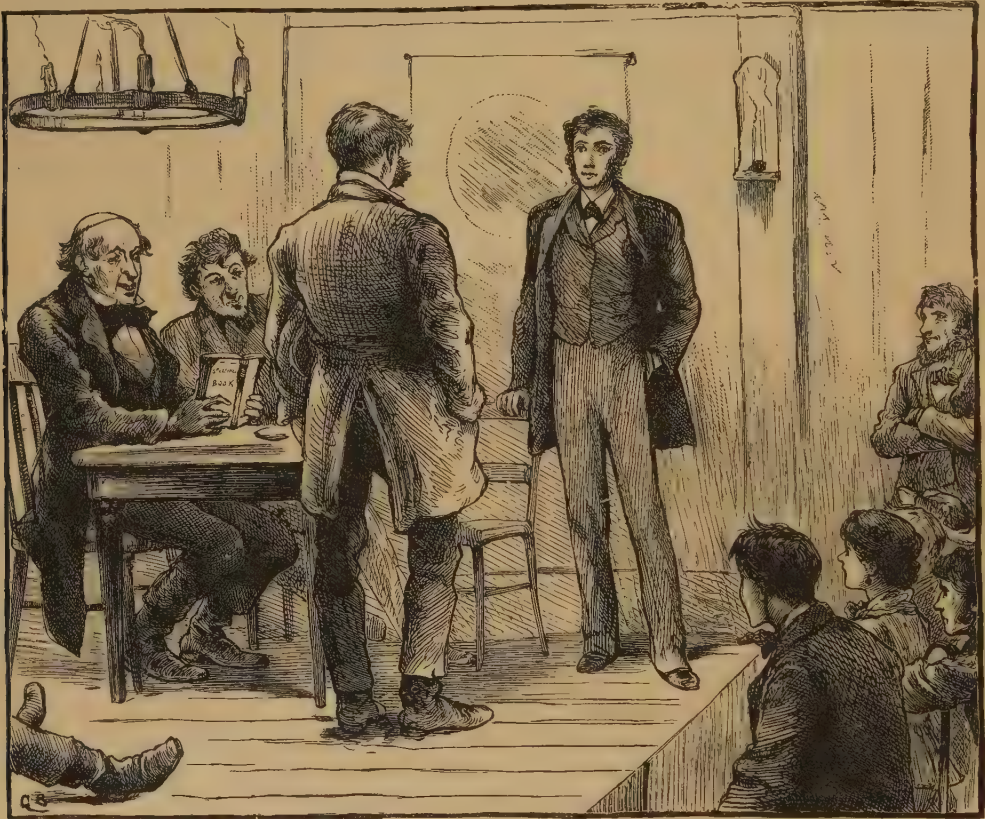
The squire came to the front.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” he began, shoving up his spectacles, and sucking his lips over his white teeth to keep them in place, “ladies and gentlemen, young men and maidens, raley I’m obleeged to Mr. Means fer this honour,” and the Squire took both hands and turned the top of his head round several inches. Then he adjusted his spectacles. Whether he was obliged to Mr. Means for the honour of being compared to a donkey, was not clear. “I feel in the inmost compartments of my animal spirits a most happyfying sense of the success and futility of all my endeavours to sarve the people of Flat Creek deestrick, and the people of Tomkins township, in my weak way and manner.” This burst of eloquence was delivered with a constrained air and an apparent sense of danger that he, Squire Hawkins, might fall to pieces in his weak way and manner, and of the success and futility (especially the latter) of all attempts at reconstruction. For by this time the ghastly pupil of the left eye, which was black, was looking away round to the left while the little blue one on the right twinkled cheerfully toward the front. The front teeth would drop down so that the Squire’s mouth was kept nearly closed, and his words whistled through.

“I feel as if I could be grandiloquent on this interesting occasion,” twisting his scalp round, “but raley I must forego any such exertions. It is spelling you want. Spelling is the cornerstone, the grand, underlying subterfuge of a good

edication. I put the spellin'-book prepared by the great Daniel Webster alongside the Bible. I do raley. The man who got up, who compounded this little work of inextricable valoo was a benufactor to the whole human race or any other." Here the spectacles fell off. The Squire replaced them in some confusion, gave the top of his head another twist, and felt for his glass eye, while poor Shocky stared in wonder, and Betsy Short rolled from side

He hesitated a moment. Everybody looked toward tall Jim Phillips. But Larkin was fond of a venture on unknown seas, and so he said, "I take the master," while a buzz of surprise ran round the room, and the captain of the other side, as if afraid his opponent would withdraw the choice, retorted quickly, and with a little smack of exultation and defiance in his voice: "And *I* take Jeems Phillips."



"THE YOUNG TEACHER TOOK THE PLACE OF THE FALLEN LEADER." (Drawn by Gordon Browne.)

to side at the point of death from the effort to suppress her giggle. Mrs. Means and the other old ladies looked the applause they could not speak.

"I appint Larkin Lanham and Jeems Buchanan fer captings," said the Squire. And the two young men thus named took a stick and tossed it from hand to hand to decide who should have the "first chice." One tossed the stick to the other, who held it fast just where he happened to catch it. Then the first placed his hand above the second, and so the hands were alternately changed to the top. The one who held the stick last without room for the other to take hold had gained the lot. This was tried three times. As Larkin held the stick twice out of three times, he had the choice.

And soon all present, except a few of the old folks, found themselves ranged in opposing hosts, the poor spellers lagging in, with what grace they could at the foot of the two divisions. The Squire opened his spelling-book and began to give out the words to the two captains, who stood up and spelled against each other. It was not long before Larkin spelled "really" with one *l*, and had to sit down in confusion, while a murmur of satisfaction ran through the ranks of the opposing forces. His own side bit their lips. The slender figure of the young teacher took the place of the fallen leader, and the excitement made the house very quiet. Ralph dreaded the loss of influence he would suffer if he should be easily spelled down. And at the moment

of rising he saw in the darkest corner the figure of a well-dressed young man sitting in the shadow. It made him tremble. Why should his evil genius haunt him? But by a strong effort he turned his attention away from Dr. Small, and listened carefully to the words which the Squire did not pronounce very distinctly, spelling them with extreme deliberation. This gave him an air of hesitation which disappointed those on his own side. They wanted him to spell with a dashing assurance. But he did not begin a word until he had mentally felt his way through it. After ten minutes of spelling hard words Jeems Buchanan, the captain of the other side, spelled "atrocious" with an *s* instead of a *c*, and subsided, his first choice, Jeems Phillips, coming up against the teacher. This brought the excitement to fever-heat. For though Ralph was chosen first, it was entirely on trust, and most of the company were disappointed. The champion who now stood up against the school-master was a famous speller.

Jim Phillips was a tall, lank, stoop-shouldered fellow, who had never distinguished himself in any other pursuit than spelling. Except in this one art of spelling he was of no account. He could neither catch

a ball well nor bat well. He could not throw well enough to make his mark in that famous Western game of Bull-pen. He did not succeed well in any study but that of Webster's Elementary. But in that—to use the usual Flat Creek locution—he was "a hoss." The genius for spelling is in some people a sixth sense, a matter of intuition. Some spellers are born and not made, and their facility reminds one of the mathematical prodigies that crop out every now and then to bewilder the world. Bud Means, foreseeing that Ralph would be pitted against Jim Phillips, had warned his friend that Jim could spell "like thunder and lightning," and that it "took a powerful smart speller" to beat him, for he knew "a heap of spelling-book." To have "spelled down the master" is next thing to having whipped the biggest bully in Hoophole County, and

Jim had "spelled down" the last three masters. He divided the hero-worship of the district with Bud Means.

For half an hour the Squire gave out hard words. What a blessed thing our crooked orthography is! Without it there could be no spelling-schools. As Ralph discovered his opponent's mettle he became more and more cautious. He was now satisfied that Jim would eventually beat him. The fellow evidently knew more about the spelling-book than old Noah Webster himself. As he stood there, with his dull face and long sharp nose, his hands

behind his back, and his voice spelling infallibly, it seemed to Hartsook that his superiority must lie in his nose. Ralph's cautiousness answered a double purpose: it enabled him to tread surely, and it was mistaken by Jim for weakness. Phillips was now confident that he should carry off the scalp of the fourth school-master before the evening was over. He spelled eagerly, confidently, brilliantly. Stoop-shouldered as he was, he began to straighten up. In the minds of all the company the odds were in his favour. He saw this, and became ambitious to distinguish himself by spelling without giving the matter any thought.

Ralph always believed that he would have been



"HE DID NOT WANT TO BEAT."

speedily defeated by Phillips had it not been for two thoughts which braced him. The sinister shadow of young Dr. Small sitting in the dark corner by the water-bucket nerved him. A victory over Phillips was a defeat to one who wished only ill to the young schoolmaster. The other thought that kept his pluck alive was the recollection of Bull. He approached a word as Bull approached the racoon. He did not take hold until he was sure of his game. When he took hold, it was with a quiet assurance of success. As Ralph spelled in this dogged way for half an hour the hardest words the Squire could find, the excitement steadily rose in all parts of the house, and Ralph's friends even ventured to whisper that "maybe Jim had cotched his match after all!"

But Phillips never doubted of his success.

"Theodolite," said the Squire.

"T-h-e, the, o-d, od, theod, o, theodo, l-y-t-e, theodolite," spelled the champion.

"Next," said the Squire, nearly losing his teeth in his excitement.

Ralph spelled the word slowly and correctly, and the conquered champion sat down in confusion. The excitement was so great for some minutes that the spelling was suspended. Everybody in the house had shown sympathy with one or other of the combatants, except the silent shadow in the corner. *It* had not moved during the contest, and did not show any interest now in the result.

"Gewhilliky crickets! Thunder and lightning! Licked him all to smash!" said Bud, rubbing his hands on his knees. "That beats my time all holler!"

And Betsey Short giggled until her tuck-comb fell out, though she was on the defeated side.

Shocky got up and danced with pleasure.

But one suffocating look from the aqueous eyes of Mirandy destroyed the last spark of Ralph's pleasure in his triumph, and sent that awful below-zero feeling all through him.

"He's powerful smart is the master," said old Jack to Mr. Pete Jones. "He'll beat the whole kit and tuck of 'em afore he's through. I know'd he was smart. That's the reason I tuck him," proceeded Mr. Means.

"Yaas, but he don't lick enough. Not nigh," answered Pete Jones. "No lickin', no larnin', says I."

It was now not so hard. The other spellers on the opposite side went down quickly under the hard words which the Squire gave out. The master had mowed down all but a few, his opponents had given up the battle, and all had lost their keen interest in a contest to which there could be but one conclusion, for there were only the poor spellers left. But Ralph Hartsook ran against a stump where he was least expecting it. It was the Squire's custom, when one of the smaller scholars or poorer spellers rose to spell against the master, to give out eight or ten easy words that they might have some breathing spell before being slaughtered, and then to give a poser or two which soon settled them. He let them run a little, as a cat does a doomed mouse. There was now but one person left on the opposite side, and as she rose in her blue calico dress, Ralph recognised Hannah, the bound girl at old Jack Means's. She had not attended school in the district, and had never spelled in spelling-school before, and was chosen last as an uncertain quantity. The Squire began with easy words of two syllables, from that page of Webster, so well known to all who ever thumbed it, as "Baker," from the word that stands at the top of the page. She spelled these words in an absent and uninterested manner. As everybody knew that she would have to go down as soon as

this preliminary skirmishing was over, everybody began to get ready to go home, and already there was a buzz of preparation. Young men were timidly asking girls if they could "see them safe home," which is the approved formula, and were trembling in mortal fear of "the mitten." Presently the Squire, thinking it time to close the contest, pulled his scalp forward, adjusted his glass eye, which had been examining his nose long enough, and turned over the leaves of the book to the great words at the place known to spellers as "Incomprehensibility," and began to give out those "words of eight syllables with the accent on the sixth." Listless scholars now turned round, and ceased to whisper, in order to be in the master's final triumph. But to their surprise, "ole Miss Meanses' white nigger," as some of them called her, in allusion to her slavish life, spelled these great words with as perfect ease as the master. Still, not doubting the result, the Squire turned from place to place and selected all the hard words he could find. The school became utterly quiet, the excitement was too great for the ordinary buzz. Would "Meanses' Hanner" beat the master? Beat the master that had laid out Jim Phillips? Everybody's sympathy was now turned to Hannah. Ralph noticed that even Shocky had deserted him, and that his face grew brilliant every time Hannah spelled a word. In fact, Ralph deserted himself. As he saw the fine, timid face of the girl so long oppressed flush and shine with interest,—as he looked at the rather low but broad and intelligent brow and the fresh white complexion, and saw the rich womanly nature coming to the surface under the influence of applause and sympathy, he did not want to beat. If he had not felt that a victory given would insult her, he would have missed intentionally. The bull-dog, the stern, relentless setting of the will, had gone, he knew not whither. And there had come in its place, as he looked in that face, a something which he did not understand. You did not, gentle reader, the first time it came to you.

The Squire was puzzled. He had given out all the hard words in the book. He again pulled the top of his head forward. Then he wiped his spectacles and put them on. Then out of the depths of his pocket he fished up a list of words just coming into use in those days—words not in the spelling-book. He regarded the paper attentively with his blue right eye. His black left eye meanwhile fixed itself in such a stare on Mirandy Means that she shuddered and hid her eyes in her red silk handkerchief.

"Daguerreotype," sniffled the Squire. It was Ralph's turn.

"D-a-u, dau——"

"Next."

And Hannah spelled it right.

GOD BLESS THE DEAR OLD LAND!

A SONG FOR AUSTRALIA.

[By W. C. BENNETT.]



THOUSAND leagues below the line,
 'neath southern stars and skies,
 'Mid alien seas, the land that's ours,
 our own new England lies ;
 From North to South, six thousand
 miles heave white with ocean foam
 Between the dear old land we've left
 and this our new-found home ;
 Yet what though oceans roll between, though here
 this hour we stand !
 Our hearts, thank God ! are English still ; God
 bless the dear old land !
 "To England !" men, a bumper brim ; up, brothers,
 glass in hand ;
 "England !" I give you, "England !" boys ; "God
 bless the dear old land !"

To some we see around us here, it may be, she was
 stern ;
 It may be, in her far-off fields they scarce their
 bread could earn ;
 But though we thought our mother hard, we know
 now she was wise
 To drive us out to this new land that every need
 supplies ;
 We left her side with heavy hearts ; we hardly
 thought that when
 We left her, soon with honest work to make us
 happy men.
 Then to her name a bumper brim ; up, brothers,
 glass in hand ;
 "Our motherland !" here's "England !" boys ;
 "God bless the dear old land !"

And what though far she's sent us from her side !
 we love her yet ;
 Her love we think of more and more ; her coldness
 we forget ;
 As northwards faint her dim cliffs died, how clung
 our eyes to her !
 Each league that thrust us farther off, the more her
 sons we were ;
 And now our new land's dear to us, dear as it is,
 we own
 Yet dearer still is the old land, our native land
 alone ;
 Then to her name a bumper brim ; up, brothers,
 glass in hand ;
 "Our native land !" here's "England !" boys ;
 "God bless the dear old land !"

It may be she would call us back, back to her side
 again,
 And bid us bring the wealth to her we've won
 beyond the main ;
 Sweet it would be her fields to see ; but, dear to
 me and you
 Although the far old home may be, dear too we'll
 make the new ;
 True to the land we're treading, boys, that's now
 our own, we'll be,
 Howe'er our hearts may yearn to her, our mother
 o'er the sea ;
 We've love for both ; we're proud of both ; but up,
 men, glass in hand ;
 Here's "England—she that gave us birth ! God
 bless the dear old land !"

O what a greatness she makes ours ! her past is all
 our own,
 And such a past as she can boast, and, brothers,
 she alone ;
 Her mighty ones the night of Time triumphant
 shining through,
 Of them our sons shall proudly say, "They were
 our fathers too ;"
 For us her living glory shines that has through
 ages shone ;
 Let's match it with a kindred blaze, through ages
 to live on ;
 Thank God ! her great free tongue is ours ; up,
 brothers, glass in hand ;
 Here's "England—freedom's boast and ours ! God
 bless the dear old land !"

For us, from priests and kings she won rights of
 such priceless worth
 As make the races from her sprung the freemen
 of the earth :
 Free faith, free thought, free speech, free laws, she
 won through bitter strife,
 That we might breathe unfettered air and live
 unshackled life ;
 Her freedom, boys, thank God ! is ours, and little
 need she fear,
 That we'll allow a right she's given to die or wither
 here ;
 Free-born, to her who made us free, up, brothers,
 glass in hand ;
 "Hope of the free," here's "England !" boys ; "God
 bless the dear old land !"

They say that dangers cloud her way, that despots
lour and threat ;
What matters that ? her mighty arm can smite and
conquer yet ;
Let Europe's tyrants all combine, she'll meet them
with a smile ;
Her's are Trafalgar's broadsides still, the hearts
that won the Nile ;

We are but young ; we're growing fast ; but with
what loving pride,
In danger's hour to front the storm, we'll range us
at her side ;
We'll pay the debt we owe her then ; up, brothers,
glass in hand ;
" May God confound her enemies ! God bless the
dear old land ! "

DEMETRIUS THE DIVER.

[By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.]

IN the year eighteen hundred and twenty-four it occurred to the Turkish Government considerably to strengthen its navy. There was an arsenal and dockyard at Constantinople then, as there is now ; but the Ottomans did not know much about shipbuilding, and in the absence of any material guarantee for the safety of their heads, European artizans were rather chary of enlisting in the service of the Padishah. So, as the shipwrights wouldn't go to Sultan Mahmoud, Sultan Mahmoud condescended to go to the shipwrights ; that is to say, he sent an Effendi attached to the department of Marine to Marseilles, with full powers to cause to be constructed four frigates by the shipbuilders of that port. As the French Government had not then begun to interest itself openly one way or other in the Eastern question, and as the shipbuilders of Marseilles did not care one copper cent whether the Turks beat the Greeks or the Greeks the Turks, and, more than all this, as the Effendi from Stamboul had *carte-blanc* in the monetary department, and paid for each frigate in advance, the Marseillais set about building the four frigates with a hearty good will, and by the spring of eighteen hundred and twenty-five two of them were ready for launching.

It was observed by the French workmen that Demetrius the Diver appeared to take very great interest in the process of shipbuilding. Day after day he would come into the slip where one of the frigates was being constructed, and, sitting upon a pile of planks, would remain there for hours. Other Greeks would come occasionally, and launch forth into fierce invectives against the Turks, and against the French too, for lending their hand for the fabrication of ships which were to be employed by infidels against Christians. In these tirades, Demetrius the Diver seldom, if ever, joined. He was a man of few words ; and he sat upon the planks, and looked at the workmen, their tools, and their work. Nobody took much notice of him, except to throw him a few sous occasionally, or to say what a lazy, skulking fellow he was.

At length the day arrived which was fixed for the launch of the first frigate, the *Sultani Bahri*. Half Marseilles was present. The sub-prefect was there—not officially, but officiously (whatever that subtle distinction may be). Crowds of beautiful ladies, as beautifully dressed, were on the raised seats fitted round the sides of the slip ; the *Sultani Bahri* was dressed out with flags, and aboard her were the great Effendi himself, with his secretary, his interpreter, his pipe-bearer, and the shipbuilder.

The sight of a ship-launch is to the full as exciting as any race. The heart beats time to the clinking of the hammers that are knocking the last impediments away, and when the mighty mass begins to move, the spectator is in a tremor of doubt, and hope, and fear. When the ship rights herself, and indeed walks the waters like a thing of life, the excitement is tremendous. He who sees the gallant sight *must* shout, he *must* congratulate himself, his next neighbour—everybody, in short, upon the successful completion of the Work.

Now, everything had been looked to, thought of, prepared for the triumphant launch of the *Sultani Bahri*. The only obstacles between her and the waters were certain pieces of wood technically called in England (I know not what their French name may be) "dogshores," and these were being knocked away by the master shipwright. This operation, I may remark, was formerly considered so dangerous that in the royal dockyards it was undertaken by convicts, who obtained their liberty if they accomplished the task without accident. Just as the first stroke of the hammer became audible, Demetrius the Diver, who had hitherto been concealed among the crowd, plunged into the water, and swam right across the track that the frigate would probably take on her release from the slip. A cry of horror burst from the crowd as he swam directly towards the ship's stern, for the vessel had begun to move, and everyone expected the rash diver to be crushed or drowned. But, when he was within a few feet of

the frigate, Demetrius the Diver threw up his arms, held them aloft for a moment in a menacing manner, then quietly subsided on to his back, and floated away. The *Sultani Bahri* slid down her ways to a considerable extent, she was even partially in the water, but she walked it by no means like a thing of life, for her stern began to settle down, and, if the truth must be told, the

evil eye of the Giaour diver, Demetrius Omeros. Had the Effendi been in his own land, a very short and summary process would have preserved all future ship-launches from the troublesome presence of Demetrius Omeros and his evil eye; but at Marseilles, in the department of the Bouches du Rhône, the decapitation, bowstringing, or drowning, of even a rayah, was not to be thought



"HE SWAM DIRECTLY TOWARDS THE SHIP'S STERN."

new frigate of his imperial highness the Sultan—stuck in the mud!

They tried to screw her off, to weight her off, to float her off, but in vain. When a ship sticks in launching, there is frequently no resource but to pull her to pieces where she sticks, and this seemed to be the most probable fate in store for the *Sultani Bahri*. The Effendi was in a fury. The shipbuilder was "desolated;" but the Frenchman only ascribed the misadventure to the clumsiness of his launching-hands, whereas the Moslem, superstitious like the majority of his co-religionists, vowed that the failure was solely owing to the

of. So the Effendi was obliged to be satisfied with giving the strictest orders for Demetrius's exclusion from the shipbuilder's yard in future; and after a delay of some months, the second frigate (the first was rotting in the mud) was ready for launching.

Anxiety was depicted on the Effendi's face as he broke a bottle of sherbet over the bows of the frigate and named her the *Achmedië*. Immediately afterwards, a cry burst from the crowd of "Demetrius! Demetrius the Diver!" and, rushing along the platform which ran round the vessel, the Effendi could descry the accursed diver holding

up his hands as before, and doubtless blighting the onward progress of the *Achmedië* with his evil eye.

Evil or not, a precisely similar disaster overtook the second frigate, and the launch was a lamentable failure. The shipbuilder was in despair. The Effendi went home to his hotel, cursing, and was about administering the bastinado to his whole household as a relief to his feelings, when his interpreter, a shrewd Greek, one Yanni, ventured to pour the balm of advice into the ear of indignation.

"Effendi," he said, "this rayah who dives is doubtless a cunning man, a magician, and by his spells and incantations has arrested the ships of my lord the Padishah, whom Allah preserve, in their progress! But he is a rayah and a Greek, and a rogue of course. Let my lord the Effendi bribe him, and he will remove his spells."

"You are all dogs, and sons of dogs," answered the Effendi, graciously, "but out of your mouth devoted to the slipper, O Yanni, comes much wisdom. Send for this diver with the evil eye."

Demetrius was sent for, and in due time made his appearance, not so much as salaaming to the Effendi, or even removing his cap. The envoy of the Sultan was sorely tempted to begin the interview by addressing himself through the intermediary of a bamboo to the soles of the diver's feet, but fear of the sub-prefect and his gendarmes, and, indeed, of the magical powers of the diver himself, prevented him.

"Dog and slave!" said he, politely, "wherefore have you bewitched the ships of our lord and Caliph the Sultan Mahmoud?"

"I am not come here to swallow dirt," answered the diver, coolly, "and if your words are for dogs, open the window and throw them out. If you want anything with a man who, in Frangistan, is as good as a Bey Oglou, state your wishes."

"The ships, slave, the ships!"

"The first two stuck in the mud," said the Greek; "and the third, with the blessing of Heaven and St. George of Cappadocia, will no more float than a cannon-ball!"

"You lie, you dog, you lie!" said the Effendi.

"Tis you who lie, Effendi," answered Demetrius the Diver; "and, moreover, if you give me the lie again—by St. Luke I will break your unbelieving jaw."

As the Effendi happened to be alone with Demetrius (for he had dismissed his interpreter), and as there was somewhat exceedingly menacing in the stalwart frame and clenched teeth of the Greek, his interlocutor judged it expedient to lower his tone.

"Can you remove the spells you have laid on the ships?" he asked.

"Those that are launched are past praying for."

"Will the next float?"

"If I choose."

"And the next?"

"If I choose."

"Name your own reward, then," said the Effendi, immensely relieved. "How many piastres do you require? Will ten thousand do?"

"I want much more than that," replied Demetrius the Diver, with a grim smile.

"More! What rogues you Greeks are! How much more?"

"I want," pursued the Diver, "my wife Katinka back from Stamboul. She was torn away from Scio, and is in the harem of the Capitan-Pacha. I want my three children, my boy Andon, my boy Yorghis, and my girl Eudocia. When I have all these, here at Massalian (Marseilles), and twenty thousand piastres to boot, your frigates shall be launched in safety."

"All well and good," said the Effendi; "I will write to Stamboul to-night, and you shall have all your brood and the piastres as well within two months. But what security have I that you will perform your part of the contract? The word of a Greek is not worth a para."

"You shall have a bond for double the amount which you will hand over to me, from two merchants of Marseilles. You cannot give me *all* I should like," concluded the Diver, with a revengeful frown. "You cannot give me back my aged father's life, my sister's, my youngest child's; you cannot give me the heart's blood of the Albanian wolf who slew them."

Within a quarter of a year the family of Demetrius the Diver was restored to him. He insisted upon receiving the stipulated reward in advance, probably holding as poor an opinion of the word of a Turk as the Effendi did of the word of a Greek. The momentous day arrived when the third frigate was to be launched; and a larger crowd than ever was collected. Everybody was on the tiptoe of expectation. Demetrius the Diver, who during the past three months had had free access to the shipbuilder's yard, was on board. The dogshores were knocked away, the frigate slid down her ways, and took the water in splendid style. The launch was completely successful. The Effendi was in raptures, and believed more firmly in the power of the evil eye than ever. A few days afterwards, the fourth frigate was launched with equal success.

"Marvellous man!" cried the envoy of the Sublime Porte; "by what potent spells wert thou able to bewitch the first two frigates?"

"Simply by these," answered Demetrius the Diver, in presence of a large company assembled at a banquet held in honour of the two successful launches. "Five years ago, my father was one of

the most extensive shipbuilders at Scio, and I was bred to the business from my youth. We were rich, we were prosperous, until we were ruined by the Turkish atrocities at Scio. I arrived in Marseilles, alone, beggared, my father murdered, my wife and children in captivity. How I lived, you all know. While the first two frigates were being built, I watched every stage of their construction. I detected several points of detail which I felt certain would prevent their being successfully launched. When, however, I had entered into my contract with this noble Effendi, I conferred with the shipwrights; I pointed out to them what was wrong; I convinced them, by argument and illustration, of what was necessary to be done. They did it. They altered, they

improved. Behold, the ships are launched, and the evil eye had no more to do with the matter than the amber mouthpiece of his excellency the Effendi's chibouque! I have spoken."

The Effendi, it is said, looked rather foolish at the conclusion of this explanation, and waddled away, muttering that all Greeks were thieves. Demetrius, however, kept his piastres, gave up diving as a means of livelihood, and, commencing business on his own account as a boat-builder, prospered exceedingly with Katinka his wife, and Andon, Yorghis, and Eudocia, his children. As to the two frigates, they were equipped for sea in good time, and were, I believe, knocked to pieces by the allied fleets at the battle of Navarino.

MOSES AND THE SPECTACLES.

[From "The Vicar of Wakefield." By OLIVER GOLDSMITH.]

WHEN we returned home, the night was dedicated to schemes of future conquest. Even in bed my wife kept up the usual theme.

"Well, faith, my dear Charles, between ourselves, I think we have made an excellent day's work of it."

"Pretty well," cried I, not knowing what to say.

"What, only pretty well!" returned she; "I think it is very well. Suppose the girls should come to make acquaintances of taste in town. This I am assured of, that London is the only place in the world for all manner of husbands. Besides, my dear, stranger things happen every day; and as ladies of quality are so taken with my daughters, what will not men of quality be? *Entre nous*, I protest I like my Lady Blarney vastly; so very obliging. However, Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs has my warm heart. But yet, when they came to talk of places in town, you saw at once how I nailed them. Tell me, my dear, don't you think I did for my children there?"

"Ay," returned I, not knowing well what to think of the matter; "Heaven grant they may be both the better for it this day three months!" This was one of those observations I usually made to impress my wife with an opinion of my sagacity; for if the girls succeeded, then it was a pious wish fulfilled; but if anything unfortunate ensued, then it might be looked upon as a prophecy. All this conversation, however, was only preparatory to another scheme, and, indeed, I dreaded as much. This was nothing less than that, as we were now

to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at the neighbouring fair, and buy us a horse which would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly, but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home.

"No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to entrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had, at last, the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat of that cloth called thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

He had scarcely gone when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendation.

Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed, with a card for my daughters, importing that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that, after a few previous inquiries, they hoped to be perfectly satisfied.

"Ay," cried my wife, "I now see it is no easy matter to get into one of the families of the great ; but when once one gets in, then, as Moses says, one may go to sleep."

To this piece of humour, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message, that she actually put her hand in her pocket, and gave the messenger sevenpence halfpenny.

This was to be our visiting day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by little at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weasel-skin purse, as being the most lucky ; but this by-the-bye. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behaviour was in some measure displeasing ; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness to him, and asking his advice ; although we seldom follow advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When he read the note from the two ladies he shook his head, and observed that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection. This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife.

"I never doubted, sir," cried she, "your readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy when we come to ask advice, we shall apply to persons who have made use of it themselves."

"Whatever my own conduct may have been, madam," replied he, "is not the present question ; though as I have made no use of advice myself, I should in conscience give it to those that will."

As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what is wanted in wit, I changed the subject by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall.

"Never mind our son," cried my wife ; "depend upon it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen on a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze

you. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. But, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedlar.

"Welcome ! welcome, Moses ! Well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair ?"

"I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.

"Ah, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know ; but where is the horse ?"

"I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence."

"Well done, my good boy," returned she ; "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it, then."

"I have brought back no money," cried Moses again ; "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast ; "here they are ; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."

"A gross of green spectacles !" repeated my wife in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles !"

"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason ? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."

"A fig for the silver rims !" cried my wife, in a passion. "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."

"You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."

"What !" cried my wife, "not silver ! the rims not silver !"

"No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan."

"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases ! A murrain take such trumpery. The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better !"

"There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong ; he should not have known them at all."

"Marry, hang the idiot !" returned she, "to bring me such stuff. If I had them, I would throw them in the fire."

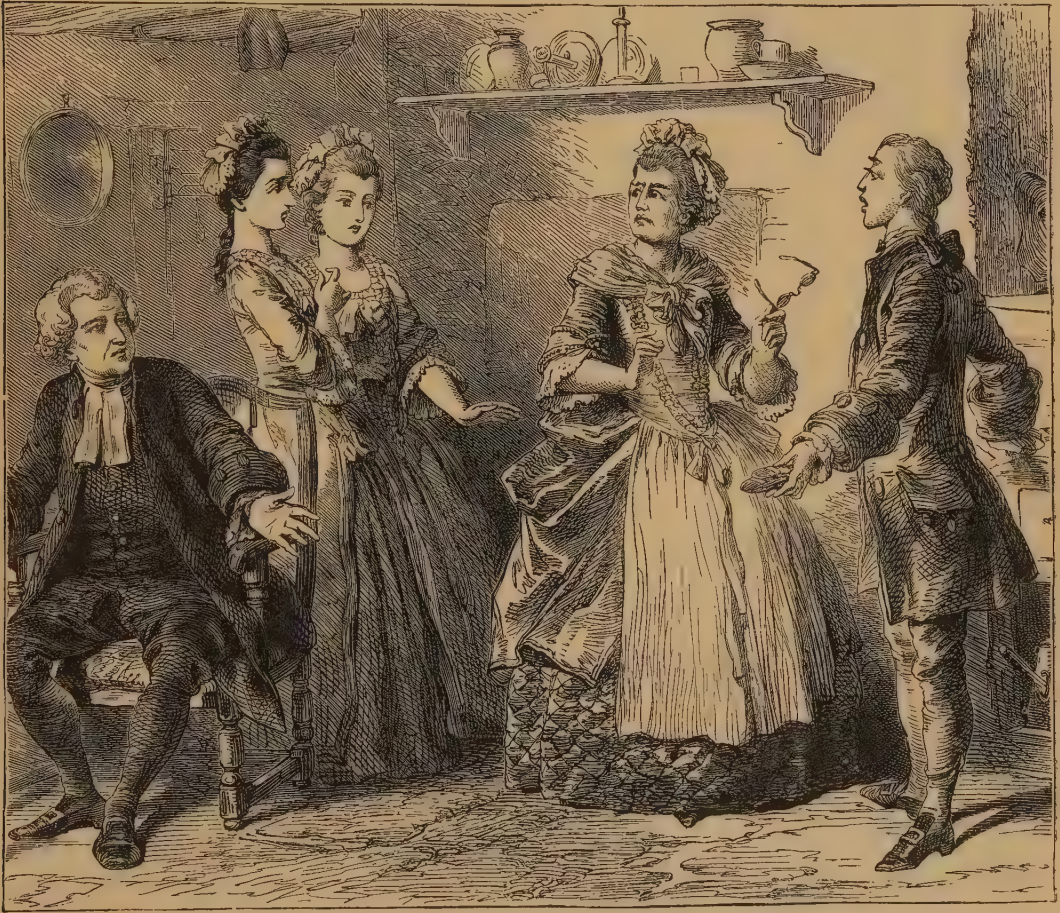
"There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I ; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked him the circumstances of his deception.

He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent under pretence of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met

advantage of every disappointment to improve their good sense, in proportion as they were frustrated in ambition.

"You see, my children," cried I, "how little is to be got by attempts to impose upon the world, in coping with our betters. Such as are poor, and will associate with none but the rich, are hated by those they avoid, and despised by those they follow. Unequal combinations are always dis-



"'NO,' CRIED I, 'NO MORE SILVER THAN YOUR SAUCEPAN.'"

another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of their value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

Our family had now made several attempts to be fine; but some unforeseen disaster demolished each as soon as projected. I endeavoured to take

advantageous to the weaker side; the rich having the pleasure, the poor the inconveniences, that result from them. But come, Dick, my boy, and repeat the fable you were reading to-day, for the good of the company."

"Once upon a time," cried the child, "a giant and a dwarf were friends, and kept together. They made a bargain that they would never forsake each other, but go seek adventures. The first battle they fought was with two Saracens; and the dwarf, who was very courageous, dealt one of the champions a most angry blow. It did the Saracen

but very little injury, who, lifting up his sword, fairly struck off the poor dwarf's arm. He was now in a woful plight; but the giant coming to his assistance, in a short time left the two Saracens dead on the plain, and the dwarf cut off the dead man's head out of spite. They then travelled on to another adventure. This was against three bloody-minded satyrs, who were carrying away a damsel in distress. The dwarf was not quite so fierce now as before, but for all that struck the first blow, which was returned by another that knocked out his eye; but the giant was soon up with them, and had they not fled, would certainly have killed every one. They were all very joyful for this victory, and the damsel who was relieved fell in love with the giant and married him. They now travelled far, and farther than I can tell, till they met with a company of robbers. The giant for the first time was foremost now, but the dwarf was not far behind. The battle was stout and long. Wherever the giant came, all fell before him; but the dwarf had like to have been killed more than once. At last, the victory declared for the two adventurers; but the dwarf lost his leg. The dwarf was now without an arm, a leg, and an eye, while the giant was without a single wound. Upon which the giant cried out to his little companion, 'My little hero, this is glorious sport; let us get one victory more, and then we shall have honour for ever.'

"No," cries the dwarf, who had by this time grown wiser, 'no; I declare off; I'll fight no more,

for I find, in every battle, that you get all the honours and rewards, but all the blows fall on me."

I was going to moralise this fable, when our attention was called off to a warm dispute between my wife and Mr. Burchell, upon my daughters' intended expedition to town. My wife very strenuously insisted upon the advantages that would result from it. Mr. Burchell, on the contrary, dissuaded her with great ardour, and I stood neuter. His present dissuasions seemed but the second part of those which were received with so ill a grace in the morning. The dispute grew high, while poor Deborah, instead of reasoning stronger, talked louder, and was at last obliged to take shelter from a defeat in clamour. The conclusion of her harangue was, however, highly displeasing to us all: she knew, she said, of some who had their own secret reasons for what they advised; but for her part, she wished such to stop away from her house for the future.

"Madam," cried Burchell, with looks of great composure, which tended to inflame her the more, "as for secret reasons, you are right; I have secret reasons which I forbear to mention, because you are not able to answer those of which I make no secret. But I find my visits here are become troublesome; I'll take my leave therefore now, and perhaps come once more to take a final farewell when I am quitting the country." Thus saying, he took up his hat; nor could the attempts of Sophia, whose looks seemed to upbraid his precipitancy, prevent his going.

FOPS AND FOPPERY.

[By CHARLES J. DUNPHIE.]

IT is honourably significant of the progress of civilisation that foppery is everywhere disappearing. Fops by whatever phrase designated, whether as "fops" proper, "beaux," "mazaronis," "sparks," "dandies," "bucks," "petits maîtres," "Bond Street loungers," "exquisites," or "Corinthians," have well-nigh vanished from the world. Their very names have become enigmatic. To trace from age to age through all its phases of development the history of these popinjays of fashion were a task not unworthy of satirist or philosopher. It would be interesting to observe the grotesque inspirations of Folly as illustrated in the careers of her most fantastic votaries. If not more virtuous, we are certainly of graver deportment, than our fathers, and there is hardly a man of sense among us who will not say with Shakspeare in *The Merchant of Venice*, "Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter my sober house." The Fop of the

Elizabethan era is doubtless typified accurately in the person of Osrick. How pungently does Hamlet satirise the "waterfly," and how amusingly does he mimic his mincing mode of speech! "To divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and it but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more." This crabbed English is a sarcastic skit upon the affected phraseology of men who aped *ton* in Shakspeare's time. In *Hudibras* we find mention of a creature known as a "fopdoodle." "You have been roaming," says Butler,

"Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle,
And handled you like a fopdoodle."

The "fopdoodle" now exists only in the dic-

tionary. He is no great loss, for his name was sufficiently expressive of his silliness. The Fop had a long reign, and figures prominently in the literature of the last two centuries. In the old play of *The Magnetic Lady* his qualities are summed up with delicate precision. He is pictured as

"A courtier extraordinary, who, by diet
Of meats and drinks, his temperate exercise,
Choice music, frequent bath, his horary shifts
Of shirts and waistcoats, means to immortalise
Mortality itself, and makes the essence
Of his whole happiness the trim of curls."

Swift, who seldom lost an opportunity of expressing his contempt for the sex which he used so vilely, is particularly severe upon women for their partiality for fools, fops and rakes:—

"In a dull stream which moving slow,
You hardly see the current flow,
When a small breeze obstructs the course,
It whirls about for want of force;
And in its narrow circle gathers
Nothing but chaff, and straws, and feathers.
The current of a female mind
Stops thus and turns with every wind,
Thus whirling round together draws
Fools, fops, and rakes for chaff and straws."

The Sparks were in great force even in the time of Dr. Johnson, who describes them as "lively, showy, splendid gay men." They were of respectable antiquity, hailing probably from the days of the Restoration, when the nation expressed in costume as in all things else its wild delight at being emancipated from the grim bondage of Puritanism. The "beau" whom Johnson defined as "a man of dress—a man whose great care is to deck his person," flourished most luxuriantly in the last century. His was the sumptuous age of powder and patches. He was especially dainty in the matters of sword-knots, shoe-buckles, and lace ruffles. He was ablaze with jewellery, took snuff with an incomparable air out of a box studded with diamonds, and excelled in the "nice conduct of a clouded cane." Age brought him no wisdom, but, on the contrary, rather served to give to his folly a more pungent aroma. He culminated in some such personage as Lord Ogilby in *The Clandestine Marriage*. It has been observed with some touch of wit that a beau dressed out resembled the cinnamon tree, the bark being of greater value than the body. The word "macaroni," as applied to a fop, is of curious origin. In its primary signification it means a kind of paste meat boiled in broth, and dressed with butter, cheese, and spice. How it came to be used for the designation of drolls and fools is explained by Addison in the *Spectator*. "There is a set of merry drolls whom the common people of all countries admire and seem to love so well that they could eat them,

according to the old proverb; I mean those circumforaneous wits whom every nation calls by the name of that dish of meat which it loves best. In Holland they are termed 'pickled herrings,' in France 'Jean Potages,' in Italy 'maccaronis,' and in Great Britain 'Jack Puddings.'" The transference of the word from fools and clowns to men of fantastic refinement and exaggerated elegance is a singular circumstance, of which philologists have not as yet given a satisfactory explanation. That the phrase did undergo that strange metamorphosis of meaning is beyond all question. Sir Benjamin Backbite, in *The School for Scandal*, applies the word to horses of a good breed, as distinguished from those of an inferior lineage:—

"Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies,
Other horses are clowns, but these macaronis;
To give them this title I'm sure can't be wrong,
Their legs are so slim and their tails are so long."

The human Macaroni had a pleasant time of it, but they were eventually supplanted by the Dandies, who for several generations bore supreme sway in the realm of fantastic fashion. "Dandy" is traced by etymologists through "Jack-a-dandy," of which it is an abbreviation, to the French word "dandin"; but some grammarians are of opinion that the English term is borrowed from a very small coin of Henry VII.'s time, called a "dandiprat." Be this as it may, the "dandies" were for many a long year potentates whose influence was far too great to be measured by any coin, much less a dandiprat. They were probably at their prime in the days of the Regency, which epoch, however, they long survived. Lord Byron confesses to a predilection for them. "I like the dandies," he says; "they were always very civil to me; though in general they disliked literary people, and persecuted and mystified Madame de Staël, Lewis, Horace Twiss and the like. The truth is that, though I gave up the business early, I had a tinge of dandyism in my minority, and probably retained enough of it to conciliate the great ones at four-and-twenty." Lord Glenbervie foreshadowed the fall of the dandies, and luxuriated in the anticipation:—"The expressions 'blue-socking' and 'dandy' may furnish matter for the learning of commentators at some future period. At this moment every English reader will understand them. Our present ephemeral dandy is akin to the 'macaroni' of my earlier days. The first of those expressions has become classical, by Mrs. Hannah More's poem of 'Bas Bleu,' and the other by the use of it in one of Lord Byron's poems. Though now become familiar and trite, their day may not be long—*Cadentque quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula.*" But the dandies saw Lord Glenbervie down, and lived to come in for Mr. Carlyle's rugged denunciations. "Touching dandies," writes the Sartor

Resartus, "let us consider, with some scientific strictness, what a dandy specially is. A dandy is a clothes-wearing man—a man whose trade, office, and existence consist in the wearing of clothes. Every faculty of his soul, spirit, purse, and person, is heroically consecrated to this one object—the wearing of clothes wisely and well; so that as others dress to live, he lives to dress. The all importance of clothes has sprung up in the intellect of the dandy, without effort, like an instinct of genius: he is inspired with cloth, a poet of cloth. A divine idea of cloth is born with him." Still more severe is this epigram:—

"A Dandy is a thing that would
Be a young lady if it could;
But as it can't, does all it can
To show the world it's not a man."

To the Dandies succeeded the Exquisites and the Loungers; lady-killers all, who laid themselves out ostentatiously for female conquest and broke women's hearts like china-ware. They talked, walked, danced, did everything in a style of their own; and their motto was "look and die!" After these came fops of a ruder, more adventurous type, known as Corinthians, the "fastest" of the "fast" men who delighted in street broils, and such riotous achievements as are depicted in *Tom and Jerry*. They, too, have

had their day. Corinthianism and Dandyism are alike as dead as a door-nail. A disdainful tone in conversation, coupled with a certain affected silliness of observation, was once deemed essential, but it is so no longer. Of the whole tribe of fops the Lady's Man is now the sole survivor, and he becomes rarer every year. He will soon have utterly disappeared, and the sooner the better, for of all the caricatures on humanity that ever encumbered the earth the Lady's Man is assuredly the most contemptible. Dandyism was bound to fall, for it was founded upon a fallacy—the fallacy that manners should be artificial, not natural. The very reverse is the fact. "Manners make the man." True, but they must be the manners of nature. Those of art unmake him. The heart is the fountain of courtesy, as of honour. All forms of civility springing elsewhere than from the heart are but shams—mean tricks of ceremony put on and off, like mere matters of personal decoration. He is truly courteous, and he alone, whose courtesy is the outcome of a genial, generous nature. Such a man may lack the requirements of etiquette, but never that benevolence whose external manifestation is a delicate regard for the feelings of others. Be his position in society what it may, that man is a "gentleman"; than which there is no higher title.

LOST IN THE SEA MISTS.

[From "A Matter-of-Fact Girl." By THEO. GIFT.]



STRANGE-LOOKING place, this huge expanse of sands, dividing the picturesque lake country from the busy manufacturing peninsula of Ulverston and Barrow, three miles broad at its widest end, and narrowing up at the farthest point into the little mouth of the river Leven, which

trickles away in sundry shining streamlets through the yellow sand down to the sea, where the railway crosses it like some black gigantic snake. A wide, wet expanse of dim yellow under a faint, grey sky, stretching away as far as Berrie's eye can reach in one direction, and bounded on the other by the motionless, misty sea, intersected with glistening, shallow streams and pools of salt water, dotted over with sea birds, and here and there by the figures of one or two pedestrians plodding wearily across the broad and dangerous track from the low, grassy shores fringed

with stunted oaks and bushes on one side to that where Berrie is seated, musing over her friend's letter.

It is a good day for musing too, mild and still, with no wind in the air, and a light, misty haze spreading itself between earth and sky, and hanging like a white cloud over the sea, where it advances and retreats with each coming or departing wave like some spectral dancer; but Berrie heeds little of the scene or day; her eyes are fixed on her friend's letter, and her mind is far away in the place where it was written. Yes, she can almost see it now, the homely little Saxon town where her education was finished, the "place," with its four rows of primly-clipped limes planted in the form of a cross, and the raised green wooden erection in the centre, where the band played of an evening; the tiny opera house, round, and with an overhanging roof like a Chinaman's hat, where the women took their knitting and the men their pipes, and where Wagner and Liszt used to be rehearsed to the clink of the knitting-needles and the fumes of

tobacco; the "bier garten," with its little iron tables and wooden benches, its mossy apple-trees, and giant hollyhocks and dahlias, and the stunted acacia, under which the "immortal" Goethe was

ribbon round their necks, and marching at the head of the eighteen other young ladies to morning service at the Lutheran church on the other side of the "place." She can see it all now, almost as



"STRONG ARMS HAVE CAUGHT AND LIFTED HER."

once reported to have sat while he partook of a glass of "kirschwasser"; last, not least, the square white house, with its immaculately polished door-knocker, and brilliant green venetians, where the Frauleins Schwartz conducted their college for young ladies, and whence Barberry and Edla, the two prize pupils, used to sally forth every Sunday, wearing their gold medals suspended by a broad

plainly as though it were before her eyes; and as the vision gathers force and clearness there comes with it a great temptation to go back there, to accept Edla's affectionate offer, and try to take up life again where she left it, a saucy, light-hearted girl, not three years ago.

It is a puzzling question, difficult to answer with brain and heart as sad and weary as hers are to-

day : and she rouses herself from it at last with a shiver, to find that she is very cold, and that the curly rings of hair on her temples are growing limp and clammy with the cold mist which enfolds her. The tide has been coming in since she sat down, so that the railway, which before drew its black curves over the wet sands, now seems to float upon the bosom of a broad and rippling expanse of leaden sea ; and the fog marching with the latter almost obliterates it from view, and stretches its pale arms onwards and outwards in a huge half-circle embracing both sides of the shore. Looking back along the rough and stony by-road by which she had come, Barberry sees to her disgust that this mist has filled its narrow width with remarkable compactness ; and the prospect of setting out on her homeward route through it is the reverse of cheerful. She knows enough, however, of these sea fogs to be aware that they are frequently as transient and capricious in their stay as they are sudden in their appearance, and that even the slightest change of wind in this land of variable air currents would be quite sufficient to dissipate the present haze. Besides, thick and cheerless as it is to sea and eastwards, it is still clear and even bright along the inland track of the sands ; and not very far off, the sun is shining faintly through the haze upon a strip of yellow sand and glimmering water, from which a little group of men with blue jerseys and bare red legs and arms, are busy dragging their shrimping nets ; their curved and straining shadows thrown sharply upon the ribbed wet surface where they are standing.

There are moods in which some trivial discomfort will make trouble and suffering, hitherto patiently borne, suddenly intolerable. In this mood of Berrie's it seems to her impossible to face the stony lane and the fog. Better to go on into the sunshine and trust to the mists clearing away before she needs to turn. It is smooth and easy walking on the sands, and even if it leads her farther on her onward route than she had meant to go, what of that ? She cannot have gone more than five or six miles at present ; and she is a girl who ordinarily thinks little of twelve or even fifteen. So, somewhat wilfully, she rises from the grassy bank where she has been resting, and, turning her face inland, walks onward, not following a very direct route, in consequence of the numerous little streams of brackish water which wind about in every direction, obliging her either to jump over them or turn out of their way ; but with her mind too full of the conflicting ideas occasioned by Randal Comyns' late visit and Edla's proposal, to care much whither she is going. By-and-by, however, a somewhat wider patch of water than usual, with a very misty margin on the further side, brings her to a sudden stop, and makes her look around her.

The sunshine she was following has disappeared. There is no sun visible anywhere now ; and the shivery dampness and chilliness of the air on the back of her neck make her turn her head to discover, somewhat to her surprise, that the fog, instead of dissipating as she had hoped, had gained considerably in density and volume, and is treading fast upon her heels and blotting out the track by which she came. To the north and north-west the way is still tolerably clear, and she can still see the outlines of the low, green shore on that side ; but to pursue her road in that direction will take her still farther from home, and she has suddenly become conscious that her strength is not quite what it was before her illness ; and that to get there at all will be a fatiguing task unless she sets about it at once.

Besides, these autumn sea fogs may be different from the lighter summer mists with which she was acquainted, and of greater duration than her girlish presumption had taken account of ; and if so, will it be safe to go on still farther into an unknown country ?

With the depressing conviction that she has been rash in coming as far as she has done, and that she will have to retreat at once and make her way back in the teeth of this thick white vapour which chills her to the bone and hangs upon her hair and eyelashes like a shower of rain, she turns her face bravely towards it, and begins to plod homeward in a still soberer mood than she had come.

The fog plods too. It plods faster than Berrie, and before she has gone many yards is all round her on the one side as well as the other.

It thickens too. At first she could not see the banks or trees in the distance. By-and-by she cannot see a dozen yards ; a few minutes later, it is with difficulty she can make out objects an arm's length from her.

And then she begins to get frightened.

For those little teasing rivulets, curling about the sands like narrow white snakes, which she could easily avoid or cross while it was clear, become veritable serpents in her path at present. To be continually jumping over them is fatiguing work ; and in trying to skirt round some she fancies that she has gone out of her way, and retraces her steps ; then, seeing nothing but fog on all sides of her, becomes bewildered, and cannot even make up her mind whether the stream she is now facing is the one which turned her before. If she could but catch a glimpse of those shrimping men now it would be a vast comfort to her ; but they have disappeared altogether, sucked long since into the sea mist ; and it is only by keeping her face towards the wind that she can judge at all whether she is pursuing the right direction. But, unguessed at by her, the wind has veered slightly since she set out ; and it is only by feeling

that she has walked much farther than she need have done, that the suspicion that she has wandered from her way begins to grow upon her. Then she gets desperate, and determines to go straight on, and not turn for water or anything, in the hope that she will come to *terra firma* at last.

At the same moment it flashes upon her mind that she has read somewhere of a whole party being caught in one of these fogs, and lost in a quicksand while crossing these wastes at night; and in the terror of the idea her nerves give way, and she screams aloud.

Somewhere, far away, she seems to hear the echo of her screams. A seagull perhaps; or perhaps some other lost creature as helpless as herself.

She has come to a very wide stream now. Even by stooping down to its level she cannot see to the other side; but it seems to extend a long way on either side, and she is not minded to diverge again from her route. Better to walk through it; she will wet her feet, of course; but she is so wet already that that will hardly matter. It is not to be wet feet only, however. The first three steps carry her over her insteps, a couple more, and she is up to her ankles. The cold water is swirling round her, deepening every instant, and still there is no sign of the other side. Only, at that moment, something like a dim red eye seems to glare through the fog in front of her. There is a shrill, prolonged scream, a longer muffled roar and rattle trembling over the water for an indefinite distance; and in the same instant Berrie shrieks and shrieks again, with an agony of terror which there is no controlling. It is the train to Ulverston which has just passed in front of her; and she is walking straight out to sea. She has found out her mistake just as the water is half way to her knees!

This time, however, there is no doubt as to her cry being answered. A long, high-pitched shout comes pealing through the mist in her rear, and as she replies to it in an almost frenzy of appeal, she can even distinguish the words it says.

"Stop! Stand still! For God's sake, stop!"

It is a needless injunction, for she has no power now to move or even turn. Terror has taken from her all her remaining force, save that of uttering cry after cry; but by good fortune this is a better guide to the invisible person in her rear than any movement on her part could be; and the answering shout comes nearer and nearer, till in a minute she sees the dim figure of a man looming through the fog, and in another second it has strode forward; there is a hasty splash in the water at her side, strong arms have caught and lifted her, and she is being carried back from the living death on which a moment past she was rushing.

When next Berrie opens her eyes she is seated on a rock, her head leaning against the rough,

warm overcoat which covers a man's shoulder, and his hand holding a little flask to her lips and trying to make her swallow a few drops of the contents.

And the man is Randal Comyns!

She has not fainted; fainting is always romantic, sometimes pleasant; but it is an achievement of which Berrie has never yet been capable in all her life. She has not been unconscious enough to be doubtful of the identity of the person so anxiously bending over her; scarcely to be startled by it. When she saw him coming through the fog to her, it seemed as if she had known the sound of his voice all along, and had cried to him for aid. Of course he would give it. Has he not always come when she most wanted him, when she was lost on the Hampfells, and in her loneliness at Hexham? and now—. But the fright and fatigue have weakened her a good deal, and her senses are still dizzy and confused from her swift passage across the misty sands in those strong arms. She does not even yet realise that she is safe, or where they are, or what has happened to her; and when Randal makes a movement to pull off his overcoat, that he may wrap it round her, she only clings more closely to him with weak trembling fingers, and begs him not to leave her yet, not to go away.

"Do you think it likely?" Randal says, smiling at her. "A fine person *you* are to be trusted alone! But you never will be, again; so make up your mind to it. This is the last time." And then, in his great gladness at having rescued her, and seeing that she is uninjured, he stoops his face lower over the little white one lying on his breast, and kisses her; kisses her brow, and eyes, and lips; not as he kissed her once before, but with a kind of tender happy proprietorship, which seems to take from her all power of resistance or reproach. What good indeed in either? She has done all she could already, and to what avail? He is stronger than she, and has baffled her even when she thought him most obedient. Besides, her mind does not seem strong enough to argue at present, even with herself. It was all very well and easy to do that when she was sad and alone in the security of her own apartments, and with no loving voice near to soothe or reason with her. Now she is only conscious of one thing, he is holding her in his arms; and she loves him, loves him better than all the world. In all that world there can be no sweeter shelter for her.

And at this moment the feeble, fickle breeze which has been wavering so long between south and east, and south again, gathers force and takes a sudden cant to the north-east; and, lo! as it does so, a change like a transformation comes over everything, for the white mist-wreaths unfold and roll apart, blown backwards over the waves like the snowy portals of the tents of God; and as

they drift asunder, the sun's rays, hidden behind them, turn each silvery fold to a thousand opaline tints of rose, and pearl, and azure; and the blue sky shines out with only a tender haze across it, and a deeper turquoise spreads and widens upon the bosom of the sea, and each little shallow pool and streamlet in all that broad expanse of shifting yellow sand glitters like a handful of diamonds cast down upon a bed of gold; and then out rides the sun himself, in all his genial majesty, gilding sea and shore, and grey rock and grassy bank, and sending one broad ray right down on Barberry's face, dazzling and glorifying her like a benediction.

She can see its reflection in Randal's face, as he kneels beside her, holding her to him with such a look of perfect, proud content and happiness as she has never seen there yet; and before that vision all thought of herself or of her own ugliness, which seemed so terrible awhile back to her foolish heart, fades utterly away, like the mists themselves before the sun.

As Edla von Freilo would say, there is no such word as ugliness in love; and there is nothing but love, love grateful and triumphant, in Randal's eyes as he gazes at her.

The sunshine has come to both of them.

OUR NEW PAVING.

SAY, I never told you how the doctor got into disgrace with the mayor and town council. Ha! ha! ha! Here goes, for it was a rare bit of fun.

He was always inventing things, and the mayor and corporation believed in him, because it gave them jobs.

Our mayor was a timber merchant; so the proposal for a wooden pier was accepted; the pier was built, and washed away.

The doctor's idea for an esplanade was taken up because Councillor Prawnham owned the stone

He had seen asphalte paving in London, and seen it laid; so he came down red-hot, proposed a new pavement for our High Street of an asphalte of his own invention, and, as he artfully contrived a job out of it for the mayor and the whole town council, the plan was carried unanimously, and the next week the High Street became chaotic.

That street was in ruins for two months, during which it was picked up, rammed down, sifted, concreted, wetted, dried, smoothed, ironed, mangled, and then it was ready for Smallbois' patent hydro-



"THE NEW PAVING WAS OPENED BY THE MAYOR AND CORPORATION." (Drawn by W. Ralston.)

quarry; and the esplanade was made, and not washed away, because it died a natural death, and was buried four feet deep—in sand.

The doctor's last was a pavement.

carbo-galvanic-terro-ligno-adamanto-unabrado-bituminous-asphaltic pitch paving.

It was a long name, and it took a long time to lay it down.

For weeks the town was full of a horrible black smoke. All the blacks in London seemed to have come down to the seaside for a change, and were always settling on the ladies' noses, when they did not prefer clean collars.

Somebody said "Hooray!" when they got to the end of the long, black, shining street, and then half a dozen dirty little boys ran across, in spite of the efforts of P.C. Tummond and two borough policemen, and turned wheels, as they do beside



"THEY BROUGHT OUT THE ROCKET APPARATUS." (Drawn by W. Ralston.)

There were ten great cauldrons in the High Street, and in these ten cauldrons so many black demons were always busy at work cooking Smallbois' patent hydro-carbo-galvanic-terro-ligno-adamanto - unabrado - bituminous - asphaltic pitch paving.

Great fires were always burning underneath, smoke rose in clouds, and the black demons kept slowly breaking up and putting in bits of something very nasty, which smelt nastier, and stirring it up with big spoons; and, when it was done, ladling it out like soup into big pots, which other men carried between them, and made a mess with in the road.

For they were just like so many dirty children making black puddings and mud pies in the gutters—pouring out the nasty stuff, and patting it down, and smoothing it, till the people in the town began to use naughty words; and the major went so far as to say that he wished the doctor were boiled in his patent hydro-carbo-galvanic-terro-ligno - adamanto - unabrado - bituminous-asphaltic pitch.

The major did not die—choked by his own words—but there can be little doubt about his ultimate fate.

At last the street was declared paved, and the new paving was opened by the mayor and corporation, who walked over it in their long, fur-trimmed gowns, carrying wands, and preceded by the town crier and the beadle without his bell.

carriages going to the Derby. After which the volunteer band played "God save the Queen," without the drum and trombone—for the drum had got the toothache, and the trombone, who was head porter at the railway station, couldn't get a half holiday on account of the influx of visitors who had come to see Smallbois' patent hydro-carbo-galvanic-terro-ligno-adamanto-unabrado-bituminous-asphaltic pitch paving.

While the weather remained cold, the doctor's paving did well enough; but in the spring it began to soften, and by the time summer came it was like dough, excepting that when it got hold of anything it held on like birdlime.

A man would attempt to walk across it, and would sink in; then he would find that he couldn't move either leg. Then he would cry for help, and somebody would push a plank out to him, and he would struggle out of his boots and walk ashore.

Our friend Grace Smallbois had a sad accident there, for she came to grief going across. People warned her that it wasn't safe; but she wouldn't believe it, and went laughing across to try—for if you tell a woman a thing is not safe she's sure to want to try it.

Well, she hadn't taken four steps before she squeaked, and then she squalled, for her high heels had stuck fast, and her tight dress so hampered her that she went down backwards, sank in, and lay there calling for help, like a bas-relief come to life on a black marble temple.

Of course, all the young fellows came to help her, but how to get her out they didn't know.

It was all easy enough as far as her head, for she'd got on a fashionable waterproof, and they only had to unbutton it, and rip up her boots; but then there was her hair.

Now, if Grace had made an affidavit every day in the week that she did not wear false hair, no one would have believed her; but when they came to get her out of the asphalt, there was the test. It was, alas! real as real, and they had to take scissors and cut it all close to her head before they could get her free; and when they did, Grace was a sight.

There were twenty-four young men affectionate to Grace before that accident, and they all laid their hearts upon the altar of her love; but after Grace had been carried home cropped, there were twenty-four young men who weren't in love with Grace, and they all cried off.

There was a row that night, and the whole street was alarmed; for these twenty-four men all went to the new paving, armed each with a pair of scissors, to get a bit of Grace's hair as a token of their blighted love, and they all got stuck fast, and fought with their scissors till the fire brigade came, and began to play upon them, when they gave it up, and laid backs, when number twenty-four walked out of his boots and over the other fellows' backs to shore; number twenty-three walked out of his boots and over the other fellows' backs to shore; then number twenty-two had his turn, and twenty-one, and twenty, right down to number one; so that all lives were saved.

Old Mother Dibble's donkey tried to cross it one day, and was captured tight as wax, by the legs.

I was sorry for that ass, for he was such an intelligent beast. No one could get to him to feed him; so, being of an enterprising disposition he set to and licked the asphalt.

By-and-by he found out that there was no nutriment to be got out of it, any more than by chewing india-rubber, so he began to sound his trumpet, shouting wild, and ending in a regular jackass bray.

Next day he took to making signals with his ears; for he was there still, and he couldn't walk out of his shoes, as they were nailed on. He evidently knew the telegraph code, for he'd shove one ear forward, and the other backward, and then both forward; and end by sticking them straight out sidewise, which, according to the major's book of Military Code Signals, Vol. IV., chapter 27, page 92, signifies, "Now then arn't you going to hitch a fellow out?"

But no help came; so he rested his ears, and took to signalling with his tail—wonderful!

That tail stood right out, straight up, sidewise, t'other sidewise, angle of $22\frac{1}{2}$, perpendicular, slant-

indicular, horizontal, duplex, vertical, very tickle, much more ticklish, jewelled in four holes, every position you could name; and no help came.

Last of all, his signals got so plain that they launched the lifeboat, and it stuck fast; while no sooner did they lower their oars, and try to get her along, than they stuck too, so the crew very wisely came out.

Then, as the signals for help went on, they brought out the rocket apparatus, and fired lines over his back; but of course they were no use to a donkey who couldn't even kick. They couldn't dig him out, so they put up a crane, and a man swinging in the air reached the animal and fixed the rope round under his forelegs. Then they hoisted him, and the donkey rose with a thick rope of pitch hanging from each leg, so that by the time he was forty feet up he looked like a giraffe with an extraordinary tendency to grow in the legs. Then the tackle slipped, and the asphalt was so elastic that the donkey flew back into the old place with a "chock." But they got him out at last—without his hoofs.

The way the cats stuck in that asphalt was something awful, and the noise worse. For no sooner was a cat fast by its paws than—bow-wow—at it went a dog, and he became fast too; then they went on talking to one another till they were smothered, which wasn't very soon. Ever so many cats and dogs were caught and they perished, stuck by their feet; so that after a while the whole street was filled with boots, legs and cat skeletons and such rubbish, sticking upon the surface, until it looked like a jungle.

One hot day a boy, running after his top, fell on the pavement, face downwards, and was clutched fast. They saved him by cutting his clothing open in the back, and taking the boy out like a pea from the pod; but he left the tip of his nose in the pitch.

So there was a row, and then the authorities thought they would take the pavement up. It couldn't be cut or dug, so the workmen undertook to roll it over, as you would roll up a sheet of music; but when they had gone forty feet it sprung back over the men, and assumed its old shape, except that there were four lumps on the surface where the buried workmen lay. At last they hitched twenty or thirty horses to one end of the pavement, and hauled it away. Then they slid it into the river, and it floated down to sea, and lodged upon a shoal, and there it remained permanently. In the course of a year soil formed on it, and it is now rather a handsome island; and it is valuable too.

No doubt some day it will be utilized by a mining company that wants to go into the business of getting out leather. There are veins of old boots in that island which would make the fortune of

anybody who knew how to work them ; and I am not certain but that it will pay to get out the cat bones for grinding.

Somehow or other there was something wanting,

I can't say what ; but taken altogether, the doctor's patent hydro-galvanic-terro-ligno-adamanto-unabrado-bituminous-asphaltic pitch paving was not a success.

TWO LOVES AND A LIFE.

(FOUNDED ON THE DRAMA OF THAT NAME BY MESSRS. TOM TAYLOR AND CHARLES READE.)

[By WILLIAM SAWYER.]



TO the scaffold's foot
she came :
Leaped her
black eyes
into flame,
Rose and fell
her panting
breast,
There a pardon
closely
pressed.

She had heard
her lover's
doom—

Traitor death and shameful tomb ;
Heard the price upon his head,
"I will save him," she had said.

"Blue-eyed Annie loves him too,
She will weep, but Ruth will do ;
Who should save him, sore distressed,
Who but she who loves him best ?"

To the scaffold now she came,
On her lips there rose his name,
Rose, and yet in silence died—
Annie nestled by his side.

Over Annie's face he bent,
Round her waist his fingers went ;
"Wife," he called her—called *her* "wife ;"
Simple word to cost a life !

In Ruth's breast the pardon lay ;
But she coldly turned away :—
"He has sealed his traitor fate,
I can love, and I can hate !"

"Annie is his wife," they said.
"Be it wife, then, to the dead ;
Since the dying she will mate :
I can love, and I can hate !"

"What their sin ? They do but love ;
Let this thought thy bosom move."
Came the jealous answer straight—
"I can love, and I can hate !"

"Mercy !" still they cried. But she :
"Who has mercy upon me ?
Who ? My life is desolate—
I can love, and I can hate !"

From the scaffold stairs she went,
Shouts the noonday silence rent,
All the air was quick with cries,—
"See the traitor ! see, he dies !"

Back she looked, with stifled scream,
Saw the axe upswinging gleam :
All her woman's anger died—
"From the king !" she faintly cried—

"From the king. His name—behold !"
Quick the parchment she unrolled :
Paused the axe in upward swing—
"He is pardoned !" "Live the king !"

Glad the cry, and loud and long :
All about the scaffold throng :
There entwining, fold in fold,
Raven tresses, locks of gold.

There against Ruth's tortured breast
Annie's tearful face is pressed,
While the white lips murmuring move—
"I can hate—but I can love !"



THE JANIUS.

[By E. OWENS BLACKBURNE.]

I THINK it was about a twelvemonth afther, come Candlemas, that I met Mrs. McGurk dhrovin' the ass's cart home from Drogheda fair. She an' me was always nabourly, so she gev me a lift home wid me basket, an' sez she—

"Arrah, Mrs. Moran, did yeh hear the news?"

"Arrah, no!" sez I, "barrin' that Lanty Byrne's wife got a kitchen grate, no less! As av the harth that was good enough for thim that wint' afore her wasn't good enough for her, but she must set up wid her high-falutin' ways!"

"Throth, yer right there," says Mrs. McGurk; "but shure what cud yeh expect from the likes av her? She was only a sarvint girl in Dublin, an' what cud she know about the ways av a dacint farmer's house? Why, she's always slashin' white-wash roun' the kitchen—an' the sorra worse thing she cud do, for there's nothing wholesomer nor sut; an' shure it's no wondher she lost her fine bhoys last Chrisamas, for she used t' wash him ivry mornin' in the big washin' tub."

"Och!" sez I, "maybe she'll do betther afther a bit; but what's yer news, Mrs. McGurk?"

"It's a grate day intirely for us," sez she. "Shure Brian's such a janius that Father Pat sez we must sind him t' college, and make a man av him!"

"Throth, I'm proud for yeh, Mrs. McGurk," sez I; "an' whin did Father Pat say it?"

"A'yistherda," sez she, "he kem down quite promis-cuous like, an' sez he t' me, 'Mrs. McGurk,' sez he, 'I'm afeard Brian's too grate a janius intirely t' be a priest's boy.' 'It 'ud ill become the likes o' me t' say conthairry t' yer rivrence,' sez I, 'an' I hope Brian is plazin' yer rivrence.' 'Yis,' sez he, 'he's well enough; he minds his consthruin'—whativir 'that is—'an' he's mindin' his book grand, but he's not mindin' my bisness. I sint him to Bob Connor's for me boots th' other day, an' there I was waitin' for thim, mortal onaisy, for I was goin' to christen a child for Mrs. Joyce, whin I seen Brian comin' along quite an' aisy, readin' an' ould newspaper, but the sorra pair o' boots wid him. I threw up the windy,' sez Father Pat, 'an' schreeched out t' him for the boots. Well, he looked at me as if he was shot; an', what d'ye think, but the omadhaun was readin' the paper the boots was rowled in, an' he let them slip out an' nivir heeded thim. To be shure, Brian wint back, but one boot was soakin' in a ditch, an' Peggy Brien's childher tied a string t' the other, an' filled it wid mud, an' med a cart av it. Troth,' sed his rivrence, 'I was that wild that I was near makin' Brian ait them, heeltaps an' all!' An' shure, Mrs.

Moran, though Brian's me own flesh an' blood, I cudn't but say he was enough to vex even a priest."

"Thru for yeh, Mrs. McGurk," sez I, "an' is that why ye're goin' t' sind him t' collidge?"

"No, agra, no!" sez Mrs. McGurk; an' wid that she pulled a lot o' papers out av her back pocket. "But see thim. That's poethry Brian med, an' it's all about the ould churchyard, an' the crosses, an' the say-gulls, an' Miss Grace. Father Pat sez it's grand, an' he showed it t' the masther up at the big house, an' he's goin' to give somethin' a'tost payin' for Brian's eddication. But shure Brian's comin' in this evenin', so yeh must come an' hear him readin' thim."

Well, av coorse it was only nathral I'd like to hear what Brian wrote, an' I wint home wid Mrs. McGurk, an' she med a flour-cake, an' as the banes was plinty, she med some beautiful sthilk* too; throth, there was lashin's an' lavin's, for the McGurks was always free-handed people. But yeh nivir saw anythin' like the grandeur o' Brian! He had a bran new shoot av black clothes an' a shirt as white as the dhreven snow!

"Go manee *Dia in sho!*"† sez he, comin' in an' takin' aff his hat, quite the gentleman.

"Amin!" sez I, for his mother was tyin' up th' ass at the back o' the house. "Good luck t' ye, Brian."

"Thank yeh kindly, Mrs. Moran," sez he, "the same t' you."

Afther the aitin was over, Mrs. McGurk axed Brian t' give us a sketch av the poethry, an' for two full hours he rowled it out av him as 'cute as a stone furlin' down a hill. But, saints above us! yeh nivir heerd sich nonsense! He sed in wan part that the waves down at Kilsadden Bay was like big white horses, and that he was dhressed up in fancy—in *fancy*, mind yeh, whatever soart av a coat that is—an' was ridin' an' thim! An' wan av the ballads was called "The Laygind av Kilsadden," where the poor foolish crathur sed that he was in the churchyard wan day, an' he seen a whole lot o' ghosts, an' they towld him a whole lot av stories about the ould towers and the crasses, an' he med poethry out o' what they sed. But it was all sinse to what he sed about Miss Grace! 'Pon me conscience, av he called her a divil wanst, he did it a hundred times! First she was a divil an' the mountains, thin she was a divil an' the say, an', behold yeh! thin she was a divil up in the trees, an' whisperin' t' him!

* A dish composed of beans and potatoes mashed together.

† "God save all here!"

"Arrah, Brian, jewel!" sez I, "shure yeh hadn't the impidence t' call Miss Grace a divil up t' her face!"

"No," sez he, "I only called her an imp. It was Father Pat showed her the pomes."

"An' what did she say?" sez I.

"That they war grand all out," sez he, lookin' that plazed an' consaited. "Father Pat is takin' his dinner up at the big house this evenin', an' I'm t' go up an' read a new pome for Miss Grace."

"Well, begorra, quality is quare," sez I; "av any

new boy, was t' take Brian an' his box t' the railway-station—an' a splendid boxful av clothes he had too, a beautiful green wan, wid an illigant double bout! We war all givin' him the "God be wid yeh"—an' there war some there gev more nor that—whin who kem up but Miss Grace an' her father. Och! but she did look purty in her gran' blue frock, an' her goold curls, an' her soft face—"jist like a flower," Brian sed in wan av his pomes, an', faix, it was the dacintest thing he ivir sed about her. There she was, laughin' an' smilin',



"SHE HELD BRIAN'S BIG HAND IN HER TWO LITTLE WHITE ONES."

wan called me all the imps yer callin' Miss Grace, I wouldn't thank thim for it."

That evenin' Brian wint up t' the big house, an' whin he kem back his face was that white, an' his eyes like kindled sods, an' he was all av a thrimble, that his mother wanted him t' go t' bed, an' take a bowl o' gruel wid a lump o' butther in it, for he looked for all the world as av a could had got a grip av him. But he turned the deaf ear t' the mother, an' stud lanin' over the half-doore, antil he seen Father Pat goin' by, an' thin he follied him home.

Very shortly afther, Brian wint t' collidge, an' the day he was goin' a lot o' the nabours, meself among the rest, wint up t' the McGurks' doore to see him goin'; for Micky Dempsey, Father Pat's

wid a kind free word for ivirybody, an' her blue eyes dancin' out av her head. She brought Brian some books, an' showed him where she wrote his name in thim; an' I was mad wid the gommochin' fellow, for he stud wid not a word t' say for himself, wid all his 'cuteness, but there he was, starin' at Miss Grace as if she had horns; an' shure what good was all his larnin' t' him, av it didn't tache him behaviour?

It was a mortal hard winther—that winther—throth we had weather, an' thin there was late frost in the spring that spilted the p'tatee crop; an' what betchune wan thing an' another, an' the loss av two fine pigs wid the masles, poor Mrs. McGurk an' Owney found it hard enough t' do. They war desperate hard put to it, for Mrs. McGurk tould

me all as wan; "but," sez she, "av we war t' starve for it, isn't it betther t' have Brian a big man? for av we're losin' it wan way, we're gainin' it in another."

Av course there was nothin' t' say agin that; but, faix, I'm afeard there was many a time the poor McGurks was fastin' agin their will, an' they war that proud that wan cudn't well do anythin' for them. Shure it wud be all right av Brian was ordained afther all. But lo and behold yeh! wan day Father Pat got a letther t' say Brian was comin' home dying wid a decline! He nivir was a sthrong boy, and thin he got a cough, an' stuck too close t' his books, an' betchune all poor Brian kem home t' die.

For five long weeks there he lay an the broad av his back, talkin' so nice an' so simple-like that there wasn't wan in the parish that wouldn't run from this to Dublin for him. Miss Grace, and ivry wan at the big house, was very good, and sint clane sheets, an' wine, an' all soarts of grand atin' an' dhrinkin'. The nabours used t' take turns t' sit up at night, for Mrs. McGurk was ould, yeh see, an' the crathur was that dazed wid the thrubble that sorra much use she was. Meself used t' be in thare night an' day, for poor Brian had a grate regard for me, an' more betoken, he used t' rimimber me av me own fine bhoy that was killed at the Rooshian war: so that's how it was that I was there the evenin' Father Pat kem t' give Brian the Sacrimints. The poor boy was axin' t' see Miss Grace wanst more afore he died, so I threw an me cloak, an' wint off for her. She was standin' in the windy, smilin' an' laughin', an' talkin' t' alot av quality; but whin I tould her what I wanted, the tears kem into her purty blue eyes, an' she just put an her hat in the hall, an' kem aff wid me.

An' thin' shure, poor Brian tould her out quite brave-like that he wasn't sorry he was goin', for

that he'd nivir be very happy av he was t' live, an' he tould her that the raisin he med the pomes about her was in regard av him bein' very partial t' her.

"An'," sez he, "I thought maybe av I was eddicated like a gintleman, that I'd be nearer t' yeh. But somethin' tould me how foolish it was, an' I saw the truth; but from that 'our I had no heart in me at all, an' I got waker an' waker until I kem t' this. I hope I give no offence, Miss Grace?"

Well, what d'ye think? Oeh! throth I'm an ould fool t' be cryin' whin I think av it now! but purty Miss Grace stooped down, an' she kissed poordying Brian's forehead, an' she said, quite soft—

"You never did anything to offend me, Brian; I always admired your poetry very much, and I am very grateful to you for your love."

An' thin she sat down be the bed, an' held Brian's big hand in her two little white ones, an' she kep' whisperin' t' him that she'd always look afther ould Mrs. McGurk an' Owney; an' a lovely colour kem into his face, an' he sez t' Father Pat—

"Yer rivirence, will Miss Grace get t' heaven?"

Not a lie I'm tellin' whin I say ould Father Pat was cryin' like a child. Howsomediver, he sed—

"Bedad she will, Brian; she's only wan av the angels that's here for a little while."

That was enough for Brian, for he knew Father Pat knewd for sartin, an' he closed his eyes, an' in less time nor I'm tellin' it, he wint off quite an' aisy, like a lamb.

There was a grand wake, an' the funeral was wan av the biggest ivir seen in that part o' the counthry. Miss Grace, an' the fine handsome gintleman she was goin' t' be married to, kem t' the funeral; an' shure she nearly cried her purty eyes blind; an' very respectful t' Mrs. McGurk an' Owney it was too; an' she put up a tombstone over the grave, an' the writin' an it sed Brian was a grate janius intirely.

THE BURNING OF DRURY LANE.

[By HORACE SMITH.]



MS chaos, which, by heavenly doom,
 Had slept in everlasting gloom,
 Started with terror and surprise
 When light first flashed upon her
 eyes—
 So London sons in night-cap
 woke,
 In bed-gown woke her dames;
 For shouts were heard 'mid fire and
 smoke,
 And twice ten hundred voices spoke—
 "The playhouse is in flames!"
 And, lo! where Catherine Street extends,
 A fiery tail its lustre lends

To every window-pane;
 Blushes each spout in Martlet Court,
 And Barbican, moth-eaten fort,
 And Covent Garden kennels sport,
 A bright ensanguined drain;
 Meux's new brewhouse shows the light,
 Rowland Hill's Chapel, and the height
 Where patent shot they sell;
 The Tennis-Court, so fair and tall.
 Partakes the ray, with Surgeons' Hall,
 The ticket-porters' house of call,
 Old Bedlam, close by London Wall,
 Wright's shrimp and oyster shop withal.
 And Richardson's Hotel.

Nor these alone, but far and wide,
 Across red Thames's gleaming tide,
 To distant fields the blaze was borne,
 And daisy white and hoary thorn
 In borrowed lustre seemed to sham
 The rose of red sweet Wil-li-am.
 To those who on the hills around
 Beheld the flames from Drury's mound,
 As from a lofty altar rise,
 It seemed that nations did conspire
 To offer to the god of fire
 Some vast stupendous sacrifice !
 The summoned firemen woke at call,
 And hied them to their stations all :
 Starting from short and broken snooze,
 Each sought his pond'rous hobnailed shoes,
 But first his worsted hosen plied,
 Plush breeches next, in crimson dyed,
 His nether bulk embraced ;
 Then jacket thick, of red or blue,
 Whose massy shoulder gave to view
 The badge of each respective crew,
 In tin or copper traced.
 The engines thundered through the street,
 Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete,
 And torches glared, and clattering feet
 Along the pavement paced.
 And one, the leader of the band,
 From Charing Cross along the Strand,
 Like stag by beagles hunted hard,
 Ran till he stopped at Vin'gar Yard.
 The burning badge his shoulder bore,
 The belt and oil-skin hat he wore,
 The cane he had, his men to bang,
 Showed foreman of the British gang—
 His name was Higginbottom. Now
 'Tis meet that I should tell you how
 The others came in view :
 The Hand-in-Hand the race began,
 Then came the Phoenix and the Sun,
 Th' Exchange, where old insurers run,
 The Eagle, where the new ;
 With these came Rumford, Bumford, Cole,
 Robins from Hockley-in-the-Hole,
 Lawson and Dawson, cheek by jowl,
 Crump from St. Giles's Pound :
 Whitford and Mitford joined the train,
 Huggins and Muggins from Chick Lane,
 And Clutterbuck, who got a sprain
 Before the plug was found.
 Hobson and Jobson did not sleep,
 But ah ! no trophy could they reap,
 For both were in the Donjon Keep
 Of Bridewell's gloomy mound !

E'en Higginbottom now was posed,
 For sadder scene was ne'er disclosed.
 Without, within, in hideous show,
 Devouring flames resistless glow,
 And blazing rafters downward go,
 And never halloo "Heads below !"
 No notice give at all.
 The fireman terrified are slow
 To bid the pumping torrent flow,
 For fear the roof would fall.
 Back, Robins, back ; Crump, stand aloof !
 Whitford, keep near the walls !
 Huggins, regard your own behoof,
 For lo ! the blazing rocking roof
 Down, down, in thunder falls !
 An awful pause succeeds the stroke,
 And o'er the ruins volumed smoke,
 Rolling around its pitchy shroud,
 Concealed them from th' astonished crowd.
 At length the mist awhile was cleared,
 When lo ! amid the wreck upreared,
 Gradually a moving head appeared,
 And Eagle firemen knew
 'T was Joseph Muggins, name revered,
 The foremen of their crew.
 Loud shouted all in sign of woe,
 "A Muggins ! to the rescue, oh !"
 And poured the hissing tide :
 Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,
 And strove and struggled all in vain,
 For, rallying but to fall again,
 He tottered, sunk, and died !

Did none attempt, before he fell,
 To succour one they loved so well ?
 Yes, Higginbottom did aspire
 (His fireman's soul was all on fire),
 His brother chief to save ;
 But ah ! his reckless generous ire
 Served but to share his grave !
 'Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,
 Through fire and smoke he dauntless broke,
 Where Muggins broke before.
 But sulphury stench and boiling drench
 Destroying sight o'erwhelmed him quite,
 He sank to rise no more.
 Still o'er his head, while Fate he braved,
 His whizzing water-pipe he waved ;
 "Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps,
 You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps,
 Why are you in such doleful dumps ?
 A fireman, and afraid of bumps !—
 What are they fear'd on ? fools : 'od rot 'em !"
 Were the last words of Higginbottom.



THE GOTHIC HORSE.

[By ORPHEUS C. KERR.]



HE Mackerel Brigade, of which I have the honour to be a member, was about the worst demoralised of all the brigades that covered themselves with glory and perspiration at the scrimmage of Bull Run.

In the first place, it never had much morals, and when it came to be demoralised, it hadn't any; so that ever since the disaster, the peasantry in the neighbourhood of the camp have been in constant mourning for departed pullets; and one venerable rustic complains that the Mackerel pickets milk all his cows every night, and come to borrow his churn in the morning.

By invitation of a well-known official, I visited the Navy Yard yesterday and witnessed the trial of some newly-invented rifled cannon. The trial was of short duration, and the jury brought in a verdict of "innocent of any intent to kill."

The first gun tried was similar to those used in the Revolution, except that it had a larger touch-hole, and the carriage was painted green instead of blue. This novel and ingenious weapon was pointed at a target about sixty yards distant. It didn't hit it, and as nobody saw any ball, there was much perplexity expressed. A midshipman did say that he thought the ball must have run out of the touch-hole when they loaded up, for which he was instantly expelled from the service. After a long search without finding the ball, there was some thought of summoning the Naval Retiring Board to decide on the matter, when somebody happened to look into the mouth of the cannon, and discovered that the ball hadn't gone out at all. The inventor said this would happen sometimes, especially if you didn't put a brick over the touch-hole when you fired the gun. The Government was so pleased with this explanation, that it ordered forty of the guns on the spot, at two hundred thousand dollars apiece. The guns to be furnished as soon as the war is over.

The next weapon tried was Jink's double back-action revolving cannon for ferry boats. It consists of a heavy bronze tube, revolving on a pivot, with both ends open, and a touch-hole in the middle.

While one gunner puts a load in at one end, another puts in a load at the other end, and one touch-hole serves for both. Upon applying the match, the gun is whirled swiftly round on a pivot, and both balls fly out in circles, causing great slaughter on both sides. This terrible engine was aimed at the target with great accuracy; but as the gunner has a large family dependent on him for support, he refused to apply the match. The Government was satisfied without firing, and ordered six of the guns at a million of dollars apiece. The guns to be furnished in time for our next war.

The last weapon subjected to trial was a mountain howitzer of a new pattern. The inventor explained that its great advantage was, that it required no powder. In battle it is placed on the top of a high mountain, and a ball slipped loosely into it. As the enemy passes the foot of the mountain, the gunner in charge tips over the howitzer, and the ball rolls down the side of the mountain into the midst of the doomed foe. The range of this terrible weapon depends greatly on the height of the mountain and the distance to its base. The Government ordered forty of these mountain howitzers at a hundred thousand dollars apiece, to be planted on the first mountains discovered in the enemy's country.

These are great times for gunsmiths; and if you find any old cannon around the junk-shops, just send them along.

There is much sensation in nautical circles,



"A MOUNTAIN HOWITZER."

arising from the immoral conduct of the rebel privateers; but public feeling has been somewhat easier since the invention of a craft for capturing

the pirates, by an ingenious Connecticut chap. Yesterday he exhibited a small model of it at a cabinet meeting, and explained it thus :

"You will perceive," says he to the President, "that the machine itself will only be four times the size of the Great Eastern, and need not cost over a few millions of dollars. I have only got to discover one thing before I can make it perfect. You will observe that it has a steam-engine on board. This engine works a pair of immense iron clamps, which are let down into the water from the extreme end of a very lengthy horizontal spar. Upon approaching the pirate, the captain orders the engineer to put on steam. Instantly the clamps descend from the end of the spar and clutch the privateer athwartships. Then the engine is reversed, the privateer is lifted bodily out of the water, the

One of these noble animals was presented to me last week, by an old-maid relative, whose age I once guessed to be "about nineteen." The glorious gift was accompanied by a touching letter ; she honoured my patriotism, and the self-sacrificing spirit that had led me to join the gallant Mackerel Brigade, and get a furlough as soon as a rebel picket appeared ; she loved me for my mother's sake, and as she happened to have ten shillings about her, she thought she would buy a horse with it for me. Mine, affectionately, Tabitha Turnips.

The beast is fourteen hands high, fourteen hands long, and his sagacious head is shaped like an old-fashioned pick-axe. Viewed from the rear, his style of architecture is Gothic, and he has a gable-end, to which his tail is attached. His eyes are two pearls set in mahogany, and before he



"I LEFT HIM LEANING AGAINST A POST."

spar swings around over the deck, and the pirate ship is let down into the hold by the run. Then shut your hatches, and you have ship and pirates safe and sound."

The President's features lighted up beautifully at the words of the great inventor ; but in a moment they assumed an expression of doubt, and says he :

"But how are you going to manage, if the privateer fires upon you while you are doing this ?"

"My dear sir," says the inventor, "I told you I had only one thing to discover before I could make the machine perfect, and that's it."

The horse is an animal in which I have taken a deep interest ever since the day on the Union Course, when I bet ten dollars that the "Pride of the Canal" would beat "Lady Clamcart," and was compelled to leave my watch with Mr. Simpson on the following morning. The horse is the swarthy Arab's bosom friend, the red Indian's solitary companion, and the circus proprietor's salvation.

lost his sight, they were said to be brilliant. I rode down to the Patent Office the other day, and left him leaning against a post, while I went inside to transact some business. Pretty soon the Commissioner of Patents came tearing in like mad, and says he :

"I'd like to know whether this is a public building belonging to the United States, or a second-hand auction-shop."

"What mean you, sirrah ?" I asked, majestically.

"I mean," says he, "that some enemy to his country has gone and stood an old mahogany umbrella-stand right in front of this office."

To the disgrace of his species be it said, he referred to the spirited and fiery animal for which I am indebted to woman's generosity. I admit that when seen at a distance, the steed somewhat resembles an umbrella-stand ; but a single look into his pearly eyes is enough to prove his relations with the animal kingdom.

I have named him Pegasus, and when I mount

him, William Brown, of Company 3, Regiment 5, Mackerel Brigade, says that I remind him of Santa Claus sitting astride the roof of a small Gothic cottage, holding on by the chimney. William is becoming rather too familiar, and I hope he'll be shot at an early day.

At an early hour yesterday morning, while yet the dew was on the grass, and on everything else green enough to be out at that matinal hour, I saddled my Gothic steed Pegasus, and took a trot for the benefit of my health. Having eaten a whole straw bed and a piece of an Irishman's shoulder during the night, my architectural beast was in great spirits, and as he snuffed the fresh air and unfurled the remnants of his warlike tail to the breeze of heaven, I was reminded of that celebrated Arabian steed which had such a contempt for the speed of all other horses that he never would run with them—in fact, he never would run at all.

Having struck a match on that rib of Pegasus which was most convenient to my hand, I lit a cigar, and dropped the match, still burning, into the right ear of my fiery charger. Something of this kind is always necessary to make the sagacious animal start; but when once I get his mettle up he never stops, unless he happens to hear some crows cawing in the air just above his venerable head. I am frequently glad that Pegasus has lost his eyesight; for could he see the expression on the faces of some of these same crows, when they get near enough to squint along his backbone, it would wound his sensibilities fearfully.

On this occasion he carried me, at a speed of 240 hours a mile, to a point just this side of Alexandria, where the sound of heavy cannonading made me pause. At first I remembered an engagement I had in Washington, and was about to hasten back; but while I was pressing the lighted end of my cigar to the side of Pegasus, to make him turn, Colonel Wobert Wobinson, of the Western Cavalry, came walking towards me from a piece of woods on my right, and informed me that ten of his men had just been attacked by fourteen thousand rebels with twenty columbiads. "The odds," says he, "is rather heavy; but our cause is the noblest the world ever knew, and if my brave boys do not vanquish the unnatural foe, an indignant and decimated people will at once call upon the Cabinet to resign."

I told him that I thought I had read something like that in the *Tribune*; but he didn't seem to hear me.

By this time the cannonading had commenced to subside, and as I trotted alongside of Colonel Wobinson toward the field of battle, I asked him what he had done with his horse. He replied, that while on his way to the field his sagacious beast had observed a hay-stack, and was so entranced with the vision that he refused to go a step farther; so he had to leave him there.

Upon reaching the scene of strife, we discovered that the ten Western Cavalry men had routed the rebels, killing four regiments, which were all carried away by their comrades, and capturing six columbiads, which were also carried away. On our side nobody was killed nor wounded. In fact, two of our men, who went into the fight sick with the measles, were entirely cured, and captured four good surgeons. I must state, however, that, although nobody was killed or wounded on our side, there was one man missing. It seems that when he found the balls flying pretty thickly about his ears, he formed himself into a hollow-square, and retreated in good order into the neighbouring bushes. He formed himself into a hollow-square by bending gently forward until his hands touched the ground, and made his retrograde movement on all fours.

I went over to Virginia the other day to review Berdan's Sharpshooters, and was much astonished at their wonderful skill with the rifle. The target is a little smaller than the side of a barn, with a hole through the centre exactly the size of a bullet. They set this up just six hundred yards away, and fire at it in turn. After sixty of them had fired, I went with them to the target, but couldn't see that it had been hit by a single bullet. I remarked this to the captain, whereupon he looked pityingly at me, and says he:

"Do you see that hole in the bull's-eye, just the size of a bullet?"

I allowed that I did.

"Well," says he, "the bullets all went through that hole."

Now I don't mean to say that the Captain lied; but it's my opinion—my private opinion—that if he ever writes a work of fiction, it will sell!





THE FRIENDLY WAITER. (Drawn by Gordon Browne.)

THE FRIENDLY WAITER.

[From "David Copperfield." By CHARLES DICKENS.]



THE coach was in the yard, shining very much all over, but without any horses to it as yet; and it looked in that state as if nothing was more unlikely than its ever going to London. I was thinking this, and wondering

what would ultimately become of my box, which Mr. Barkis had put down on the yard-pavement by the pole (he having driven up the yard to turn his cart), and also what would ultimately become of me, when a lady looked out of a bow-window where some fowls and joints of meat were hanging up, and said:

"Is that the little gentleman from Blunderstone?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said.

"What name?" inquired the lady.

"Copperfield, ma'am," I said.

"That won't do," returned the lady. "Nobody's dinner is paid for here in that name."

"Is it Murdstone, ma'am!" I said.

"If you're Master Murdstone," said the lady, "why do you go and give another name first?"

I explained to the lady how it was, who then rang a bell, and called out, "William! show the coffee-room!" upon which a waiter came running out of a kitchen on the opposite side of the yard to show it, and seemed a good deal surprised when he found he was only to show it to me.

It was a large long room with some large maps in it. I doubt if I could have felt much stranger if the maps had been real foreign countries, and I cast away in the middle of them. I felt it was taking a liberty to sit down, with my cap in my hand, on the corner of the chair nearest the door; and when the waiter laid a cloth on purpose for me, and put a set of casters on it, I think I must have turned red all over with modesty.

He brought me some chops and vegetables, and took the covers off in such a bouncing manner that I was afraid I must have given him some offence. But he greatly relieved my mind by putting a chair for me at the table, and saying very affably, "Now, six-foot! come on!"

I thanked him; and took my seat at the board; but found it extremely difficult to handle my knife and fork with anything like dexterity, or to avoid splashing myself with the gravy, while he was standing opposite, staring so hard, and making me blush in the most dreadful manner every time I caught his eye. After watching me into the second chop, he said:

"There's half a pint of ale for you. Will you have it now?"

I thanked him, and said "Yes." Upon which he poured it out of a jug into a large tumbler, and held it up against the light, and made it look beautiful.

"My eye!" he said. "It seems a good deal, don't it?"

"It does seem a good deal," I answered, with a smile. For it was quite delightful to me to find him so pleasant. He was a twinkling-eyed, pimple-faced man, with his hair standing upright all over his head; and as he stood with one arm a-kimbo, holding up the glass to the light with the other hand, he looked quite friendly.

"There was a gentleman here yesterday," he said—"a stout gentleman, by the name of Topsawyer—perhaps you know him!"

"No," I said, "I don't think——"

"In breeches and gaiters, broad-brimmed hat, grey coat, speckled choker," said the waiter.

"No," I said, bashfully, "I haven't the pleasure——"

"He came in here," said the waiter, looking at the light through the tumbler, "ordered a glass of this ale—*would* order it—I told him not—drank it, and fell dead. It was too old for him. It oughtn't to be drawn; that's the fact."

I was very much shocked to hear of this melancholy accident, and said I thought I had better have some water.

"Why, you see," said the waiter, still looking at the light through the tumbler, with one of his eyes shut up, "our people don't like things being ordered and left. It offends 'em. But I'll drink it, if you like. I'm used to it, and use is everything. I don't think it'll hurt me, if I throw my head back, and take it off quick. Shall I?"

I replied that he would much oblige me by drinking it, if he thought he could do it safely, but by no means otherwise. When he did throw his head back, and take it off quick, I had a horrible fear, I confess, of seeing him meet the fate of the lamented Mr. Topsawyer, and fall lifeless on the carpet. But it didn't hurt him. On the contrary, I thought he seemed the fresher for it,

"What have we got here?" he said, putting a fork into my dish. "Not chops?"

"Chops," I said.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "I didn't know they were chops. Why a chop's the very thing to take off the bad effects of that beer! Ain't it lucky?"

So he took a chop by the bone in one hand, and a potato in the other, and ate away with a very

tablespoon, "is my favourite pudding! Ain't that lucky? Come on, little 'un, and let's see who'll get most."

The waiter certainly got most. He entreated me more than once to come in and win, but what with his tablespoon to my teaspoon, his dispatch to my dispatch, and his appetite to my appetite, I was left far behind at the first mouthful, and had no chance with him. I never saw any one enjoy a



"THE WOMEN SERVANTS . . . CAME OUT TO LOOK AND GIGGLE AT ME."

good appetite, to my extreme satisfaction. He afterwards took another chop and another potato; and after that another chop and another potato. When we had done, he brought me a pudding, and having set it before me, seemed to ruminate, and to become absent in his mind for some moments. "How's the pie?" he said, rousing himself.

"It's a pudding," I made answer.

"Pudding!" he exclaimed. "Why bless me, so it is! What!" looking at it nearer. "You don't mean to say it's a batter-pudding!"

"Yes, it is indeed."

"Why, a batter-pudding," he said, taking up a

pudding so much, I think; and he laughed, when it was all gone, as if his enjoyment of it lasted still.

Finding him so very friendly and companionable, it was then that I asked for the pen and ink and paper, to write to Peggotty. He not only brought it immediately, but was good enough to look over me while I wrote the letter. When I had finished it, he asked me where I was going to school.

I said, "Near London," which was all I knew.

"Oh, my eye!" he said, looking very low-spirited, "I am sorry for that."

"Why?" I asked him.

"Oh!" he said, shaking his head, "that's the school where they broke the boy's ribs—two ribs—a little boy he was. I should say he was—let me see—how old are you, about?"

I told him between eight and nine.

"That's just his age," he said. "He was eight years and six months old when they broke his first rib; eight years and eight months old when they broke his second, and did for him."

I could not disguise from myself, or from the waiter, that this was an uncomfortable coincidence, and inquired how it was done. His answer was not cheering to my spirits, for it consisted of two dismal words, "With whopping."

The blowing of the coach-horn in the yard was a seasonable diversion, which made me get up and hesitatingly inquire, in the mingled pride and diffidence of having a purse (which I took out of my pocket), if there were anything to pay.

"There's a sheet of letter-paper," he returned. "Did you ever buy a sheet of letter-paper?"

I could not remember that I ever had.

"It's dear," he said, "on account of the duty. Threepence. That's the way we're taxed in this country. There's nothing else, except the waiter. Never mind the ink. I lose by that."

"What should you—what should I—how much ought I to—what would it be right to pay the waiter, if you please?" I stammered, blushing.

"If I hadn't a family, and that family hadn't the cowpock," said the waiter, "I wouldn't take a sixpence. If I didn't support a aged pairint and a

lovely sister"—here the waiter was greatly agitated—"I wouldn't take a farthing. If I had a good place, and was treated well here, I should beg acceptance of a trifle, instead of taking of it. But I live on broken wittles, and I sleep on the coals"—here the waiter burst into tears.

I was very much concerned for his misfortunes, and felt that any recognition short of ninepence would be mere brutality and hardness of heart. Therefore I gave him one of my three bright shillings, which he received with much humility and veneration, and spun up with his thumb, directly afterwards, to try the goodness of.

It was a little disconcerting to me to find, when I was being helped up behind the coach, that I was supposed to have eaten all the dinner without any assistance. I discovered this from overhearing the lady in the bow-window say to the guard, "Take care of that child, George, or he'll burst!" and from observing that the women servants who were about the place came out to look and giggle at me as a young phenomenon. My unfortunate friend the waiter, who had quite recovered his spirits, did not appear to be disturbed by this, but joined in the general admiration without being at all confused. If I had any doubt of him, I suppose this half-awakened it; but I am inclined to believe that with the simple confidence of a child, and the natural reliance of a child upon superior years (qualities I am very sorry any children should prematurely change for worldly wisdom), I had no serious mistrust of him on the whole, even then.

THE DEATH OF THE SWISS GUARD.*

[From "The French Revolution." By THOMAS CARLYLE.]

KING LOUIS meanwhile had laid him down for a little sleep; his wig when he reappeared had lost the powder on one side. Old Marshal Maillé and the gentlemen in black rise always in spirits, as the Insurrection does not rise: there goes a witty saying now, "*Le tocsin ne rend pas.*" The tocsin, like a dry milk-cow, does not yield. For the rest, could not one proclaim Martial Law? Not easily; for now, it seems, Mayor Pétion is gone. On the other hand, our Interim Commandant, poor Mandat, being off "to the Hôtel de Ville," complains that so many Courtiers in black encumber the service, are an eyesorrow to the National Guards. To which her Majesty answers with em-

phasis, That they will obey all, will suffer all, that they are sure men these.

And so the yellow lamplight dies out in the gray of morning, in the King's Palace, over such a scene. Scene of jostling, elbowing, of confusion, and indeed conclusion, for the thing is about to end. Roederer and spectral Ministers jostle in the press; consult, in side-cabinets, with one or with both Majesties. Sister Elizabeth takes the Queen to the window: "Sister, see what a beautiful sunrise," right over the Jacobins' Church and that quarter! How happy if the tocsin did not yield! But Mandat returns not; Pétion is gone: much hangs wavering in the invisible Balance. About five o'clock, there rises from the Garden a kind of sound; as of a shout which had become a howl,

* By permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

and instead of *Vive le Roi* were ending in *Vive la Nation*. "*Mon Dieu!*" ejaculates a spectral Minister, "what is he doing down there?" For it is his Majesty, gone down with old Marshal Maillé to review the troops; and the nearest companies of them answer *so*. Her Majesty bursts into a stream of tears. Yet on stepping from the cabinet, her eyes are dry and calm, her look is even cheerful. "The Austrian lip, and the aquiline nose, fuller than usual, gave to her countenance," says Peltier, "something of majesty, which they that did not see her in these moments cannot well have an idea of." O thou Theresa's Daughter!

King Louis enters, much blown with the fatigue; but for the rest with his old air of indifference. Of all hopes now, surely the joyfullest were, that the tocsin did not yield.

Unhappy Friends, the tocsin does yield, has yielded! Lo ye, how with the first sunrays its Ocean-tide, of pikes and fusils, flows glittering from the far East;—immeasurable; born of the Night! They march there, the grim host; Saint-Antoine on this side the River; Saint-Marceau on that, the blackbrowed Marseillaise in the van. With hum, and grim murmur, far-heard; like the Ocean-tide, as we say: drawn up, as if by Luna and Influences, from the great Deep of Waters, they roll gleaming on; no King, Canute or Louis, can bid them roll back. Wide-eddying side-currents, of onlookers, roll hither and thither, unarmed, not voiceless; they, the steel host, roll on. New-Commandant Santerre, indeed, has taken seat at the Townhall; rests there, in his half-way-house. Alsatian Westermann, with flashing sabre, does not rest; nor the Sections, nor the Marseillaise, nor Demoiselle Théroigne; but roll continually on.

And now, where are Mandat's Squadrons that were to charge? Not a Squadron of them stirs: or they stir in the wrong direction, out of the way; their officers glad that they will even do that. It is to this hour uncertain whether the Squadron on the Pont-Neuf made the shadow of resistance, or did not make the shadow: enough, the blackbrowed Marseillaise, and Saint-Marceau following them, do cross without let; do cross, in sure hope now of Saint-Antoine and the rest; do billow on, towards the Tuileries, where their errand is. The Tuileries, at sound of them, rustles responsive: the red Swiss look to their priming; Courtiers in black draw their blunderbusses, rapiers, poniards, some have even fire-shovels; every man his weapon of war.

Judge if, in these circumstances, Syndic Røederer felt easy! Will the kind Heavens open no middle-course of refuge for a poor Syndic who halts between two? If indeed his Majesty would consent to go over to the Assembly! His Majesty, above all her Majesty, cannot agree to that. Did her Majesty answer the proposal with a "*Fi donc*;"

did she say even, she would be nailed to the walls sooner? Apparently not. It is written also that she offered the King a pistol; saying, Now or else never was the time to show himself. Close eyewitnesses did not see it, nor do we. They saw only that she was queenlike, quiet; that she argued not, upbraided not, with the Inexorable; but, like Cæsar in the Capitol, wrapped her mantle as it becometh Queens and Sons of Adam to do. But thou, O Louis! of what stuff art thou at all? Is there no stroke in thee, then, for Life and Crown? The silliest hunted deer dies not so. Art thou the languidest of all mortals; or the mildest-minded? Thou art the worst-starred.

The tide advances; Syndic Røederer's and all men's straits grow straiter and straiter. Frescent clangour comes from the armed Nationals in the Court; far and wide is the infinite hubbub of tongues. What counsel? And the tide is now nigh! Messengers, forerunners speak hastily through the outer Grates; hold parley sitting astride the walls. Syndic Røederer goes out and comes in. Cannoneers ask him: Are we to fire against the people? King's Ministers ask him: Shall the King's house be forced? Syndic Røederer has a hard game to play. He speaks to the Cannoneers with eloquence, with fervour; such fervour as a man can, who has to blow hot and cold in one breath. Hot and cold, O Røederer? We, for our part, cannot live *and* die! The Cannoneers, by way of answer, fling down their linstocks.—Think of this answer, O King Louis, and King's Ministers; and take a poor Syndic's safe middle-course, towards the Salle de Manège. King Louis sits, his hands leant on his knees, body bent forward; gazes for a space fixedly on Syndic Røederer; then answers, looking over his shoulder to the Queen: *Marchons!* They march; King Louis, Queen, Sister Elizabeth, the two royal children and governess: these, with Syndic Røederer, and Officials of the Department; amid a double rank of National Guards. The men with blunderbusses, the steady red Swiss gaze mournfully, reproachfully; but hear only these words from Syndic Røederer: "The King is going to the Assembly; make way." It has struck eight, on all clocks, some minutes ago: the King has left the Tuileries—forever.

O ye stanch Swiss, ye gallant gentlemen in black, for what a cause are ye to spend and be spent! Look out from the western windows, ye may see King Louis placidly hold on his way; the poor little Prince Royal "sportfully kicking the fallen leaves." Frescent multitude on the Terrace of the Feuillants whirls parallel to him; one man in it, very noisy, with a long pole: will they not obstruct the outer Staircase, and back entrance of the Salle, when it comes to that? King's Guards can go no further than the bottom step there. Lo,

Deputation of Legislators come out; he of the long pole is stilled by oratory; Assembly's Guards join themselves to King's Guards, and all may mount in this case of necessity; the outer Staircase is free, or passable. See, Royalty ascends; a blue Grenadier lifts the poor little Prince Royal from the press; Royalty has entered in. Royalty has vanished for ever from your eyes.—And ye? Left standing there, amid the yawning abysses, and earthquake of Insurrection; without course; without command: if ye perish, it must be as more than martyrs, as martyrs who are now without a cause! The black Courtiers disappear mostly; through such issues as they can. The poor Swiss know not how to act: one duty only is clear to them, that of standing by their post; and they will perform that.

But the glittering steel tide has arrived; it beats now against the Château barriers, and eastern Courts; irresistible, loud-surfing far and wide;—breaks in, fills the Court of the Carrousel, black-browed Marseillaise in the van. King Louis gone, say you; over to the Assembly! Well and good: but till the Assembly pronounce Forfeiture of him, what boots it? Our post is in that Château or stronghold of his; there till then must we continue. Think, ye staunch Swiss, whether it were good that grim murder began, and brothers blasted one another in pieces for a stone edifice?—Poor Swiss! they know not how to act: from the southern windows some fling cartridges, in sign of brotherhood; on the eastern outer staircase, and within through long stairs and corridors, they stand firm-ranked, peaceable and yet refusing to stir. Westermann speaks to them in Alsatian German; Marseillaise plead, in hot Provençal speech and pantomime; stunning hubbub pleads and threatens, infinite, around. The Swiss stand fast, peaceable and yet immovable; red granite pier in that waste-flashing sea of steel.

Who can help the inevitable issue; Marseillaise and all France on this side; granite Swiss on that? The pantomime grows hotter and hotter; Marseillaise sabres flourishing by way of action; the Swiss brow also clouding itself, the Swiss thumb bringing its firelock to the cock. And hark! high thundering above all the din, three Marseillaise cannon from the Carrousel, pointed by a gunner of bad aim, come rattling over the roofs! Ye Swiss, therefore: *Fire!* The Swiss fire; by volley, by platoon, in rolling fire: Marseillaise men not a few, and “a tall man that was louder than any,” lie silent, smashed upon the pavement;—not a few Marseillaise, after the long dusty march, have made halt *here*. The Carrousel is void; the black tide recoiling; “fugitives rushing as far as Saint-Antoine before they stop.” The Cannoneers without linstock have squatted invisible, and left their cannon; which the Swiss seize.

Think what a volley: reverberating doomful to the four corners of Paris, and through all hearts; like the clang of Bellona's thongs! The black-browed Marseillaise, rallying on the instant, have become black Demons that know how to die. Nor is Brest behindhand; nor Alsatian Westermann; Demoiselle Théroigne is Sibyl Théroigne: Vengeance, *Victoire ou la mort!* From all Patriot artillery, great and small; from Feuillants Terrace, and all terraces and places of the wide-spread Insurrectionary sea, there roars responsive a red blazing whirlwind. Blue Nationals, ranked in the Garden, cannot help their muskets going off, *against* Foreign murderers. For there is a sympathy in muskets, in heaped masses of men: nay, are not Mankind, in whole, like tuned strings, and a cunning infinite concordance and unity; you smite one string, and all strings will begin sounding,—in soft sphere-melody, in deafening screech of madness! Mounted Gendarmerie gallop distracted; are fired on merely as a thing running; galloping over the Pont Royal, or one knows not whither. The brain of Paris, brain-fevered in the centre of it here, has gone mad; what you call, taken fire.

Behold, the fire slackens not; nor does the Swiss rolling-fire slacken from within. Nay they clutched cannon, as we saw; and now, from the other side, they clutch three pieces more; alas, cannon without linstock; nor will the steel-and-flint answer, though they try it. Had it chanced to answer! Patriot onlookers have their misgivings; one strangest Patriot onlooker thinks that the Swiss, had they a commander, would beat. He is a man not unqualified to judge; the name of him Napoleon Buonaparte. And onlookers, and women, stand gazing, and the witty Dr. Moore of Glasgow among them, on the other side of the river: cannon rush rumbling past them; pause on the Pont Royal; belch out their iron entrails there, against the Tuileries; and at every new belch, the women and onlookers “shout and clap hands.” City of all the Devils! In remote streets, men are drinking breakfast-coffee; following their affairs; with a start now and then, as some dull echo reverberates a note louder. And here? Marseillaise fall wounded; but Barbaroux has surgeons; Barbaroux is close by, managing, though underhand, and under cover. Marseillaise fall death-struck; bequeath their firelock, specify in which pocket are the cartridges; and die murmuring, “Revenge me, Revenge thy country!” Brest Fédéré Officers, galloping in red coats, are shot as Swiss. Lo you, the Carrousel has burst into flame!—Paris Pandemonium! Nay the poor City, as we said, is in fever-fit and convulsion: such crisis has lasted for the space of some half hour.

But what is this that, with Legislative Insignia, ventures through the hubbub and death-hail, from the back entrance of the Manège? Towards the

Tuileries and Swiss: written Order from his Majesty to cease firing! O ye hapless Swiss, why was there no order not to begin it? Gladly towards help; the sight of them, like a torch of the Furies, kindling Madness. Patriot Paris roars; as the bear bereaved of her whelps. On, ye



"YE, SWISS, THEREFORE: 'FIRE!'" (Drawn by J. Nash.)

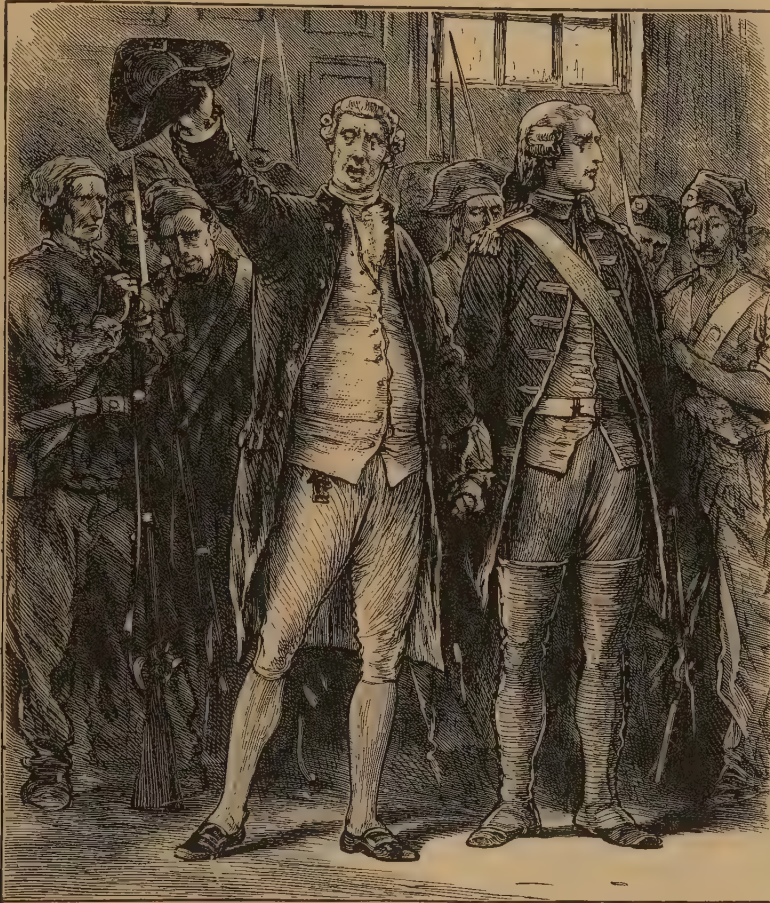
would the Swiss cease firing: but who will bid mad Insurrection cease firing? To Insurrection you cannot speak; neither can it, hydraheaded, hear. The dead and dying, by the hundred, lie all around; are borne bleeding through the streets,

Patriots: Vengeance! Victory or death! There are men seen, who rush on, armed only with walking-sticks. Terror and Fury rule the hour.

The Swiss, pressed on from without, paralysed from within, have ceased to shoot; but not to be

shot. What shall they do? Desperate is the moment. Shelter or instant death: yet How, Where? One party flies out by the Rue de l'Echelle; is destroyed utterly, '*en entier*.' A second, by the other side, throws itself into the Garden; 'hurrying across a keen fusillade;' rushes suppliant into the National Assembly; finds pity and refuge in the back benches there. The third,

find that mercy too does still dwell in the heart of man. The brave Marseillaise are merciful, late so wroth; and labour to save. Journalist Gorsas pleads hard with infuriated groups. Clemence, the Wine-merchant, stumbles forward to the Bar of the Assembly, a rescued Swiss in his hand; tells passionately how he rescued him with pain and peril, how he will henceforth support him, being



"CLEMENCE . . . TELLS PASSIONATELY HOW HE RESCUED HIM." (Drawn by J. Nash.)

and largest, darts out in column, three hundred strong, towards the Champs Elysées: Ah, could we but reach Courbevoye, where other Swiss are! Wo! see, in such fusillade the column 'soon breaks itself by diversity of opinion,' into distracted segments, this way and that;—to escape in holes, to die fighting from street to street. The firing and murdering will not cease; not yet for long. The red Porters of Hôtels are shot at, be they *Suisse* by nature, or *Suisse* only in name. The very Firemen, who pump and labour on that smoking Carrousel, are shot at: why should the Carrousel not burn? Some Swiss take refuge in private houses;

childless himself; and falls a-swoon round the poor Swiss's neck: amid plaudits. But the most are butchered, and even mangled. Fifty (some say Fourscore) were marched as prisoners, by National Guards, to the Hôtel-de-Ville: the ferocious people bursts through on them, in the Place-de-Grève; massacres them to the last man. '*O peuple, envy of the universe!*' *Peuple*, in mad Gaelic effervescence!

Surely few things in the history of carnage are painfuller. What ineffaceable red streak, flickering so sad in the memory, is that, of this poor column of red Swiss 'breaking itself in the confusion

of opinions;’ dispersing, into blackness and death! Honour to you, brave men; honourable pity, through long times! Not martyrs were ye; and yet almost more. He was no King of yours, this Louis; and he forsook you like a King of shreds and patches: ye were but sold to him for some poor sixpence a-day; yet would ye work for your wages, keep your plighted word. The work now was to die; and ye did it. Honour to you, O Kinsmen; and may the old Deutsch *Biederkeit* and *Tapferkeit*, and Valour which is *Worth* and

Truth, be they Swiss, be they Saxon, fail in no age! Not bastards; true-born were these men: sons of the men of Sempach, of Murten, who knelt, but not to thee, O Burgundy!—Let the traveller, as he passes through Lucerne, turn aside to look a little at their monumental Lion; not for Thorwaldsen’s sake alone. Hewn out of living rock, the Figure rests there, by the still Lake-waters, in lullaby of distant-tinkling *rance-des-vaches*, the granite mountains dumbly keeping watch all round; and, though inanimate, speaks.

A LAST LOOK.

[By GEORGE R. SIMS.]

I HEARD him, Joe, I heard him—
I heard the doctor say
My sight was growing weaker,
And failing day by day.
“She’s going blind,” he whispered;
Yes, darling, it is true;
These eyes will soon have taken
Their last long look at you.

The room is dull and misty,
And as I try to gaze
There seems to fall between us
A thick and cruel haze.
I’m going blind, my darling;
Ah! soon the day must be
When these poor eyes will open,
And vainly try to see.

Oh, take my hand, my husband,
To lead me to the light,
And let your dear face linger
The last thing in my sight—
That so I may remember,
When darkness covers all,
’Twas there I last saw, softly,
God’s blessed sunshine fall.

Cheer up, my dear old sweetheart,
And brush away your tears,
The look I see to-day, love,
Will linger through the years.
For when the veil has fallen,
To hide you evermore,
I want your smile to light me
Along the gloomy shore.

I yet can see you, darling—
Some light there lingers still;
The sun is setting slowly
Behind the distant hill;

Odd fancies crowd about me,
Now God has let me know
My eyes must close for ever
On all things here below.

Though twenty years have vanished,
It seems but yestere’en
Since first you wooed and won me
Among the meadows green;
Here from our cottage window
I once could see the spot
Where grew the yellow cowslip
And blue forget-me-not.

But now a strange mist hovers,
And though I strain my eyes,
Beyond my yearning glances
The dear old meadow lies.
I want to see it, darling,
The meadow by the stream,
Where first your loving whisper
Fulfilled my girlhood’s dream.

So take my hand and guide me,
And lead me to the air,—
I want to see the world, love,
That God has made so fair.
I want to see the sunset,
And look upon the sky,
And bid the sweet, green country
A loving, last good-bye!

How swift the sun is setting!
It’s almost twilight now;
I hear, but cannot see, dear,
The birds upon the bough.
Is this our little garden?
I cannot pierce the gloom,
But I can smell the roses—
They’re coming into bloom.

Stoop down and pluck a rosebud—
 You know my fav'rite tree ;
 My husband's hand will give me
 The last one I shall see.
 Ah, Joe, do you remember
 The dear old happy days—
 Our love among the roses
 In summer's golden blaze ?

I take the rose you give me
 Its petals damp with dew ;
 I scent its fragrant odour,
 But scarce can see its hue.
 In memory of to-night, Joe,
 When dead I'll keep it still ;
 The rose may fade and wither—
 Our love, dear, never will.

Quick ! quick ! my footsteps falter ;
 Oh, take me in again,
 I cannot bear the air, Joe,
 My poor eyes feel the strain.
 Home, home, and bring my children,
 And place them at my knee,
 And let me look upon them
 While yet I've time to see.

Then take them gently from me,
 And let us be alone :
 My last fond look, dear husband,
 Must be for you alone.
 You've been my dear old sweetheart
 Since we were lass and lad :
 I've laughed when you were merry,
 And wept when you were sad.

I want to see you wearing
 Your old sweet smile to-night.
 I want to take it with me
 To make my darkness light.
 God bless you, Joe, for trying—
 Yes, that's the dear old look !
 I'll think of that sweet story
 When God has closed the book.

Joe, fetch me down the picture
 That hangs beside our bed.
 Ah, love, do you remember
 The day that he lay dead !
 Our first-born bonny baby—
 And how we sat and cried,
 And thought our hearts were broken
 When our sweet darling died ?

I'd like to see the picture
 Once more, dear, while I may,
 Though in my heart it lingers
 As though 'twere yesterday.
 Ah ! many bairns came after,
 But none were like to him.
 Come closer to me, darling,
 The light is growing dim.

Come closer—so ; and hold me,
 And press your face to mine.
 I'm in a land of shadows,
 Where ne'er a light can shine.
 But with your arm around me,
 What danger need I fear ?
 I'll never need my eyes, Joe,
 While your strong arm is near.

* * * * *

Now, be a brave old darling,
 And promise not to fret ;
 I saw your face the last, dear,
 And now I've no regret.
 I saw your face the last, dear—
 God's hand has dealt the blow ;
My sight went out at sunset
A short half-hour ago.

Now you must be my eyesight,
 Through all the sunless land,
 And down life's hill we'll wander,
 Like lovers, hand in hand.
 Till God shall lift the curtain
 Beyond these realms of pain ;
 And there, where blind eyes open,
 I'll see your face again.

ONLY A PENCIL SCRIBBLE.

[From "Patty." By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.]

WHAT had Paul been saying to Patty Westropp ?
 Very little indeed. At the angle of the lane where Mr. Beaufort left them the girl hurried on, and before Paul could overtake her she ran away through a little white gate that seemed to lead

nowhere, it was so blocked with lofty scarlet bean vines. However, these bespoke the unseen presence of a cottage ; and moving on a few steps, Paul came in view of the low whitewashed dwelling, with its cabbage garden.

The garden showed signs of thrifty cultivation. The cabbage-stumps were left to sprout, and rows

of vegetables and pots of herbs were so close together that there was little space for flowers. A porch was outside the door; within it on each side a crazy-looking bench. The whole erection was so weather-stained and worm-eaten that the over-wreathing honeysuckle seemed rather to support it in its embrace than to be clinging to the porch itself.

Paul had just turned a fresh page of his book to sketch the porch, when Patty appeared at the

never had a painted portrait done of her, nothing but a brown photograph."

She stood as he had told her, looking at the honeysuckle, her cheeks matching its loveliness; she could not see that Paul had only used his pencil, and that he was actually closing his sketch-book.

"I have finished, thank you," said Mr. Whitmore, gently.

"Finished!" Patty bit her lips hard to keep the



"PAUL WAS WATCHING HER FACE."

open door behind it, blushing under her white sun-bonnet.

She made such a picture there among the pink and white flowers that the artist in Paul got the better of the mere human being. "Will you stand there a minute, please? Yes, like that; thank you."

He had put in as much as he wanted of her in five minutes, and then threw his head first over one shoulder, then over the other, to look at his handiwork; Patty stood still, blushing and smiling, far happier than she would have been at the finest compliment in mere words from the stranger gentleman.

Her portrait painted by a real London artist!—for she felt sure he came from London.

"I wonder what Miss Coppock will say? She

tears out of her eyes. "Finished!" She knew nothing about sketching, but she felt sure that no one could make a proper painted portrait of her in that minute—a painted portrait like Miss Nuna's up at the Rectory when she was a little girl, or those grander ones at the Park, which Patty had seen long ago, when as a child she had been taken up to the housekeeper's room to be shown to the grand lady who kept Lord Storton's keys. The little puss had been expecting that a full-length picture would grow by magic out from Paul's fingers, and she felt as if she had fallen into a trap.

Seeing that she made no movement towards him, Paul jumped over the low fence, and crossed the bit of garden between it and the porch.

Something in her face struck him; she looked disappointed, he thought.

"Would you like to see the sketch, Patty?—Patty's your name, is it not?"

"Yes, sir;" and again the words dropped out like round sugar-plums. Paul felt provoked at her apparent stolidity.

Patty's eyes fastened eagerly on the page he held to her; her breath came short, and her colour deepened to crimson as she looked.

Why, this was worse than she expected. Painting! it was just a sort of pencil scribble that any one could have done as well. Miss Nuna had drawn Bobby Fagg ten times better. It was all porch and flowers, with a few scratches behind that might be meant for any one.

Paul was watching her face, and he could not mistake the vexation there.

"What's the matter?" he said, smiling. "Isn't it like?"

But Patty was resolved not to tell; she nearly choked in the effort to keep back her tears, but she kept them back.

"I was thinking how pleased father would be to see it, sir. He was going to take the old wood down to light fires with, but I asked him to leave it for the suckle to rest on.

"Take it down! why, the cottage would be hideous without it—it's the making of the place."

"Yes, sir."

But the enchantment was broken for Paul. Patty no longer sent up those sweet shy glances through her black eyelashes; she seemed really afraid of him now.

"Do you always live here?" he asked. He was trying to make an excuse for seeing her again, and he wanted another glance from those exquisite blue eyes.

"I do now, sir; I keep house for father."

"And your father goes out to work, I suppose."

Patty looked up quickly, and Paul's eyes soothed her wounded vanity. It was plain he thought her beautiful, though he had not painted her.

"Yes, sir; father gardens and does for the cows and horses at the Rectory."

"I see; and do you go the Rectory, or what do you do?"

"I stay within and mind the house," said Patty, demurely.

She was still framed in by the porch, her dimpled pink fingers playing with the strings of her sun-bonnet, and Paul stood close to her, looking at her. He did not want her to talk now; every instant he was growing more dangerously infatuated with the strange power her beauty had on him—and Patty liked to be looked at.

Then came a sound of lowing from the back of the cottage, and she started.

It was long past milking-time, she knew that, and Peggy the cow would be cross, and maybe knock both her and the milk-pail over; but Peggy

must wait, Patty was not going to demean herself by milking before this gentleman: he would think her no better than a common farm servant.

Again came the same lowing sound, and fear of Peggy's temper conquered Patty's love of being admired.

"I must go, sir, please."

Paul roused himself; he had forgotten time and everything else.

"I should like to paint you really; if I come this way to-morrow, I shall find you here shall I?" he said so winningly, that Patty forgave the pencil-scribble at once.

"Yes, sir," and this time she looked at him and smiled while she spoke, looked as if she really wanted to see him again. The smile drove him almost distracted.

"Good-bye," he said, reluctantly. "Won't you shake hands, Patty?" He held out his slender brown hand.

Patty blushed with triumph. She put her rosy plump fingers into his, and looked up in his face once more.

This time her eyes did not droop again directly; they took a proud admiring glance at him.

Just then Peggy lowed angrily, and Patty drew her hand from the warm clasp.

Paul turned hastily away, and did not look back till he reached the little gate.

There he drew a deep breath.

"What am I about?" he thought. "I'm a fool; I laughed at Pritchard when he said he had better come down and take care of me among the country girls. Nonsense, I'll go and find the inn."

Mr. Fagg was still nursing his newspaper, but his wife soon caught the sound of an arrival.

She came to the open door and curtsied to Mr. Whitmore.

Paul took a liking to her at once, but Mrs. Fagg's neat instincts shrank from the sight of his baggage.

"I want some dinner and a bedroom," he said. "The rest of my luggage is at the station; I suppose you have some one you can send out for it?"

The landlady was pleased with his gentle manner, but this request was unusual and irregular.

"There's a fly at the station, sir, and strange gentlefolks always takes it and brings their traps along. I'm sure I don't know who it is, then, I can send," she went on sharply; "Mr. Fagg's asleep, and tired besides, and folks is most all out harvesting. Roger now, if he'd been at home, he'd go for you."

"Who's Roger?" A dim remembrance of the name made Paul inquisitive.

"He's the Rector's man, sir; but after hours, no matter how hard he's been working, Roger 'ud

walk his legs off to earn a shilling. But come in, sir, please; I oughtn't to keep you standing. This way, sir."

She led the way into a small room behind her own parlour, a room like that of any other village inn, except, perhaps, that the muslin curtains looked fresher, the horsehair sofa brighter, and that instead of the usual tawdry paper flowers in the grate, it was entirely hidden by glistening white deal shavings, from the centre of which rose a plume of shield fern, with a spike or two of late foxglove here and there.

Only an artist knows how irritation of any kind is allayed by an object of beauty, no matter what. Paul had not felt peaceful or contented when he reached the "Bladebone," and now something, perhaps the exquisite grace of the foxgloves, soothed him at once. He walked on to the window at the end of the room, and looked into the garden, and he breathed freely with a sense of keen enjoyment.

A London gardener—the possessor of any conventional garden with close-shaven lawn, rolled gravel-walks, and box-edged flower borders—would, I suppose, have shuddered at the irregular mingling of flowers and fruit, and herbs and cabbages, displayed in the garden of the "Bladebone." It was not very wide; the wall that fenced it in on one side was gemmed with ruby morellas, some of them so purple that they looked ready to drop into the mouth of any one who might go near enough. It was difficult to guess how far the garden reached: golden brown wreaths of pears and red and russet-cheeked apples so overshadowed it that the eye was baffled as to its extent; and the gay plots of cloves and marigolds and snowy rocket was backed by dwarf hedges, in which large lusty apples lay basking as if the sunshine were made specially to burnish their jolly brown faces; lavender bushes, like middle-aged women with scanty hair all sticking up on end, were frequent; and so were courtly holyhocks, suggestive of powder and propriety, and others with stocks, quaint old-fashioned darlings, which we can never improve on, though we may add to their number.

Just below the window grew a hugh patch of mignonette, and Paul leaned out to enjoy the fragrance.

"Will you like to see the bedroom, sir?" said Mrs. Fagg; and when she had shown him into it she left him, promising him his dinner in a quarter of an hour.

The bedroom was so exquisitely clean and fresh, with its snowy dimity and neat furnishings, that when Paul had washed away the dust and heat of his journey he felt quite at home.

"I believe I'll stay here," he said, as he went down-stairs again; "this Bright may be a disagreeable, ignorant fellow, for anything I know. I would not have accepted the introduction, only I

thought he lived in the village, and I could see what he was like without going expressly to see him. I hate forcing myself on any one's hospitality; and this place seems full of charming bits, and Gray's Farm may be ugly. And then there's that sweet Patty." He paused a few minutes. "I want my dinner, I expect," he said lightly, "or such absurd fancies would not come into my head. What harm can there be either to the girl or me if I study that lovely face of hers for a few days? Quite a bit of study, and a very rare bit too in point of colour; she would soon make her fortune as a model."

He went to his sitting-room window and looked out. Mr. Fagg was coming across the garden. He was a short stout man, and walked with his legs wide apart; his head was narrow at top, with a massive jowl and throat, so that Mr. Fagg bore in some respects a likeness to the letter A, especially when he walked. His neighbours said he was like a flat-fish, but that was probably because of his small dull eyes, and wide thin-lipped mouth. He looked up at the window and touched his hat.

"Good afternoon, sir." Mr. Fagg's voice still sounded sleepy. "Do you know these parts, sir?"

"No, I'm a stranger here."

It seemed to Paul, as Mr. Fagg's small inexpressive eyes fixed themselves on his face, that this clodhopper was inquisitive, and he was determined to give him as little satisfaction as possible.

"Do you know whether any one can fetch my portmanteau from the station?" he said.

"If to-morrow 'ud do, sir, I'd go myself."

Fagg had a slow, ponderous utterance; his mind had become overgrown by matter, and so had a weary journey before it could find an outlet.

"To-morrow won't do. You don't mean to tell me there is not a single industrious fellow in the village besides this Roger your wife talks about."

"Well, sir, you see, Roger—well," Fagg stopped to scratch his head, "he's a wonner, he is. Now, sir, that chap passes for being poor, and it's my belief that he hoards and saves every farthing instead of keeping things about him comfortable, and letting that pretty lass of his see a little life."

Paul's reserve melted on the instant.

"He has a family, then?" He had no intention of owning his acquaintance with Patty.

"Well, sir, hardly what you'll call a family. His wife died years ago, and left him with this one girl, and he's brought her up hisself; and I must say," Fagg looked behind him cautiously, and then lowered his voice, "and I'm sure if you come across Patty you'll bear me out in saying she's as pretty a face as ever you looked on."

"Dinner, if you please, sir." Mrs. Fagg's voice sounded very sharp at Paul's elbow, and then she placed a chair for him at the table, and took her place behind it.

STORM AND RAIN.

[By MAX ADELER.]

IT is difficult to imagine anything more dismal than a rainy day at New Castle, particularly at this late period in the year. The river especially is robbed of much of its attractiveness. The falling drops obscure the view, so that the other shore is not visible through the grey curtain of mist, and the few vessels that can be seen out in the channel struggling upward with the tide or beating slowly downward to the bay look so drenched and cold and utterly forlorn that one shivers as he watches them, with their black sails and their dripping cordage, and sees the moist sailors in tarpaulins and sea-boots hurrying over the slippery decks. The grain schooner lying at the wharf has all her hatches down, and there is about her no other sign of life than one soaked vagabond, who sits upon the bowsprit angling in a most melancholy fashion for fish which will not bite. He may be seeking for his supper, poor, damp mortal! or he may be an infatuated being who deceives himself with the notion that he is having sport. There is a peculiar feeling of comfort on such a day to stand in a room where a bright fire blazes in the grate, and from the window to watch this solitary fisherman as the fitful gusts now and then blow the rain down upon his head in sheets, and to observe the few people who remain upon the streets hurrying by under their umbrellas, each anxious to reach a place of shelter. The water pours in yellow torrents through the gutter-ways, the carriages which go swiftly past have their leathern aprons drawn high up in front of the drivers, the stripped branches of the trees are black with moisture, and from each twig the drops trickle to the earth; the waterspout upon the side of the house continues its monotonous song all day long—drip, drip, drip—until the very sound contributes to the gloominess of the time; there is desolation in the yard and in the garden, where a few yellow corn-stalks and headless trunks of cabbage remain from the summer's harvests to face the wintry storms, and where the chickens gathered under the wood-shed are standing with ruffled feathers, hungry, damp, and miserable, some on one leg and some on two, and with an expression on their faces that tells plainly the story of their dejection at the poor prospect of having any dinner.

It is a good time, Mrs. Adler, to offer a few remarks upon that subject of perennial interest, the weather, and especially to refer to some facts in reference to that useful but uncertain implement, the umbrella. I do not know why it is so, but by common agreement the umbrella has been permitted

to assume a comic aspect. No man, particularly no journalist, can be considered as having wholly discharged his duty to his fellow-creatures unless he has permitted himself to make some jocular remarks concerning the exception of umbrellas from the laws which govern other kinds of property. The amount of facetiousness that has attended the presentation of that theory is already incalculably great, and there is no reason for believing that it will not be increased to an infinite extent throughout the coming ages. It is perhaps a feeble idea upon which to erect so vast a structure; but if it makes even a dismal sort of merriment, we should not complain. And then reflect with what humorous effect the comic artists introduce the excessive and corpulent umbrella to their pictures of nervous or emphatic old ladies, and how much more convulsive the laughter becomes at the theatre when the low-comedy man carries with him an umbrella of that unwieldy description! It is universally admitted that an umbrella with distended sides is funny; and if general consent is given to such a proposition, the consequences are quite as satisfactory as if the article in question were really plethoric with humour.

There are occasions when the simple elevation of an umbrella is grotesquely absurd, as when a group of British guardsmen sheltered themselves in this fashion from the rain during a certain battle, to the infinite disgust of Wellington, who ordered the tender warriors to put their umbrellas down lest the service should be made ridiculous. It was a Frenchman—Emile Girardin, I think—who brought an umbrella with him to the duelling-ground, and insisted upon holding it over his head during the combat. "I do not mind being killed," he said, "but I object decidedly to getting wet." They gave him much credit for admirable coolness; but I cherish a private opinion that he was scared, and hoped, by making the affair ridiculous, to bring it to a conclusion without burning powder; and he succeeded, for the combatants shook hands and went away friends.

And there was the case of Colonel Coombs—Coombs of Colorado. He had heard that the most ferocious wild beast could be frightened and put to flight if an umbrella should suddenly be opened in its face, and he determined to test the matter at the earliest opportunity. One day, while walking in the woods, Coombs perceived a panther crouching, preparatory to making a spring at him. Coombs held his umbrella firmly in his hand, and presenting it at the panther, unfurled it. The result was not wholly satisfactory, for the next moment

the animal leaped upon the umbrella, flattened it out, and began to lunch upon Coombs. Not only did the beast eat that anxious inquirer after truth, but it swallowed the hooked handle of the umbrella, which was held tightly in Coombs's grasp, and for two or three weeks it wandered about with its nose buried among the ribs of the umbrella. It was very handy when there was rain, but it obstructed the animal's vision, and consequently it walked into town and was killed.

In some countries the umbrella is the symbol of dignity and power. One of the magnates of Siam is proud to begin his list of titles with "Lord of Thirty-seven Umbrellas." Conceive, if you can, the envy and hatred with which that bloated aristocrat must be regarded by a man who is lord of only fifteen umbrellas! Among certain African tribes the grandeur of the individual increases with the size, and not with the number, of the umbrellas. Did I ever tell you the story of the African chieftain who determined to surpass all his rivals in this respect?

He had made up his mind to procure the largest umbrella in the world, and he induced a trader to send his order to London for the article. Its ribs were forty feet in length, and its handle was like a telegraph pole. When it was distended, the effect was sublime. The machine resembled a green gingham circus-tent, and it was crowned with a ferule as large as a barrel. When the umbrella arrived, there was great rejoicing in the domestic circle of that dusky sovereign, and so impatient was the owner to test its qualities that he fairly yearned for the arrival of a rainy day. At last, one morning he awoke to find that his opportunity had come; the rain was pouring in torrents. Exultingly he called forth his vassals, and the work of opening the umbrella began in the presence of an awe-stricken multitude. Two entire days were consumed by the effort to elevate the monster, and at the end of the second day, as the task was done, the storm ceased and there was a general clearing up. The disappointed chieftain waited a day or two in vain for another shower, and finally, sick at heart, he commanded the umbrella to be closed. The work occupied precisely forty-eight hours, and just as the catch snapped upon the handle a thunder-gust came up, and it rained furiously all day. The frenzied monarch then consulted with his medicine man, and was assured that there would certainly be rain on the following Wednesday. The king therefore ordered the gingham giant up again. While the swarthy myrmidons were struggling with it there were at least sixty or seventy violent showers, but just as it was fairly open the clouds drifted away, and the sun came out with terrific force. And it remained out. There was not a drop of rain or so much as a fragment of cloud in the sky for two hundred and seventy-three days, the

umbrella remained open during all the time, while the potentate who owned it went dancing about daily in an ecstasy of rage. At the end of the period he sought the medicine man and slew him upon the spot. Then he ordered the umbrella down. The very next morning after it was closed the rain began, and it has been raining ever since.

Mrs. Adeler, that unfortunate savage thus became intimately familiar with one of the most striking of meteorological phenomena.

The influence of the umbrella upon the weather is a subject that has engaged the attention of millions of mankind. The precise laws by which that influence is exerted and governed have not yet been defined, but the fact of the existence of the influence is universally recognised. If there seems to be a promise of rain in the morning when I leave home, and I carry my umbrella with me, the sky clears before noon; but if I neglect to take my umbrella, I will certainly be drenched. If I carry an umbrella forty days, in order to be prepared in case of sudden showers, there will be perfect dryness during that period; but if I forget the umbrella on the forty-first day, the flood-gates of heaven will assuredly be opened. Sometimes the conduct of the elements is peculiarly aggravating. When I have been caught in town by a rain-storm and I had no umbrella, I have sometimes darted through the shower to a store to purchase one, but always just as the man has given me the change the rain has stopped. And when I have kept one umbrella at the house and another at the office, in order to be prepared at both ends of the line, all the storms have begun and expended their fury while I was passing between the two points.

This experience is not peculiar—it is that of every man who uses an umbrella. I am persuaded, Mrs. Adeler, that the time will come when science, having detected the character of the mysterious sympathy existing between umbrellas and the weather, will be able to give to a suffering world sunshine or rain as we want it. Whether we shall then be any better off is another matter.

And while we are discussing the weather, let me not forget to allude to the most remarkable of Judge Pitman's peculiarities. He is the only man in the world of whom I know anything who is always satisfied with the weather. No matter what the condition of the atmosphere, he is contented and happy, and willing to affirm that the state of things at any given moment is the very best that could have been devised.

In summer, when the mercury bolted up among the nineties, the judge would come to the front door with beads of perspiration standing out all over his red face, and would look at the sky and say, "Splendid! perfectly splendid! Noble weather for the poor and for the ice companies and the washerwomen! I never saw sich magnificent

weather for dryin' clothes. They don't shake up any such climate as this in Italy. Gimme my umbreller, Harriet, while I sit out yer on the steps and enjoy it."

In winter, when the mercury would creep down fifteen degrees below zero, and the cold was nearly severe enough to freeze the inside of Vesuvius solid to the centre of the globe, Pitman would sit out on my fence and exclaim, "By gracious, Adeler! did you ever see sich weather as this? I like an atmosphere that freezes up yer very marrer. It helps the coal trade an' gives us good skeetin'.

as if life was bright and beautiful, an' sorer of no account."

On a showery day, when the sun shone brightly at one moment and at the next the rain poured in torrents, the judge has been known to stand at the window and exclaim, "Harriet, if you'd 'ave asked me how I liked the weather, I'd 'ave said, just as it is now. What I want is weather that is streaked like a piece of fat an' lean bacon—a little shine an' a little rain. Mix 'em up an' give us plenty of both, an' I'm yer man."

The judge is always happy in a thunder-storm,



"GIMME ME COLD, AND GIVE IT TO ME STIFF." (Drawn by W. Ralston.)

Don't talk of summer-time to me. Gimme cold, and give it to me stiff."

When there was a drought, Pitman used to meet me in the street and remark, "No rain yet, I see! Magnificent, isn't it? I want my weather dry, I want it with the dampness left out. Moisture breeds fevers and ague, an' ruins yer boots. If there's anything I despise, it's to carry an umbreller. No rain for me, if you please."

When it rained for a week and flooded the country, the judge often dropped in to see me and to observe, "I dunno how you feel about this yer rain, Adeler, but it allers seems to me that the heavens never drop no blessin's but when we have a long wet spell. It makes the corn jump an' cleans the sewers an' keeps the springs from gittin' too dry. I wouldn't give a cent to live in a climate where there was no rain. Put me on the Nile, an' I'd die in a week. Soak me through an' through to the inside of my bones, and I feel

and one day, after the lightning had knocked down two of his best apple-trees and splintered them into fragments, and the wind had torn his chimney to pieces, I went over to see him. He was standing by the prostrate trees, and he at once remarked, "Did you ever know of a man havin' sich luck as this? I was goin' to chop down them two trees to-morrer, an' as that chimney never draw'd well, I had concluded to have it rebuilt. An' that gorgeous old storm has fixed things just the way I want 'em. Put me in a thunder-storm an' let the lightnin' play around me, an' I'm at home. I'd rather have one storm that'd tear the inside out of the American continent than a dozen of yer little dribblin' waterin'-pot showers. If I can't have a rippin' and roarin' storm, I don't want none."

They say here in the village, but I do not believe it, that one day the judge was upon his roof fixing a shingle, when a tornado struck him, lifted him


off, carried him a quarter of a mile, and dashed him with such terrible force against a fence that his leg was broken. As they carried him home, he opened his eyes languidly and said, "Immortal Moses! what a storm that was! When it does

blow, it suits me if it blows hard. I'd give both legs if we could have a squall like that every day. I—I——" Then he fainted.

If contentment is happiness, then the life of Pitman is one uninterrupted condition of bliss.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

[By ROBERT SOUTHEY.]

 WELL there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm-tree stand beside,
And behind doth an ash-tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the well of St. Keyne,
Joyfully he drew nigh,
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the house hard by
At the well to fill his pail;
On the well-side he rested it,
And he bade the stranger hail.

"Now, art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth he,
"For an' if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Or hast thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been?"

For an' if she have, I'll venture my life
She has drank of the well of St. Keyne."

"I have left a good woman who never was here,"
The stranger he made reply,
"But that my draught should be the better for that,
I pray you answer me why?"

"St. Keyne," quoth the Cornishman, "many a time
Drank of this crystal well,
And before the angels summoned her,
She laid on the water a spell.

"If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life


"But if the wife should drink of it first,
God help the husband then!"
The stranger stoop'd to the well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

"You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes?"
He to the Cornishman said:
But the Cornishman smiled as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

"I hastened as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch;
But i' faith, she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church."

THE LADY OF GOLLERUS.

[By T. CROFTON CROKER.]

N the shore of Smerwick harbour, one fine summer's morning, just at day-break, stood Dick Fitzgerald "shoghling the dudeen," which may be translated, smoking his pipe. The sun was gradually rising behind the lofty Brandon, the dark sea was getting green in the light, and the mists, clearing away out of the valleys, went rolling and curling like the smoke from the corner of Dick's mouth.

"'Tis just the pattern of a pretty morning," said

Dick, taking the pipe from between his lips, and looking towards the distant ocean, which lay as still and tranquil as a tomb of polished marble. "Well, to be sure," continued he after a pause, "'tis mighty lonesome to be talking to one's self by way of company, and not to have another soul to answer one—nothing but the child of one's own voice, the echo! I know this, that if I had the luck, or maybe the misfortune," said he, with a melancholy smile, "to have the woman, it would not be this way with me!—and what in the wide world is a man

without a wife? He's no more surely than a bottle without a drop of drink in it, or dancing without music, or the left leg of a scissors, or a fishing-line without a hook, or any other matter that is no ways complete.—Is it not so?" said Dick Fitzgerald, casting his eyes towards a rock upon the strand, which, though it could not speak, stood up as firm and looked as bold as ever Kerry witness did.

But what was his astonishment at beholding, just at the foot of that rock, a beautiful young creature combing her hair, which was of a sea-green colour; and now, the salt water shining upon it, appeared, in the morning light, like melted butter upon cabbage.

Dick guessed at once that she was a Merrow, although he had never seen one before, for he spied the *cohuleen driuth*, or little enchanted cap, which the sea people use for diving down into the ocean, lying upon the strand, near her; and he had heard, that if he could possess himself of the cap, she would lose the power of going away into the water: so he seized it with all speed, and she, hearing the noise, turned her head about as natural as any Christian.

When the Merrow saw that her little diving-cap was gone, the salt tears—doubly salt, no doubt, from her—came trickling down her cheeks, and she began a low mournful cry with just the tender voice of a new-born infant. Dick, although he knew well enough what she was crying for, determined to keep the *cohuleen driuth*, let her cry never so much, to see what luck would come out of it. Yet he could not help pitying her; and when the dumb thing looked up in his face, and her cheeks all moist with tears, 'twas enough to make any one feel, let alone Dick, who had ever and always, like most of his countrymen, a mighty tender heart of his own.

"Don't cry, my darling," said Dick Fitzgerald; but the Merrow, like any bold child, only cried the more for that.

Dick sat himself down by her side, and took hold of her hand by way of comforting her. 'Twas in no particular an ugly hand, only there was a small web between the fingers as there is in a duck's foot; but 'twas as thin and as white as the skin between egg and shell.

"What's your name, my darling?" says Dick, thinking to make her conversant with him; but he got no answer; and he was certain sure now, either that she could not speak, or did not understand him: he therefore squeezed her hand in his as the only way he had of talking to her. It's the universal language; and there's not a woman in the world, be she fish or lady, that does not understand it.

The Merrow did not seem much displeased at this mode of conversation; and, making an end of

her whining all at once—"Man," says she, looking up into Dick Fitzgerald's face, "man, will you eat me?"

"By all the red petticoats and check aprons between Dingle and Tralee," cried Dick, jumping up in amazement, "I'd as soon eat myself, my jewel! Is it I eat you, my pet?—Now, 'twas some ugly ill-looking thief of a fish put that notion into your own pretty head, with the nice green hair down upon it, that is so cleanly combed out this morning!"

"Man," said the Merrow, "what will you do with me if you won't eat me?"

Dick's thoughts were running on a wife: he saw, at the first glimpse, that she was handsome; but since she spoke, and spoke too like any real woman, he was fairly in love with her. 'Twas the neat way she called him man, that settled the matter entirely.

"Fish," says Dick, trying to speak to her after her own short fashion; "fish," says he, "here's my word, fresh and fasting, for you this blessed morning, that I'll make you Mistress Fitzgerald before all the world, and that's what I'll do."

"Never say the word twice," says she; "I'm ready and willing to be yours, Mister Fitzgerald; but stop, if you please, till I twist up my hair."

It was some time before she had settled it entirely to her liking; for she guessed, I suppose, that she was going among strangers, where she would be looked at. When that was done the Merrow put the comb in her pocket, and then bent down her head and whispered some words to the water that was close to the foot of the rock.

Dick saw the murmur of the words upon the top of the sea, going out towards the wide ocean, just like a breath of wind rippling along, and, says he, in the greatest wonder, "Is it speaking you are, my darling, to the salt water?"

"It's nothing else," says she, quite carelessly. "I'm just sending word home to my father, not to be waiting breakfast for me; just to keep him from being uneasy in his mind."

"And who's your father, my duck?" says Dick.

"What!" said the Merrow, "did you never hear of my father? he's the king of the waves, to be sure!"

"And yourself, then, is a real King's daughter?" said Dick, opening his two eyes to take a full and true survey of his wife that was to be. "Oh, I'm nothing else but a made man with you, and a king your father:—to be sure he has all the money that's down in the bottom of the sea!"

"Money," repeated the Merrow, "what's money?"

"'Tis no bad thing to have when one wants it," replied Dick; "and maybe now the fishes have the understanding to bring up whatever you bid them?"

"Oh yes," said the Merrow, "they bring me what I want."



"SHE KISSED IT GENTLY." (Drawn by W. Hatherell.)

"To speak the truth, then," said Dick, "'tis a straw bed I have at home before you, and that, I'm thinking, is noways fitting for a king's daughter; so if twould not be displeasing to you, just to mention a nice feather bed, with a pair of new blankets—but what am I talking about? maybe you have not such things as beds down under the water?"

"By all means," said she, "Mr. Fitzgerald—plenty of beds at your service. I've fourteen oyster beds of my own, not to mention one just planting for the rearing of young ones."

"You have," says Dick, scratching his head and looking a little puzzled. "'Tis a feather bed I was speaking of—but clearly, yours is the very cut of a decent plan, to have bed and supper so handy to

each other, that a person when they'd have the one need never ask for the other."

However, bed or no bed, money or no money, Dick Fitzgerald determined to marry the Merrow, and the Merrow had given her consent. Away they went, therefore, across the strand, from Gollerus to Ballinrunnig, where Father Fitzgibbon happened to be that morning.

"There are two words to this bargain, Dick Fitzgerald," said his reverence, looking mighty glum. "And is it a fishy woman you'd marry?—the Lord preserve us!—Send the scaly creature home to her own people, that's my advice to you, wherever she came from."

Dick had the *cokuleen driuth* in his hand, and was about to give it back to the Merrow, who looked covetously at it, but he thought for a moment, and then, says he—

"Please your reverence, she's a king's daughter."

"If she was the daughter of fifty kings," said Father Fitzgibbon, "I tell you, you can't marry her, she being a fish."

"Please your reverence," said Dick again, in an undertone, "she's as mild and beautiful as the moon."

"If she was as mild and as beautiful as the sun, moon, and the stars, all put together, I tell you, Dick Fitzgerald," said the priest, stamping his right foot, "you can't marry her, she being a fish!"

"But she has all the gold that's down in the sea only for the asking, and I'm a made man if I marry her: and," said Dick, looking up slyly, "I can make it worth any one's while to do the job."

"Oh! that alters the case entirely," replied the priest; "why, there's some reason now in what you say: why didn't you tell me this before?—marry her by all means, if she was ten times a fish. Money, you know, is not to be refused in these bad times, and I may as well have the hansom of it as another, that maybe would not take half the pains in counselling that I have done."

So Father Fitzgibbon married Dick Fitzgerald to the Merrow, and like any loving couple, they returned to Gollerus, well pleased with each other. Everything prospered with Dick—he was at the sunny side of the world; the Merrow made the best of wives, and they lived together in the greatest contentment.

It was wonderful to see, considering where she had been brought up, how she would busy herself about the house, and how well she nursed the children; for at the end of three years there were as many young Fitzgeralds—two boys and a girl.

In short, Dick was a happy man, and so he might have continued to the end of his days, if he had only the sense to take proper care of what he had got; many another man, however, beside Dick, has not had wit enough to do that.

One day when Dick was obliged to go to Tralee, he left the wife, minding the children at home after him, and thinking she had plenty to do without disturbing his fishing-tackle.

Dick was no sooner gone than Mrs. Fitzgerald set about cleaning up the house, and chancing to pull down a fishing-net, what should she find behind it in a hole in the wall, but her own *cokuleen driuth*.

She took it out and looked at it, and then she thought of her father the king, and her mother the queen, and her brothers and sisters, and she felt a longing to go back to them.

She sat down on a little stool, and thought over the happy days she had spent under the sea; then she looked at her children, and thought on the love and affection of poor Dick, and how it would break his heart to lose her. "But," says she, "he won't lose me entirely, for I'll come back to him again, and who can blame me for going to see my father and my mother after being so long away from them?"

She got up and went towards the door, but came back again to look once more at the child that was sleeping in the cradle. She kissed it gently, and as she kissed it, a tear trembled for an instant in her eye, and then fell on its rosy cheek. She wiped away the tear, and turning to the eldest little girl, told her to take good care of her brothers; and to be a good child herself until she came back. The Merrow then went down to the strand. The sea was lying calm and smooth, just heaving and glittering in the sun, and she thought she heard a faint sweet singing, inviting her to come down. All her old ideas and feelings came flooding over her mind. Dick and her children were at the instant forgotten, and placing the *cokuleen driuth* on her head, she plunged in.

Dick came home in the evening, and missing his wife, he asked Kathleen, his little girl, what had become of her mother, but she could not tell him. He then inquired of the neighbours, and he learned that she was seen going towards the strand with a strange-looking thing like a cocked hat in her hand. He returned to his cabin to search for the *cokuleen driuth*. It was gone, and the truth now flashed upon him.

Year after year did Dick Fitzgerald wait expecting the return of his wife, but he never saw her more. Dick never married again, always thinking that the Merrow would sooner or later return to him, and nothing could ever persuade him but that her father the king kept her below by main force; "for," said Dick, "she surely would not of herself give up her husband and her children."

While she was with him, she was so good a wife in every respect, that to this day she is spoken of in the tradition of the country as the pattern for one, under the name of THE LADY OF GOLLERUS.

AMONG STRANGERS.

[By the Author of "The Parson o' Dumfurd."]

TO my way of thinking, they're a yaller-lookin' lot, yer honour, anyhow, thim chaps hangin' about the wharf. It must be the sun, an' thim out in it all day. Dhries thim up like a stalk of whate; an', murther, it *is* hot!"

"Do you think we've got all the traps, Larry?"

"Ivery one of thim, sor, for I counted thim up twicet, an' they're all locked up in the landlord's store, an' here's the key. Bud he's a dirty-lookin' spalpeen, that same landlord, sor, an' I wouldn't stay in his place longer 'an I could help."

"I won't stay in the city any longer than I can help, Larry, for I'm about sick of this doing nothing but get over miles of water. Only let me get the business settled, and we'll soon be off and get to work."

The speakers were Larry Carey, a quaint looking Irishman, with screwed-up face that might have belonged to a man of any age between twenty-five and fifty; and Frank Adams, Englishman—a broad-shouldered Saxon fellow, six feet high, strong as a giant, and, in spite of the heat, dressed in velveteen jacket, cord breeches, and leather leggings, while his head was crowned by a natty brown wide-awake.

"Yeoman farmer," you said to yourself the moment you saw him; and directly after, "What does he do out of the shires, standing here in the hot sun, and looking over the waters of the wide Pacific?"

"Ye're right, masther dear; though it's an illigant place, an' ye might spind money here as aisy as pour out wather. Bud they're such a mixed-up lot. There's plinty of respectable gentlemen, bud as for some ov thim as stands about wid the inds of their throwis tucked into their boots, an' a bit of a billy-goat's beard at the ind of their chin—good mornin' to ye, be the same token, an' ye may have the whole of the side-walk to yerselves."

"Good and bad everywhere, Larry," said Adams, thoughtfully, for he was gazing across the beautiful bay at the bright blue waters, dotted with boats, and thinking it was wondrous fair.

"Thin, save us! there's thim yaller-looking Chinees, wid their pigtails, an' their squinny eyes put in crooked, an' looking for all the world as if they were descinded from the bastes ov the field. Why, yer honour, we had a breed ov pigs in our place at Ballyslanner, wid such a Christian kind ov countenances ov their own that they might have been first cousins by their mother's side, pigtails an' all. I'd get out ov the place, though,

masther dear, for the manners of some ov the natives isn't illigant at all."

"What makes you say that?" said Adams, turning round sharply.

"Oh, nothin' much, masther dear; only whin ye left us to go on to the lodgin'-place—the Chish-apake Hotel there—while you wint back to the staymer, two or three dirty-lookin' rapparees, wid great wide flappin' hats an' long hair, comes pushin' by me, an' wan ov thim sez something to the misthress, an' the others ups an' spakes to Miss Mary, an' they was that freckened that they shrank back to me, an' I thought there was goin' to be a bit of a wig-dustin', for I showed thim that same piece ov timber, an' I sez, sez I, 'that's headache wood,' I sez—'saplin',' I sez, 'an' it grows on black-thorn bushes in the County Cork,' I sez; an' they looked at it, curus like, an' thin they looked at me, an' wan ov thim spit about seven times; an' by thin we'd reached the hotel, an' the ladies wint in, and that's all."

"Thank you; you're a good fellow, Larry," said Adams, warmly; "and you're right—we won't stay long."

"I wouldn't be in too much of a hurry, if I was you, stranger," said a voice toned with rather a drawl.

Frank Adams turned sharply round, to confront a man of nearly his own height, as strongly built, but less exuberant of muscle; a firm, quiet-looking face he had—one that betrayed nothing—but there was a frank glance in his clear grey eyes; and, if he were a friend, the very kind of a man one would like to have for an ally in a time of trouble.

"I wouldn't be in too much of a hurry, if I was you, stranger," he said; and he rolled a cigar a little further into one corner of his mouth, where, being nearly smoked out, it began to singe the thick, close beard with which his face was half covered.

"Perhaps not," said Adams, gruffly; "but then, you see, I know my own affairs best."

"Now, that's where you're mistaken, stranger; you don't. And that's how it is you Britishers come to grief. You come over to this country, thinking you know everything, and a bit more; bring your own old ideas; set to work on 'em without taking a bit of advice, go wrong in six months, and then swear that the United States is one big windbag, and not worth a red cent."

"Well," said Adams, more gruffly still, "we do mind our own business."

"And set your backs up as soon as a stranger speaks to you."

"Yes," said Adams, "if he is impertinent and prying."

"Jist wan word, yer honour," whispered Larry, "an' I'll rowl him over like a rabbit."

"Prying?" said the other in the same dry way, and apparently determined not to be offended. "I'm not prying. There, come along, Britisher, here's a bar close by; smooth down your feathers, and come and have a drink."

"Thank you," said Adams, "I don't drink in the middle of the day, nor yet with men I don't know."

"Good for your health, and bad for your manners. But don't be pesky. Here, try a cigar."

Adams felt the hot blood rising in his cheeks, and was disposed to be angry; but the new-comer was so calm and imperturbable, as he held out a handful of good Havanas, that, in spite of himself, the young Englishman took one, and also accepted a light.

"That's better," said the other; "that is the best quality in *nicotine*—it makes men friends. Fine place this, ain't it?"

"I shall be very glad to get away," said Adams, narrowly inspecting his companion.

"So shall I," said the other; "but I don't mean to be in a hurry; and don't you. Ah, you're taking stock of me, are you? You're wondering whether I'm real grit, or a loafer. I know all about you."

"Indeed!" said Adams, colouring in spite of himself, for the other had thoroughly divined his thoughts.

"Yes, stranger; you came ashore from the *Eagle* this morning. You're a British farmer, you are, as failed at home, and have come out here to make a pile. You've brought tools and seeds and that Irishman, and you're going to take up land and farm. That's what you're going to do."

"Humph!" ejaculated the young man; "perhaps, then, you can tell me my name!"

"To be sure I can—it's Frank Adams."

The owner of the name started, and seemed half inclined to throw away the cigar, and with it the companionship of this stranger.

"Don't be riled," said the other, coolly. "My name's Dawson—Caleb Dawson, State of Virginia."

"Well, then, Mr. Dawson, I must be going; so good day."

"All right, Adams, I'll walk with you. I'm going your way."

The Englishman stopped short, and faced round angrily; but the other was so calm and cool that, instead of speaking, he burst out laughing.

"That's right," said the other; "no call to be riled. It's only my way. I like to see you Britishers laugh, though—you do it as if you meant it. We can't laugh like that over here."

"Too smart, I suppose," said Adams.

"Well, I don't know," said the other. "I think it's because we've been too busy—haven't had time. We had our country to make, and our institutions. We've had a hard job, sir, and we had to take off our coats. You come in for all yours ready-made."

"Now, look here," said Adams, stopping short after they had gone a few yards. "I'm a stranger here, and you know it. I don't want to quarrel to hurt you, or for you to hurt me; so out with it at once. What have you fixed yourself on me for?"

"New-comer—green from the old country—going to fleece you of all your dollars, squeeze you like an orange, and then go and look out for another."

"Thin, be the powers——" burst in Larry.

"Be quiet!" said Adams, firmly. Then, turning to the American: "I thought as much; but you've mistaken your man. I'm well armed; I have my wits about me, and——"

"Exactly!" said the other, laughing, and showing a good set of teeth; "but that's not my game—that's what you thought I meant; and if you haven't cut your eye-teeth that's how you will be served. But come along, Adams; I'm up at your hotel. I saw you this morning, and I liked the look of you. Thought I'd give you a word of warning; for, look here, mate, it would be a cruel thing to take those two sweet women right away into the country without being prepared to——"

Adams stopped short again at the mention of the women.

"I don't make you out," he said, aloud; "you're either playing a deep game, or, for some reason of your own, you want to be very friendly."

"Why, man, what a fuss you Britishers do make about things! You think that out here you're going to get letters of introduction, and the character of every man vouched before you speak to him. We haven't time for that. I told you I saw you and liked your looks. Sorry you don't like mine. Never mind; here we are, and the dinner bell's going. So look alive, or the board will be cleared."

That same afternoon, while Larry Carey was sitting outside the hotel in the sun, carving his name with a new knife upon the thin end of his black thorn twig, who should come up and seat himself close by but the American who had introduced himself as Caleb Dawson.

"Well, Pat," he said, "and what do you think of the country?"

"The counthry's well enough, sor, for thim as likes it," he said, dryly.

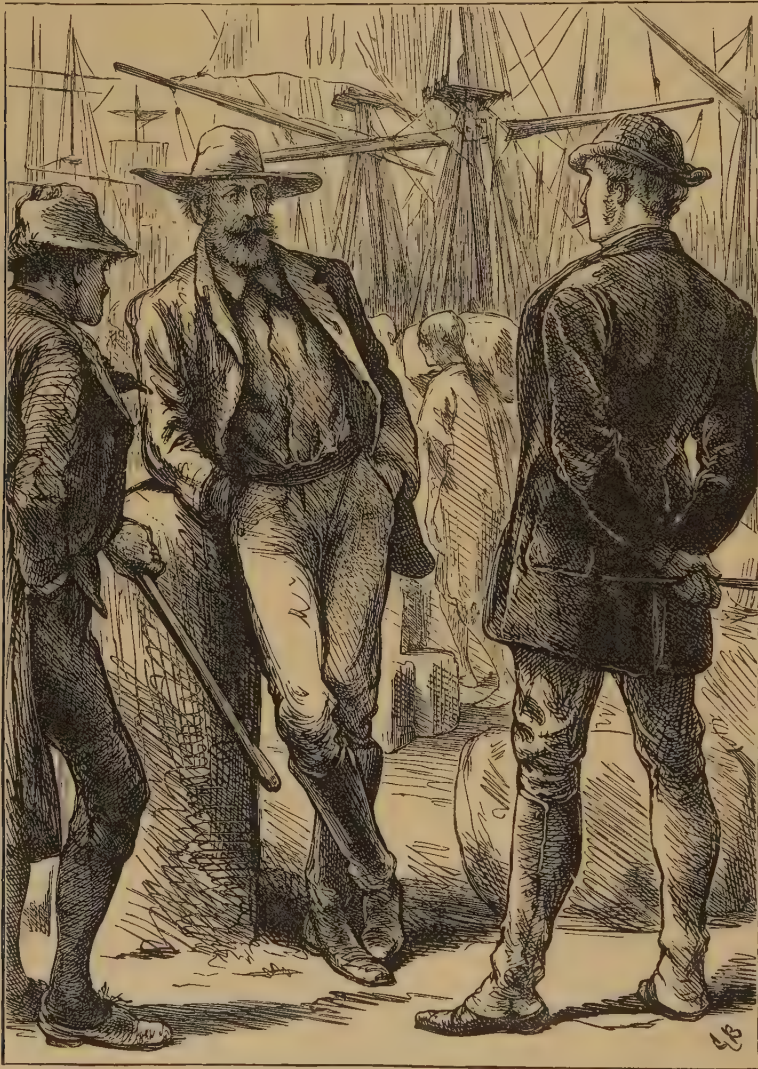
"Ah! it's a noble land," said Dawson, smoking slowly, and sending up soft wreaths of vapour in the sunshine. "Many an Irishman has made his fortune here."

"It's a habit me counthrymen have got, sor, all the world over."

"And you must do the same, Pat," said Dawson.

himself ; for I'm as dhry as a bone, an' ye won't pump me."

"Dry, are you, Pat?" said Dawson, laughing ;



"YOU'VE MISTAKEN YOUR MAN." (Drawn by Gordon Browne.)

"Plase the pigs, an' it's meself that will do that same."

"To be sure you will," said Dawson, "and your master too."

"Now look here, Misther Yankee Doodle," said Larry, laying his stick across his knees, and resting his hands upon the ends ; "do I look like a pump at all?"

"Like a what?"

"Like a pump, I said, as plain as I could spake. Because if ye want to know anything at all about the masther, ye'd better go an' ask him

"then we'll make you wet. Here, waiter!" he shouted.

"I'd rather be dhry, thank ye kindly," said Larry, rising ; "an' good day to ye!"

"Get out!" said Dawson. "Call yourself a real Irishman, and won't take a glass of whiskey with a friend!—one that your master drank with only an hour ago."

"An' did the masther drink wid ye, then?" said Larry, hesitating.

"To be sure he did."

"Did yer honour say whiskey?"

"To be sure."

"Rale whiskey?"

"As good a drop as was ever taken from a still."

"Well," said Larry, reseating himself, "there can't be any harm in that, so long as it's rale."

And the whiskey being brought, Larry took a couple of glasses with a hearty smack of enjoyment.

"He wants to pump me," he said to himself; "but niver a word he'll draw from me."

Dawson sat for some time chatting pleasantly, and at last adroitly turned the conversation to the Carey family, dwelling most upon the representative before him.

That was sufficient. Larry's tongue began to run, and before long Dawson sat smoking silently, as the Irishman sat gesticulating with his black-thorn, and talking as hard as he could.

"You've been in England, of course?" said Dawson. "Try another glass, Pat. It's good whiskey."

"Thru for ye, sor, it is," said Larry. "It was a great blessin' to posterity that the man who found it out didn't go an' die an' take the saycret wid him. Bud it's a bad habit takin' much. Jist one more glass, an' thin it may be the very best that iver chated a gauger, an' niver a drop should pass me lips. Bud, be the same token, ye were sayin' had I been in England? Why, ov coorse I have, or how could I have met the masther?"

"He might have come over to Ireland."

"Bud he knew better," said Larry, laying a finger on one side of his nose. "Oireland, sor, nowadays, isn't what it used to be, an' it'll take a long time mendin'; but I'll tell ye how it was.

"Well, ye see, Misther Dawson, sor, it was jist this: I knew the masther over in England, where I wint across to wan year a-harvestin', an' worked for him all through. An' before it was quite over, oh, wirra! the great big pain I had in all me bones, an' the shivers that came on me, and the hot aches! An' they got worse an' worse, till at last wan mornin' I lays me down on some sthraw in the big barn, an' I sez to meself, I sez, 'Larry Carey,' I sez, 'it's a great fayver ye've got intirely, an' ye're goin' dead as a herrin, ye are, an' ye'll never see ould Oireland again. Where would ye like to be rrid?"

"Yer honour, Misther Dawson, sor, if I'd been a wild rattlesnake ov the plains out here, wid a sting in me tail, they couldn't ha' behaved worse to me than they did. First wan dirty spalpeen an' thin another, comin' an' lookin' at me, an' thin goin' away spittin' as if I was poison. For I was only a poor rayper, all in rags, come over for the sayson, an' the farm people didn't like us at all, at all.

"Well, yer honour, the masther come to know ov it, an' he come out in the barn, an' he sez, sez he, 'Larry, me lad,' he sez, 'are ye as bad as that?'

"Troth, yer honour,' I sez, 'an' I'm worse,' I sez, 'an' I fale very infectious,' I sez. An' thin I heerd wan ov the men say somethin' to him about sendin' ov me off to the union.

"If they'd let me die where I am I'd thank thim,' I sez to meself; an' thin I lay with me head all burnin' red hot, an' meself thinkin' I was back in Cork boilin' the praties, when the masther comes in, an' the misthress and Miss Mary wid him, an' instead of packin' me off like a dog, I heerd the masther say, 'Poor fellow, he's worked well, an' we must do the best we can for him.'

"An' they did, yer honour—nursed me, they did, through it all, an' had the docther to me, as shook his fist in ould Death's face, he did, an' wouldn't let him have me: an' didn't I get better an' stronger than iver; for wouldn't it have been a dirty action not to, whin the misthress and Miss Mary was that kind to me, and fed me up so that nothin' iver was like it?"

"Last of all, while I was hangin' about the farm doin' ov odd jobs, I gets to know that the masther was in throuble over some dirty money business, an' the farm was to be sold; an', murther! to see how the poor boy was down, an' the pretty little misthress and his sister lookin' pale as milk.

"I meets him one day in the yard, an' he sez, pleasant like, 'Why, Larry,' he sez, 'you here still?'

"An' where would I be,' sez I, 'at all, wid the docther's bill not paid?'

"Back in Oireland,' he sez.

"Bother Oireland intirely,' I sez, 'unless yer honour will take a nate bog farm somewhere, an' I'll go back wid ye.'

"He stopped an' looked at me in a thoughtful way; an' he claps me on the shoulder, an' he sez, in a way as made the water come in me eyes:

"Larry,' he sez, 'you're a good fellow, bud you must go. I'm masther here no longer. I've been chated, and imposed upon, an' robbed.'

"An' is it chated?" I sez, takin' a tighter grip on the fork I had in me fist. 'Will yer honour tell me the name of the chate? Is it one ov thim lawyer villins?'

"He laughed, an' shook his head; an' he sez:

"Larry,' he sez, 'I've no work for ye, an' can't pay ye, so ye must go. As for me,' he sez, 'I'm goin' across the say to Americkey, where there's deep rich land, different to this cowl'd clay, an' a man may get a reward for his labour. 'Larry,' he sez, 'I'm going to California.'

"Hurroo!' I sez; 'where the goold grows?'

"Goold?' he sez; 'yes, Larry; the rich, ripe yellow goold grown by men—corn, me man—corn, wavin' corn, growin' in soil that will repay ye bounteously for yer toil.'

"Hurroo!' I sez again; 'I'll buy a new rapin'-hook this very day.'

"What d'ye mane?' sez he.

"Mane,' sez I, 'masther dear? Why, that I'll ge wid you an' the ladies to the very ind of the world, as close as ye can widout fallin' off.'

"Nonsense, man,' he sez, laughin'; bud there was a tear in each ov his eyes. 'I'm as poor as you are now, Larry, an' can only scrape enough for our passages and a start.'

"Poor?' sez I; 'an' who d'ye call poor? I'm as well off as any gintleman among ye. Haven't I got tin-pun-tin, harvest money, widout countin' the fourpenny bits? An' who's to pervent me goin' if I like?'

"Nonsense, me man!' he says, 'ye mustn't think ov it.'

"Bud I do think ov it, yer honour,' I sez. 'Who'll ye get to rape yer corn whin it grows? D'ye think there'll be plinty ov boys from the ould cuntry comin' an' askin' for a job! Wanst for all, yer honour,' I sez, 'I shall go wid ye, an' if I don't I shall follow ye.'

"An, to make a long story short, I talked to the mistress and Miss Mary—God bless her!—an' we was too much for the masther; an' he consinted, an' we come—come across this say, an'

that say, an' t'other say; an' here I am, Larry Carey, at yer sarvice."

"Why, what a tarnation fool you must have been, Paddy!" said Dawson, drawling his words. "But have another drink, man: I like such fools as you. Shake hands."

The Irishman stood up and slapped his hand heartily into that of the American, the two joining in a firm grip.

"And now I must be off, Pat; so good-bye, my lad; but we will meet again."

"An' if we do, yer honour, will ye be kind enough to remember that I'm wan ov the Careys of County Cork; an' me name's not Paddy, bud Larry?"

"I will, Larry," said the other, and he strode away.

"There, now!" said Larry, scratching his head as soon as he was alone; "an' I've been an' towld him all about it, when the master said, 'be saycret.' Bud never mind, he's the right sort, an' it won't be any harm. Bud if he isn't—whoo!"

Larry gave his stick a flourish in the air, and delivered a smart blow that would have had serious results if it had come in contact with an enemy's head. Then he walked off and entered the Chesapeake Hotel.

THE PROUD MISS MACBRIDE.

[By JOHN G. Saxe.]



H! terribly proud was Miss MACBRIDE,
The very personification of pride,
As she minced along in Fashion's tide,
Adown Broadway—on the proper side—
When the golden sun was setting;
There was pride in the head she carried so high,
Pride in her lip, and pride in her eye,
And a world of pride in the very sigh
That her stately bosom was fretting:

A sigh that a pair of elegant feet,
Sandall'd in satin, should kiss the street—
The very same that the vulgar greet
In common leather, not over "neat"—
For such is the common booting
(And Christian tears may well be shed,
That even among our gentlemen-bred
The glorious Day of Morocco is dead,
And Day and Martin are reigning instead,
On a much inferior footing).

Oh! terribly proud was Miss MacBride!
Proud of her beauty and proud of her pride,
And proud of fifty matters beside,
That wouldn't have borne dissection;
Proud of her wit, and proud of her walk,

Proud of her teeth, and proud of her talk,
Proud of "knowing cheese from chalk,"
On a very slight inspection.

Proud abroad, and proud at home,
Proud wherever she chanced to come;
When she was glad, and when she was glum,
Proud as the head of a Saracen
Over the door of a tipping-shop;
Proud as a duchess, proud as a fop,
"Proud as a boy with a braw new top,"
Proud beyond comparison.

It seems a singular thing to say,
But her very senses led her astray
Respecting all humility;
In sooth, her dull auricular drum
Could find in *humble* only a "hum,"
And heard no sound of "gentle" come,
In talking about gentility.

What *lowly* meant she didn't know,
For she always avoided "everything low"
With care the most punctilious;
And, queerer still, the audible sound
Of "super silly" she never had found
In the adjective supercilious.

The meaning of *meek* she never knew,
But imagined the phrase had something to do
With "Moses," a peddling German Jew,
Who, like all hawkers, the country through,
Was "a person of no position ;"

And it seem'd to her exceedingly plain,
If the word was really known to pertain
To a vulgar German, it wasn't germane
To a lady of high condition.

Even her graces—not her grace,
For that was in the "vocative case"—
Chill'd with the touch of her icy face,

Sat very stiffly upon her ;
She never confessed a favour aloud,
Like one of the simple, common crowd,
But coldly smiled, and faintly bow'd,
As who should say, "You do me proud,
And do yourself an honour !"

And yet the pride of Miss MacBride,
Although it had fifty hobbies to ride,
Had really no foundation ;
But, like the fabrics that gossips devise—
Those single stories that often arise,
And grow till they reach a four-storey size—
Was merely a fancy creation.

'Tis a curious fact as ever was known
In human nature, but often shown
Alike in castle and cottage,
That pride, like pigs of a certain breed,
Will manage to live and thrive on "feed"
As poor as a pauper's pottage.

That her wit should never have made her vain,
Was—like her face—sufficiently plain ;
And as to her musical powers,
Although she sang until she was hoarse,
And issued notes with a banker's force,
They were just such notes as we never endorse
For any acquaintance of ours !

Her birth, indeed, was uncommonly high,
For Miss MACBRIDE first open'd her eye
Through a skylight dim, on the light of the sky ;
But pride is a curious passion—
And in talking about her wealth and worth,
She always forgot to mention her birth
To people of rank and fashion.

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth,
Among our "fierce democracie !"
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers—
Not even a couple of ancient *peers*—
A thing for laughter, fleers, and jeers,
Is American aristocracy !

English and Irish, French and Spanish,
German, Italian, Dutch, and Danish,

Crossing their veins until they vanish
In one conglomeration ;
So subtle a tangle of blood, indeed,
No heraldry-HARVEY will ever succeed
In finding the circulation !

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it wax'd at the farther end
By some plebeian vocation ;
Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine
That plagued some worthy relation.

But Miss MACBRIDE had something beside
Her lofty birth to nourish her pride—
For rich was the old parental MACBRIDE,
According to public rumour ;
And he lived "up town," in a splendid square,
And kept his daughter on dainty fare,
And gave her gems that were rich and rare,
And the finest rings and things to wear,
And feathers enough to plume her.

An honest mechanic was JOHN MACBRIDE,
As ever an honest calling plied
Or graced an honest ditty ;
For JOHN had worked in his early day
In "pots and pearls," the legends say,
And kept a shop with a rich array
Of things in the soap and candle way,
In the lower part of the city.

No "*rara avis*" was honest JOHN
(That's the Latin for "sable swan"),
Though, in one of his fancy flashes,
A wicked wag, who meant to deride,
Call'd honest JOHN "old *Phoenix* MACBRIDE,
"Because he rose from his ashes !"

Little by little he grew to be rich,
By saving of candle-ends and "sich,"
Till he reach'd at last an opulent niche—
No very uncommon affair ;
For history quite confirms the law
Expressed in the ancient Scottish saw—
A mickle may come to be may'r.*

Alack for many ambitious beaux !
She hung their hopes upon her nose
(The figure is quite Horatian !)
Until, from habit, the member grew
As very a hook as ever eye knew,
To the commonest observation.

A thriving tailor begg'd her hand,
But she gave "the fellow" to understand,

* "Mickle, wi' thrift, may chance to be mair."—*Scotch Proverb.*

By a violent manual action,
She perfectly scorned the best of his clan,
And reckon'd the ninth of any man
An exceedingly vulgar fraction !

Another, whose sign was a golden boot,
Was mortified with a bootless suit,
In a way that was quite appalling ;
For, though a regular *sutor* by trade,
He wasn't a suitor to suit the maid,
Who cut him off with a saw—and bade
“The cobbler keep to his calling.”

(The muse must let a secret out :
There isn't the faintest shadow of doubt
That folks who oftenest sneer and flout
At “the dirty, low mechanicals,”
Are they whose sires, by pounding their knees,
Or coiling their legs, or trades like these,
Contrived to win their children ease
From Poverty's galling manacles.)

A rich tobacconist comes and sues,
And, thinking the lady would scarce refuse
A man of his wealth and liberal views,
Began, at once, with “*If you choose—*
And could you really love him ;”
But the lady spoil'd his speech in a huff,
With an answer rough and ready enough,
To let him know she was up to snuff,
And altogether above him !

A young attorney, of winning grace,
Was scarce allow'd to “open his face,”
Ere MISS MACBRIDE had closed his case
With true judicial celerity ;
For the lawyer was poor, and “seedy” to boot,
And to say the lady discarded his *suit*,
Is merely a double verity.

The last of those who came to court
Was a lively beau of the dapper sort,
Without any visible means of support—
A crime by no means flagrant
In one who wears an elegant coat,
But the point on which they vote
A ragged fellow “a vagrant.”
A courtly fellow was dapper JIM,
Sleek and supple, and tall and trim,
And smooth of tongue as neat of limb ;
And, maugre his meagre pocket,
You'd say, from the glittering tales he told,
That JIM had slept in a cradle of gold,
With FORTUNATUS to rock it.

Now dapper JIM his courtship plied
(I wish the fact could be denied)
With an eye to the purse of the old MACBRIDE,

And really “nothing shorter !”
For he said to himself, in his greedy lust,
“Whenever he dies—as die he must—
And yields to Heaven his vital trust,
He's very sure to ‘come down with his dust’
In behalf of his only daughter.”

And the very magnificent Miss MACBRIDE,
Half in love, and half in pride,
Quite graciously relented ;
And tossing her head, and turning her back,
No token of proper pride to lack—
To be a Bride, without the “Mac,”
With much disdain, consented.



“TOSsing HER HEAD, AND TURNing HER BACK.”

Alas ! that people who've got their box
Of cash beneath the best of locks,
Secure from all financial shocks,
Should stock their fancy with fancy-stocks,
And madly rush upon Wall Street rocks,
Without the least apology !

Alas ! that people whose money affairs
Are sound, beyond all need of repairs,
Should ever tempt the bulls and bears
Of Mammon's fierce zoology !

Old JOHN MACBRIDE, one fatal day
Became the unresisting prey
Of fortune's undertakers ;
And, staking all on a single die,
His foundered bark went high and dry
Among the brokers and breakers !

At his trade again, in the very shop
Where, years before, he let it drop,
He follows his ancient calling—
Cheerily, too, in Poverty's spite,
And sleeping quite as sound at night
As when, at Fortune's giddy height,
He used to wake with a dizzy fright
From a dismal dream of falling.

But, alas for the haughty Miss MACBRIDE,
It was such a shock to her precious pride !
She couldn't recover, although she tried
Her jaded spirits to rally ;
'Twas a dreadful change in human affairs,
From a Place "up-town" to a nook "up-stairs,"
From an avenue down to an alley !

'Twas little condolence she had, God wot,
From her "troop of friends" who hadn't forgot
The airs she used to borrow ;
They had civil phrases enough, but yet
'Twas plain to see that their "deepest regret"
Was a different thing from sorrow !

They owned it couldn't have well been worse,
To go from a full to an empty purse :
To expect a "reversion," and get a reverse,
Was truly a dismal feature ;
But it wasn't strange—they whisper'd—at all !
That the summer of pride should have its fall
Was quite according to nature !

And one of those chaps who made a pun,
As if it were quite legitimate fun
To be blazing away at every one
With a regular double-loaded gun,
Remark'd that moral transgression
Always brings retributive stings
To candlemakers as well as kings :
For "making light of *cereous* things"
Was a very wick-ed profession !

And vulgar people—the saucy churls !—
Inquired about "the price of pearls,"
And mocked at her situation ;
"She wasn't ruined, they ventured to hope—
Because she was poor, she needn't mope ;
Few people were better off for soap,
And that was a consolation !"

And, to make her cup of woe run over,
Her elegant, ardent, plighted lover

Was the very first to forsake her ;
"He quite regretted the step, 'twas true—
The lady had pride enough for 'two,'
But that alone would never do
To quiet the butcher and baker."

And now the unhappy Miss MACBRIDE,
The merest ghost of her early pride,



"THE LADY HAD PRIDE ENOUGH FOR TWO."

Bewails her lonely position ;
Cramp'd in the very narrowest niche,
Above the poor, and below the rich—
Was ever a worse condition ?

MORAL.

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty, and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station ;
Don't be proud, and turn up your nose
At poorer people in plainer clo'es,
But learn, for the sake of your mind's repose,
That wealth's a bubble that comes—and goes !
And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation !

A WALK WITH A VENTRILOQUIST.



HE party comprised Elliston the actor, and Alexandre the ventriloquist. Their first step was towards Charing Cross. The splendid houses now forming Pall Mall East had just been erected. Reaching Cockspur Street, it was settled that the actor should give the Frenchman the cue when he was to ventriloquise, by kicking his shins. "You must animate one of these carcasses," said Elliston, surveying the unfinished building ; "here

is an empty house that wants a tenant ; you must supply one."

The workmen had long retired from the labour of the day, and though the windows were without sashes, and there was little to steal in the several houses, the doors of them were carefully locked to prevent homeless vagabonds occupying them for the night.

The dusk favoured the performance. Planting themselves close to the railings of the first of these edifices—

"Throw your voice into the vaults below," whispered the comedian. "You must be a poor fellow who, having got drunk and fallen asleep, has tumbled into some hole or another. Call for assistance, and beg to be let out."

The ventriloquist, not without some trepidation, did as he was desired, and Elliston commenced his part—not his first appearance in "the Confederacy!" His exclamations of surprise, commiseration, indignation, etc., soon attracted the notice of the passers-by; a voice was plainly heard begging to be extricated.

"What is it?" cried one.

"A drunken man," said another.

"Call the watch," said a third.

"Break open the door," said a fourth.

The watchman of the district advanced, calling the hour; seeing the mob he lost no time in joining it.

"Och, by St. Bridget's flannel petticoat," said he, on hearing the cries, "but it's that devil's own darlint, Tim Corcoran; sure enough, he's been having a trifle too much refreshment, and they've overlooked the spalpeen and locked him in; faith it's a way he's got, but we mustn't let him remain there. It's a cold night, more by token that I've just taken a noggin of the cratur myself—then isn't he a countryman? By the powers I'll go and get the keys and let him out directly—be aisy wid you there. Tim, it's myself, your friend Shamus McGuire that's coming to let you out with my lantern, and will do it beautifully in no time, so be aisy wid you."

Proceeding to a tradesman in the neighbourhood, with whom the keys were deposited, honest Shamus soon returned with them. The mob had now considerably increased, and all was impatience and anxiety. The door was speedily unlocked and Shamus descended.

"Do you see him, do you see him?" cried every one.

"Divil à haporth," answered Shamus.

"Have you found the hole?"

"Not a bit of it—there's no drunken man here."

A kick on the ventriloquist's shins caused a renewal of the entreaties for help. The mob were greatly enraged at this proof of Shamus's fallibility.

"You are drunk yourself," they shouted; "the poor fellow's crying for help now, we can hear him quite plain."

"Drunk! and is it me that's drunk. By the powers, but you may come and look yourselves, then; but stay, I'll just sarch the back premises. Oh, murder, murder, murder!"

"What's the matter? Have you found the hole?"

"Sure and I have!"

"Then why don't you pull the poor fellow out of it?"

"Och, by the powers! for a mighty good raisin, I'm in it myself up to the chin! Help me out, help me out! I shall be murdered if I stay here three minutes longer."

Fully persuaded that *he* would be murdered if he stayed three minutes longer, the ventriloquist here availed himself of the confusion created by this discovery to take French leave.

"I was certain some one was in the vault," said Elliston; "you see I was right my friends. Go down and help the sufferer out directly, but take care you don't get into the hole yourselves as watchey has done."

The mob obeyed his directions, and while they disappeared in the cellar to extricate Shamus, he with the narrator also disappeared in search of the ventriloquist, leaving watchey to get out of the cesspool as well as he could.

Overtaking Alexandre in the Haymarket, they made their way to a retired locality, where a celebrated anatomical lecturer had then a museum, or *menagerie*, as the populace more commonly called it.

This will be the very thing," said Elliston to the Frenchman, suddenly recollecting the circumstances. "As you have succeeded so well with the carcass in Cockspur Street, I'll try if I can't find you an equally *good subject* here. My friend shall help us, we can't want one with him."

* * * * *

It was now between nine and ten; there was not a soul to be seen in the street, except an ancient dame who was descending some steps at the further end of the place, bearing a hot meat-pie which she was bringing from a baker's.

"Now then," said Elliston to the ventriloquist, "throw your voice into that vault. You are a dead body wanting to get out. You are a skeleton wishing to take the air. We can never have a better opportunity; now for it."

Piteous groans were immediately heard.

"Let me out, let me out!" cried a voice, rendered more natural by the apprehension of the ventriloquist.

"What's the matter?" said an old lady, approaching.

"Upon my word, I don't know, my good ma'am," said Elliston; "but there seems some person in great distress here—listen!" Here he kicked the ventriloquist's shins.

"For goodness sake, help me out!" groaned the voice, apparently in the last agonies.

"Gracious preserve me!" cried the old lady, turning deadly pale, and unconsciously letting fall the pie, which was reduced, as the Americans say, to immortal smash.

The portly butler of——, an eminent solicitor, who lived in the street, at this moment appeared, and advanced towards them.

"What's the matter?" asked he.

"That's what we want to know," said Elliston: "listen, my friend!"

Another kick on Alexandre's shins.

"Oh, the villain—the rascal!" vociferated the butler, on hearing the groans and exclamations. "Not content with getting subjects ready killed, he keeps them, and kills them as he wants them—I have long suspected this—we are none of us safe!"

"Why, who lives here?" said Elliston, affecting much ignorance.

"Who lives here? Why, ——, the anatomist, to be sure."

"Then that fully accounts for it," said the comedian drily; "but the dead body must not be suffered to remain and perish here."

A couple of labourers returning from their work, and some other idle persons now joined them, and in turn heard the groans and exclamations—the general sensation became very strong against the unconscious anatomist.

"Wretch — monster — murderer!" resounded from all sides, the assemblage becoming every moment greater.

They would certainly have broken all squares with the dissector, had any windows presented themselves for them to exercise their rage upon; luckily, as has been said, there was only the brick wall.

"Knock at the door—knock at the door," was now the universal cry; "it's somebody come to life again! Knock at the door."

A vigorous cannonade was promptly answered by the indignant footman.

"What is the meaning of this hullahbaloo?" he asked. "What are you kicking up this riot for?"

"Meaning enough," answered the mob; "you are as bad as your master; but come and convince yourself."

Another attack of the ventriloquist's shins again elicited cries of distress, and prayers for help.

The footman was paralysed.

"What do you think of that, friend Scrub?" said Elliston.

"That body must have been placed there," said the conscience-stricken footman, "while I was gone for the beer, half an hour ago."

"There, you hear," said the actor, "he confesses he went to fetch the *bier* for the body."

Hissings and hootings followed this palpable conviction.

"I'll be on my corporal oath," said the footman, perspiring at every pore, "there has not been a single subject here these three weeks."

"Then how comes it, it is calling for assistance now? You don't mean to say it's the poor creature's ghost, do you?" said Elliston.

"Oh, it's a clear case," said the butler. "You

are a disgrace to the cloth; and as to your going to get beer for your unfortunate victims, I don't believe a word of it. Why don't you let the poor creature out?—shameful—scandalous!"

The footman in his endeavours to exculpate himself, now began making several acknowledgments that only tended to increase the belief and indignation of the mob at his master's malpractices.

At this moment, attracted by the noise, the anatomist himself made his appearance, and hearing the cause of the disturbance, absolutely foamed at the mouth with fury.

"It's all a vile conspiracy," said he, "to ruin me!"

"Conspiracy!" said several voices, "let your own ears convince you."

The anatomist approached: Elliston resumed kicking the shins of his companion, as he supposed, but angry ejaculations from an old gentleman of "What the deuce are you at?" &c., made it evident that the affrighted ventriloquist had vanished.

"Well, what am I to listen to?" said the exulting anatomist, after a dead pause; "I hear nobody."

"No *body* speaks now, sure enough," said the mob.

"No, the poor fellow has died over again, while we have been talking," said Elliston, in a feigned voice.

"It's all a vile conspiracy, I repeat," said the anatomist, in a great passion. "A scandalous libel. I'll give ten pounds to anyone who'll discover the scoundrel that has set this infamous report afloat."

"I'll swear I heard the voice," said the butler.

"You know, friend," turning to one of the spectators, "that I told you——"

"Oh, yes: you are the person that first pointed it out, certainly."

"Then you'll make sure of," said the enraged dissector, collaring the butler. "Here, watch—watch!"

"Don't lay hands on me," said the butler, struggling with the anatomist. "I won't eat my words: you know you are a fellow that would make an anatomy of anybody, but you shan't polish my bones; let me go."

A desperate struggle now took place between the butler and the anatomist, each got the other by the throat, and both were in a condition of speedily becoming subjects in reality, when Elliston, sidling up to the anatomist, whispered in his ear.

* * * * *

"Confound me, if it isn't Elliston!" cried the amazed lecturer, catching for the first time a complete view of the comedian's features. "I've been finely hoaxed—rarely tricked! Unloose me, friend, I withdraw my charge."

Before, however, he could get extricated, Elliston had retreated in search of the terrified ventriloquist,

and the mob were only at length appeased by a personal inspection of the cellar, and a participation of a barrel of small ale, luckily its sole contents;

but they took nothing particular by the motion, as it afterwards appeared that the ale was only placed there because it happened to be—dead!

MR. BOWKER'S COURTSHIP.

[By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.]



IT was Saturday afternoon, and it was summer-time. There could be no more excellent reasons given than these why Mr. Bowker should have engaged himself in the blissful works of idleness. Gay in a belcher handkerchief, which displayed itself

in a flower-like knot of red and yellow at his throat; in trousers of moleskin, the more prominent parts whereof were patched with snow-white patches; in an unstarched shirt of something like canvas; a billycock hat, utterly unconservative as to form; and a pair of huge boots, the tongues of which lolled with a thirsty and a gaping look over the dusty dryness of the laces; Mr. Bowker lay upon his back on a green bank and listened to the twittering of the birds, and smoked his pipe, and was at peace with all mankind. His coat was rolled up and placed beneath his head for a pillow; the cool wind played about his face, and bore to him the scent of many green and flowering things; the brook murmured opposite, and beyond the brook the hay meadow dozed in the sunshine.

* * * * *

He was a well-made young fellow at this time, with a look of sturdy manliness and rough good-nature. Not love itself could quench the native humour of his soul, and he grinned behind his pipe in serio-comic derision of his own forlornness.

"It's a rum thing—luv," said he to himself. "It's a sort o' complaint like, summat arter the measles an' the hewpin' cuff, a sort o' thing as a mon's got to have some day or another. I'n got it bad an' no mistake. I suppose I'n got it about as bad as a mon ever had it. But, Lord bless thee, Willy-yum, it's a sickness as wo't kill nobody. But it wo't do for me to be a lyin' here all arternoon a doin' nothin'. I mote go whum empty-handed. I'll tak' some flowers wi' me."

Therewith Mr. Bowker arose, and tying the sleeves of his coat loosely about his neck, strayed along the lanes, and got together, in the course of the next hour, a presentable nosegay of late may, early dog-roses, and white fox-gloves. The nosegay made it evident to the meanest observer that the bearer was "goin' a courtin'," and William endured a good deal of more or less pointed chaff as he took his homeward way. This was inevitable, and he was, of course, prepared for it, and generally gave a good deal better than he got.

"Hello, Willy-yum," said one, "a cove ud think as yo' took the second o' June for May-day."

"Why, so I did," responded William cheerfully, "an' I'n been a getherin' some green stuff for yo' to play the fule in."

This was quite a home-thrust of wit after the manner of the district. They who looked on at the brief tournament guffawed right joyfully.

"Yo' had him theer, Willy-yum," said one, approvingly.

"Not me," returned Willy-yum. "I wouldn't have him nowheer, not at a gift."

"Arternoon, Willy-yum," said a retail dealer.

"Arternoon, Samyouwell," returned Mr. Bowker, with droll-eyed and expectant gravity.

"Goo'in' to plant them pretty things in the back gardin, Willy-yum?" asked the retail dealer with a show of friendly interest.

"No," said Mr. Bowker placidly; "I gethered 'em to see how many fules ud ax me what I got 'em for."

"Arternoon, Willy-yum," said the retail dealer.

"Arternoon, Samyouwell," returned Mr. Bowker, and lit a fresh pipe with feelings of strong self-approval.

Etiquette reigns everywhere—even in the Black Country. Mr. Bowker dressed for the presentation of his nosegay. First of all he rolled his shirt-sleeves to his shoulders and blacked his boots. Then he took a copious bath under the pump in the yard, in view of his inamorata, who bade him a gracious good-evening from her bed-room window, and was there plainly visible in her bodice, in the act of removing her curl-papers. His bath completed, William laid by the scrubbing-brush and the yellow soap, and hung the jack towel upon the rack behind the kitchen door—for he was a

lonely man at home as yet, and had in all things to shift completely for himself. Then, putting on a false front with a pair of wonderful collars, which fastened with a string behind and obscured his ears, and donning a suit of black and a very tall and shiny hat, he set forth for an evening with his love. Arrived with his nose-gay he

countering Mr. Bowker's for a second, glided off and fixed themselves upon the ceiling. Mr. Abraham Gough worked in the same mine with Mr. Bowker. William had always rather looked down on this young man, and had sometimes used him as a chopping-block to try wit's edge upon—and now it was evident that the despised one was here as a rival.

"Be you gooin' to tek a walk to-night, Seliner?" Mr. Bowker asked, with such aspect of easy unconcern as he could wear.

"Why, yis, I be, Willy-yum," Selina responded. "Mr. Guff here's been good enough t' ax me to goo out wi' him."



"MR. BOWKER'S EXPRESSION GREW MORE AND MORE SCORNFUL."

tapped at the door and was admitted. In a second all was changed within him, and his hopes were chilled.

"Good-night, Willy-yum, an' thank you," said Selina as she took the flowers. "I think thee know'st Aberahum."

Here she pointed to a young man, who sat uneasily on the extreme edge of a sofa clothed in very crackly chintz. The young man sat balancing his hat in his hands and blushing to the eyes. His false collars were even higher than Mr. Bowker's, and his black clothes were shinier and had more over-lapping folds in them. Surrounding his neck was a woollen comforter of many colours, the ends of which trailed on the floor. His eyes wandered with uncertain glare about the room, and en-



William looked at Mr. Gough, and Mr. Gough, conscious of the gaze, looked harder at the ceiling than ever, taking the minutest interest in certain cracks which marked the plaster. The gaze continuing, Mr. Gough's glance wandered to the brass ornaments on the chimney-piece, and, finding no resting-place there, descended to the fire-irons, and with a growing air of discomfiture wandered about the walls. Mr. Bowker's expression grew more and more scornful as he gazed, and at last he turned upon his sweetheart and asked :

"Will you have a mon wi' you to tek care o' your new catch, Selina?"

"If I could mak' sure of his bein' a gentleman," Selina responded, "p'raps I might."

"Oh!" said William with some bitterness. "If thee beest after gentlefolks I'n got nothin' more to say."

"I don't see," responded Selina, flushing a little, "as yo need say anythin' at all. I'll say good-night, Willy-yum."

"Good-night, Selina," responded William, "and good-bye."

"Good-bye, Mr. Bowker," said Selina.

"Good-bye, Miss Jukes," said Mr. Bowker.

Mr. Gough smiled at Mr. Bowker's dismissal. But I think it probable that, if Mr. Gough had known the tingling longing for his ears which just then possessed Selina's fingers, he would have smiled less broadly.

* * * * *

Poor William regretted his holiday, and longed for the hour when work should begin again. He beguiled the heavy hours of the day by the composition of woe-begone verses, whereof fortune has preserved a fragment, which I here embalm:

"The sun that shines so bright above,
Knows naught about my wrongful love;
The birds that sing in Wigmore Lane,
Bring nothing to my heart but pain.
It is a very dismal thing,
That in my ears the birds do sing,
While my Selina has gone off,
To walk with Mr. Abraham Gough."

William's muse is in the right. It is a very dismal thing to the wounded heart, grown egotistic through its pain, that nature should seem out of sympathy with it—that the sun should shine, and the birds should sing, just as brightly and as merrily as though Selina were still true and gentle.

William took his humble meal of bread and cheese and his pint or so of beer at a little public-house in the lane, and then strolled home again, still very miserable, but a trifle soothed. He was due at the mine at six o'clock, and two hours before that time he was upstairs exchanging his Sunday costume for the work-day coaly flannels, when he became conscious of a bustle in the street. Looking through the window, he beheld men running hatless and coatless, and unbonneted unshawled women scurrying along as fast as their feet could take them. Everybody ran in one direction, and in the crowd he caught a moment's glimpse of Selina and her father. The girl's face was white with some strong excitement, and there was a look of the wildest imaginable fear in her eyes. Both hands were pressed to her heart as she ran. A Black Country collier's instinct in a case like this

is pretty likely to be true. William threw his window open, and cried to the hurrying crowd:

"Wheer is it?"

"At the Strip-an'-at-it," some familiar voice called out as the straggling crowd swept by.

"What is it?" he cried again.

"Shaft on fire," cried another voice in answer, and in a second the street was clear. William Bowker dashed down the stairs and hurled himself along the street.

"Anybody down?" he gasped, as he turned the corner, and passed the hindmost figure in the hurrying mass. The woman knew him.

"For God's sake, lend me thy hand, Willy-yum," she gasped in answer. "My Joe's in."

He caught the shrivelled little figure in his great arms as though the old woman had been a baby, and dashed on again. Ay, the tale was true! There belched and volleyed the rolling smoke! There were hundreds upon hundreds of people already crowded on the pit mound and about the shaft, and from every quarter men and women came streaming in, white-faced and breathless. William set his withered burden down, and pushed through to the edge of the shaft. There was water in the up-cast, and the engines were at work full power. Up came the enormous bucket and splashed its two or three hundred gallons down the burning shaft, and dropped like a stone down the up-cast, and after a long, long pause came trembling and labouring up again, and vomited its freight again, and dropped like a stone for more.

"Yo might just as well stand in a ring, an' spit at it," said Bowker, with his face all pale and his eyes on fire. "Get the stinktors up, an' let a mon or tew go down."

"Will yo mak one, Bill Bowker?" said a brawny, coal-smear'd man beside him.

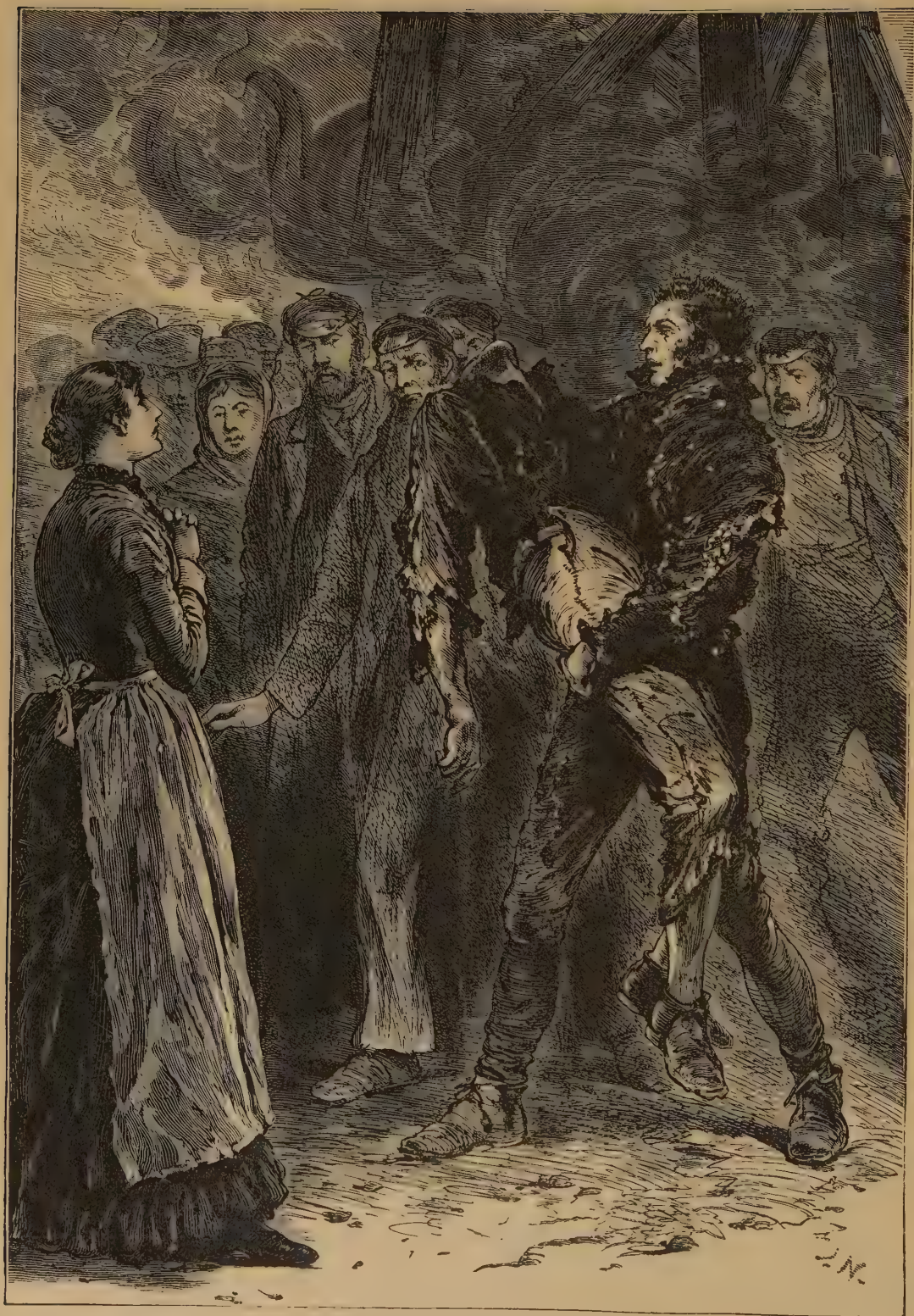
"Yis, I wull," was the answer, given like a bulldog's growl.

"I'll mak another," said the man.

"An' me," "An' me," "An' me," cried a dozen more.

"Rig the bowk, somebody," said the love-lorn verse-maker, taking at once, and as by right, the place he was born for. "Bill—Joe—Abel—Darkey—come wi' me."

The crowd divided, and the five made for the offices, and found there, in a row, a number of barrel-shaped machines of metal, each having a small hose and a pumping apparatus attached to it. These were a new boon from the generous hand of science—a French contrivance, as the name affixed to each set forth—"L'Extincteur." Each of the men seized one of these, and bore it to the edge of the shaft, the crowd once more making way. A bucket, technically called "a bowk," some two feet deep and eighteen inches wide, was affixed



AT THE PIT'S MOUTH. (Drawn by J. Nash.)

to the wire rope which swung above the burning shaft. The self-appointed leader asked for flannel clothing. A dozen garments were flung to him at once. He wrapped himself up like a mummy, and bound a cotton handkerchief over his face. Then, with the machine strapped securely across his shoulder, he set one foot in the bucket, and laid a hand upon the rope. A man ran forward with a slender chain, which he passed rapidly round the volunteer's waist, and fixed to the rope which supported the bowk. Another thrust an end of cord into his hand, and stood by to reeve out the rest as he descended. Then came the word: "Short, steady." The engine panted, the rope tightened, the muffled figure with the machine bound about it swung into the smoke, and in a death-like stillness, with here and there a smothered gasp, the man went down. His comrade at the edge dribbled the cord through his coal-blackened fingers as delicately as though it had been a silken thread. Then came a sudden tug at it, and the word was flashed to the engine-room, and the creak of the wheel ceased, and the gliding wire rope was still. Then for a space of nigh a minute not a sound was heard, but every eye was on the rope, and every cheek was pallid with suspense, and every heart was with the hero in the fiery depths below. Then came another warning tug at the rope, and again the word flashed to the engine-room. The wheel spun round, the rope glided, quivered, stopped, the figure swung up through the smoke again, was seized, lowered, landed. When his comrades laid hands upon him, the flannel garments fell from him in huge blackened flakes, so near to the flames had he been. He cast these garments from him, and they fell, half tinder, at his feet. Then he drew off the handkerchief which bound his face, and, at the god-like, heroic pallor of his countenance, and the set lips and gleaming eyes, women whispered pantingly, "God bless him!" and the breath of those bold fellows was drawn hard. Then he reeled, and a pair of arms like a bear's were round him in a second. In ten seconds more he was outside the crowd, and a bottle of whisky, which came from nobody knew where, was at his lips as he lay upon the ground, and two or three women ran for water. And whilst all this was doing, another man, as good as he, was swinging downwards in the blinding smoke. So fierce a leap the flames made at this hero that they caught him fairly for a moment in their arms, and when he was brought to the surface, he hung limp and senseless, with great patches of smouldering fire upon his garments, and his hands and face cracked and blackened. But the next man was ready, and when he in turn came to the light, he had said good-bye to the light for ever in this world. Not this, nor anything that fear could

urge, could stay the rest. Man after man went down. There were five-and-thirty men and boys below, and they would have them up or die. With that godlike pallor on their lips and cheeks, with those wide eyes that looked Death in the face, and knew him, and defied him—down they went! I saw these things, who tell the story. Man after man defied that fiery hell, and faced its lurid smoky darkness undismayed, until, at last, their valour won the day.

The love-lorn William had but little room in his heart for superfluous sentiment as he laid his hand upon the wire rope, and set his foot in the bowk again. Yet just a hope was there—that Selina should not grieve too greatly if this second venture failed, and he should meet his death. He was not, as a rule, devotionally inclined, but he whispered inwardly, "God be good to her." And there, at that second, he saw her face before him—so set and fixed, that in its agony of fear and prayer it looked like marble. The rope grew taut, he passed the handkerchief about his face again, and with the memory of her eyes upon him, dropped out of sight. The man at the side of the shaft paid out the slender line again, and old hands watched it closely. Yard after yard ran out. The great coil at his feet snaked itself, ring by ring, through his coaly fingers. Still no warning message came from below. The engine stopped at last, and they knew that the foot of the shaft was reached. Had the explorer fainted by the way? He might, for all they knew above, be roasting down below that minute. Even then, his soul, newly released, might be above them.

Through the dead silence of the crowd the word flashed to the engine-room. The wheel went round, and the wire rope glided and quivered up again, over it. There was not a man or woman there who did not augur the same thing from the tenser quiver of the rope, and when, at last, through the thinner coils of smoke about the top of the shaft the rescuer's figure swung with the first of the rescued in his arms, there was heard one sound of infinite pathos—a sigh of relief from twenty thousand breasts—and dead silence fell again.

"Alive?" asked one, laying a hand on Bowker's arm. Bill nodded and pushed him by, and made his way towards that marble face, nursing his burden still.

"Seliner," he said quietly, "here's your sweetheart."

"No, no, no, Bill," she answered. "There's on'y one man i' the world for me, Bill, if ever he forgives me an' my wicked ways."

Cheer on cheer of triumph rang in their ears. The women fought for Bill Bowker, and kissed him, and cried over him. Men shook hands with him, and with each other. Strangers mingled

their tears. The steel rope was gliding up and down at a rare rate now, and the half-suffocated prisoners of the fire were being carried up in batches. Selina and her lover stood side by side and watched the last skipful to the surface.

"That's the lot," yelled one coal-smear'd giant as the skip swung up. Out broke the cheers again, peal on peal. William stood silent, with the tears in those brave eyes. The penitent stole a hand in his.


"Oh, Bill," she whispered, "you didn't think I wanted him?"

"What else did you think I fetched him out for?" asked William, a smile of comedy gleaming through the manly moisture of his eyes.

She dropped her head upon his breast, and put both arms about him, and neither she nor he thought of the crowd in that blissful moment when Mr. Bowker's courtship ended, and soul was assured of soul.

BILL AND JOE.

[By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.]

OME, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by—
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright as morning dew,
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill, and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail,
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail ;
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare ;
To-day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe, and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes,
With H O N, and LL D.,
In big brave letters, fair to see—
Your fist, old fellow ! off they go !
How are you, Bill ? How are you, Joe ?

You've worn the judge's ermine robe ;
You've taught your name to half the globe ;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain ;
You've made the dead past live again ;
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say,
"See those old buffers bent and grey ;
They talk like fellows in their teens !
Mad, poor old boys ! That's what it means"—
And shake their heads ; they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe—

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side ;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes—
Those calm, stern eyes, that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame ?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame :
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust ;
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill, and which was Joe ?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
While gaping thousands come and go—
How vain it seems, this empty show !—
Till all at once his pulses thrill :
'Tis poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill !"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears,
In some sweet lull of harp and song,
For earth-born spirits none too long,
Just whispering of the world below,
Where this was Bill, and that was Joe ?

No matter, while our home is here,
No sounding name is half so dear ;
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say ?
Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet Joe, Hic jacet Bill.

AN EXPERIMENT.

[By A. A. DOWDY.]



WE are all still watching with undiminished anxiety for the consummation of the natural progress of incubation now proceeding in the coop. We know that any day the twelve assorted eggs may break, and their varied occupants come hopping out into this vale of tears.

Yes, I say twelve assorted ones advisedly. Our veteran Cochín-China hen is sitting on a dozen eggs, every one of which is of a different species.

It is an experiment. I long for the day when the varied brood will crack their shells and emerge. How the cochín one will stare when an infant peacock, a turkey, a gosling, a duckling, a dab-chick, a guinea-fowl, a sea-gull, a cuckoo, a dorking, a partridge, a pheasant, and a woodcock, will crowd about her, and call her Mother, in diverse accents. I am most anxious about the sea-gull. The cochín hen looks on this egg especially with suspicion, and scores it deeply with her bill.

When the supreme moment arrives, we shall not be unprepared. Everything that ornithological experience can suggest has been done, and I await the advent of the assorted twelve with tolerable complacency. Each member of my family has had instructions how to act, and knows his or her especial charge. I have drawn up a code of regulations which I read every morning after breakfast. We all take it in turn to watch the coop, and relieve one another at the appointed hours, like the sentries at the Horse Guards.

To show you how complete is our organisation, I will tell you how the duties have been severally allotted. On the first warning from the watcher at the coop that the hatching has commenced, the whole of us will march in Indian file to the scene of action, and at once assume charge of our respective *protégés*. As father of the family, I have taken upon myself to look after the sea-gull and the cuckoo. The sea-gull will be the source of much trouble, we expect: and I am keeping a tub of water, strongly impregnated with Tidman's sea-salt, always ready, so that the marine bird may take to its native element at once. A few dead

sprats and some oyster-shells placed at the bottom of the tub will complete the illusion, and I have every reason to hope the young gull will thrive. I have prepared a nest for the cuckoo, and have put in it three dough models of young sparrows for the pugnacious harbinger of spring to turn out. He will then, I hope, settle down, and cheer our back garden with his dreamy note.

My wife, by special desire, will devote all her energies to the young peacock and the dab-chick. She says her Pa used to keep peacocks, and that the only way to save their young is to give them a spoonful of isinglass and sal volatile at their birth. As to the dab-chick, she has prepared a cotton-wool dressing-gown for it, and intends to place it in the oven, should it be born with a cough.

My eldest boy is told off for the turkey, and has, with great ingenuity, constructed a house for it out of an old biscuit tin. He has lined it with scarlet cloth, which will serve the double object of accustoming the bird to red from its birth, and developing its wattles. So, at least, the secretary of the National Poultry Institute says.



"TRYING TO FEED THE DAB-CHICK."

My daughter will attend to the woodcock, and has, at my direction, prepared the spare bed-room in her doll's house for its reception. She also keeps a penny receipt stamp ready in her pocket, and will use this to settle the creature's bill as soon as it is presented.

My three younger boys, who have plugged the pump-trough, and keep it full of water, will devote

themselves to the duckling, the gosling, and the dorking. It is an idea of mine to teach the dorking to swim, and, should it succeed, I mean to present it to the Polytechnic.

The maid-of-all-work, who is never satisfied unless she is allowed to share our duties and pleasures, has begged hard to have her part in this onerous undertaking; and I have, after consideration, assigned the guinea-fowl to her care.

I do this, principally because, from the general appearance of the guinea-fowl's egg, I have reason to believe it will never be hatched. Should its occupant, contrary to expectation, chip its way out, I am sure Harriet will do her best to preserve

fitful gleam of three night-lights (always kept burning round the coop) and a composite candle stricken by the night breeze.

"Are we all here?" I asked, as I smoothed down the ruffled neck-feathers of the maternal hen, and whistled plaintively, yet encouragingly to the struggling dab-chick. And then I went into the house.

Soon after I was seized from behind, and the maid-of-all-work, pale with excitement, cried out, "O, master, do 'ee be quick. There's hawful works goin' on in the garden," and with that turned and fled.

I followed her instantly, and was at the coop as



"GRIMALKIN LEFT US AS SUDDENLY AS HE HAD COME."

its fragile life; and as I understand she keeps a stocking full of sawdust hung up in the kitchen chimney-corner, I can see that her intention, however fatal it may prove to the guinea-chick, is well meant.

In this way all the birds but two are apportioned. The two remaining, the partridge and the pheasant, presented rather a knotty problem. Suppose I allow them to be hatched on my premises, and a jealous neighbour should lay an information against me for harbouring game—could I be prosecuted under the Poaching Act?

It was a stormy November night when the tap of the embryo dab-chick's incipient bill against the inner walls of its calcareous home gave us the first warning of the event we had so long been expecting.

In a few moments—so admirably had we perfected our preparations against surprise—we were standing, a united family, around the coop; and I, as became my paternal position, was administering butter boluses to the incubating cochin, by the

soon as Harriet. There were, indeed, awful works going on.

The first thing that struck me was the old cochin lying on her side, and flapping one wing violently. As I came up, she opened one eye, and seeing me, tried to cluck. It was her last effort; and flinging my pocket-handkerchief over her feathered corpse, I turned to my wife, who was trying to feed the dab-chick with condensed milk.

Three varieties of young birds lay side by side upon their little backs, in the gravel path, and, as I afterwards heard, they were the pheasant, the cuckoo, and the dorking, which in the hurry of their birth, were plunged into the pump-trough by my well-meaning son Philander, in his haste.

My daughter Harriet was trying, as I came up, to coax the young partridge into a tub of Tidman's water; and though I saved the bird from a watery grave, it was only to sacrifice him beneath my own heel, as I too quickly turned to assist Harriet in coaxing the pea-chick to lie still in the foot of a warm stocking.

"My dear Anna Maria," I asked, somewhat nervously, "where is the infant bird of the wild wave and child of the foam?" and I put it this way to conceal my great excitement.

My wife was helping the young woodcock out of his shell as I spoke, but when her face met mine it told me to expect the worst.

"Tell me not," I moaned, "that the marine chick is no more."

"Philander!" said my wife, solemnly, "had you been here it would not have happened; but whilst we all had our hands full, the sea-gull was hatched, and before we could any of us get near, it had run away into the next garden, and from sounds that followed it must have met a cat."

"Here he is," shouted Georgie Porgie, as she spoke, and, surely enough, with a sudden bound, a large tabby Tom leapt into our midst, with the blood of the tender gull still upon his whiskers. A dozen hands were raised to smite, but making a successful grab at the dab-chick, which was doing well on the milk, and had been put down to digest it, Grimalkin puffed out his tail and left us as suddenly as he had come.

We all looked at each other, and my dear little daughter and son began to cry. "Never mind, children," I said, "we have still the turkey left and the guinea-chick."

"Not the guinea-chick, pa," put in Georgie Porgie; "that egg didn't hatch, and the old bird trod on it."

"And see, pa, how bad the turkey looks," added my daughter, holding up what looked like a bit of skin on a skewer. "It hasn't got any wattles, and it won't eat worms."

The young turkey pulled up the lid of one of his inflamed eyes as though to protest, but it was in fact only preparatory to drawing it down for ever.

"Still, the woodcock is with us, Anna Maria," I cheerfully remarked, "for I saw you assist it out of its shell."

"I don't know, I'm sure, Philander," she said; "but I think there is something wrong with it. Look here!"

I looked. It had two bills. Save for a bottle of spirits, or a glass case, it was useless. I wrung its neck instantly.

"And the duckling, and the gosling, boys," I asked, sitting myself on the coop, amongst the egg-shells, like that classical fellow amongst the ruins of Carthage, "where are they?"

"Alas! papa, the old hen rolled over them," was the reply, "and they never breathed after."

"Then it comes to this," I said—"the pea-chick alone remains; Harriet, have you that bird?"

"Lor, sir," she exclaimed, "I put it where you are sitting, whilst I flung after that cat."

I got up, and wiping the down from my coat-tail, I said, "My dear, let us seek our couches. Ornithology, I fear, is not in our way."

A LONDON IDYLL.*

[By ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.]



N grass, on gravel, in the sun,

Or now beneath the shade,

They went, in pleasant Kensington,

A prentice and a maid.

That Sunday morning's April glow,

How should it not impart

A stir about the veins that flow

To feed the youthful heart.

Ah! years may come, and years may
bring

The truth that is not bliss,

But will they bring another thing

That can compare with this?

I read it in that arm she lays

So soft on his; her mien,

Her step, her very gown betrays

(What in her eyes were seen)

That not in vain the young buds round,

The cawing birds above,

The air, the incense of the ground,

Are whispering, breathing love.

Ah! years may come, and years may
bring

The truth that is not bliss,

But will they bring another thing

That can compare with this?

To inclination, young and blind,

So perfect, as they lent,

By purest innocence confined,

Unconscious free consent.

* By permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.



"THE PRENTICE AND THE MAID." (Drawn by M. L. Gow.)

Persuasive power of vernal change,
For this, thine earliest day,
Canst thou have found in all thy range
One fitter type than they?

Ah! years may come, and years may
bring

The truth that is not bliss,
But will they bring another thing
That can compare with this?

Th' high-titled cares of adult strife,
Which we our duties call,
Trades, arts, and politics of life,
Say, have they, after all,
One other object, end, or use
Than that, for girl and boy,
The punctual earth may still produce
This golden flower of joy?

Ah! years may come, and years may
bring

The truth that is not bliss,
But will they bring another thing
That can compare with this?

O odours of new-budding rose,
O lily's chaste perfume,
O fragrance that didst first unclothe
The young Creation's bloom!
Ye hang around me, while in sun
Anon and now in shade,
I watched in pleasant Kensington
The prentice and the maid.

Ah! years may come, and years may
bring

The truth that is not bliss,
But will they bring another thing
That will compare with this?

TIMON'S TEETH.

[From "Abel Drake's Wife." By JOHN SAUNDERS.]



"FROG-HUNT?" exclaimed Barbara, as one morning, about a month after she had been at Coppeshall, Master Hugh entered the nursery in a high state of excitement, with a cat in his arms, and something in his closed hands, which he

and Hugh, evidently once more in high spirits, casting a look of triumph towards the nursery window.

Barbara watched them with a puzzled, anxious face. Her life—which would have been otherwise almost monotonous in its quiet—had been, ever since her arrival at Coppeshall, a perpetual whirl of anxiety and irritation, through the behaviour of Master Hugh. Tiny arrows would whiz past her head as she sat at her work in the nursery; a hideous black mask would grin at her when she went to see if Master Hugh was safely asleep in his bed; miniature cannons, to which fusees had been previously attached, would suddenly explode while she was dressing him. Then, again, he would invariably disappear directly she had got him ready for the drawing-room, and would come back in a few minutes with his clothes torn, or covered with dirt, and Barbara would be called and publicly reproved by Mr. Wolcombe for her neglect. Once she found her snowdrop set up as a target. In fact, so cleverly was each trick managed to touch Barbara in her secret points of sensitiveness, that she began to fancy they were being hatched in some other brain than Master Hugh's. It was as if she had some enemy in the house, determined to baulk her success. At times—though she always dismissed the idea as too absurd—she fancied Mr. Lancelot was this enemy; that it was he who incited Hugh to all the mischief, for the purpose of annoying her.

While these thoughts were again passing through her mind, Miss Featherstonehaugh came to say that Master Hugh was, "as usual," missing from breakfast, and that his papa was very angry. So Barbara left her work, and crossed the garden in the direction she had seen the pair take. She soon reached the old orchard. The light, spring foliage, which had been drenched by a morning shower, glittered brightly in the sun. The fruit-trees were in the fullest bloom, and green buds were everywhere pricking through the moist soil. Barbara walked quickly on, past the pinky-stalked rhubarb, with its wrinkled leaves, and past the long bed of young peas, rising with bent heads from the soil, as if looking back regretfully upon their cradle, and wondering how soon it would be their grave. Presently she came to the old apple-tree, that had such an extraordinary twist in its trunk, and which, she had heard Mr. Lancelot say, looked as if it had been seized with a sudden fit of stomach-ache through the sourness of its own apples. While she was looking at it, her face was

kept peeping at through his fingers, while he ordered her to clear the nursery, as he was going to have a frog-hunt.

"Yes, a grand frog-hunt! Now, no humbug, nurse, but shut the door, and get out of the way." So saying, he set down the cat, and opened his hands, when out jumped two frogs, which began limping along the floor. The cat sprang after them; and Hugh, shouting with a kind of Indian war-whoop to keep Barbara off, followed the chase, seizing the cat whenever she got too close to the frogs, and holding her till they were well in advance, then letting her go again.

At last, watching her opportunity, Barbara seized the frogs, and threw them lightly out of the window upon the top of one of the thickly-branched trees, where they went, dropping from point to point, till they fell on the sward below, very little the worse.

"Barbara! You horrid wretch!" cried Master Hugh, in a perfect yell. "You've spoiled the game."

"Weel, an' I'm glad on't. It's a cruel, wicked game."

"And I say it's a jolly game!" roared Hugh, almost hysterically; "and I'll tell my brother you say he makes cruel, wicked games. See, if I don't! But it's always the way. O, how I do hate girls!" And therewith the young gentleman bounced out of the room. Presently Barbara saw him in the garden, apparently relating his wrongs to Mr. Lancelot, who listened as though decidedly interested.

Before long he stooped down, and said a few words to Hugh, that made the boy's face clear up in an instant; and then the two went off together towards the orchard, Mr. Lancelot switching off the buds of the fruit-trees with his riding-whip,

drenched by a shower of water-drops and apple-blossoms, and when she opened her eyes and looked up, she beheld Master Hugh, perched on one of the highest parts of the tree, making faces at her, and shaking the wet branches over her head with riotous glee.

Standing a little apart, and looking on, with a curious stumpy pipe in his mouth, his hands in the pockets of his loose jacket, and his great knee-boots covered with mud, was Mr. Lancelot; and at his heels were two of the ugliest dogs Barbara had ever seen, and both of which began to bark as soon as they saw her.

"Hold your noise, Timon! Isidore, you ugly brute, if you don't stop that yelping, I'll send this down your throat!" said Mr. Lancelot, holding his spurred heel close to the smaller dog's muzzle.

This Isidore was a poor little scrubby-haired, snub-nosed, tailless brute, with large ears, and paws that were out of all proportion with the rest of his body. He had also a pair of miserable-looking eyes, that seemed to sympathise with everybody's disgust at his ugliness, and ask pardon for it. Barbara could not help laughing to see how, when his master spoke to him, he approached with ears laid back, eyes wincing as from imaginary blows, and with a kind of slide; then sprawled over on his back, and lay with his huge, ugly paws dangling down, his bit of a tail stuck close and tight to his body, and his beseeching eyes turned up, deprecating the beating that he owned he deserved, an irresistible picture of servile humility, that one longed to kick, but could not.

Timon—so named on account of his uncontrollable aversion to mankind generally, but with Toby most unmistakably graven on his broad features—was as savage-looking as Isidore was meek. One could wish, for his master's credit, to be able to say he was somewhat handsomer than his companion; but indeed, truthfully speaking, he was not. His coat was smooth and of a dirty-yellow colour; his head was too big, and his ears too short; and an accident having deprived him of the use of one eye, he had to suit his movements to his sight, so always ran sideways; which gait, with his long and bowed legs, had a very curious effect. They were both unquestionably low dogs, and in spite of Timon's bravado, and Isidore's gentle and obliging manners, were excluded by general consent from the canine society of the neighbourhood. No doubt they did think it very hard, that when they went down to the village behind their master, all the gentlemen's dogs they met should turn off into an adjoining field to avoid being seen in their company; or that the butcher's dog, with still less breeding, should make a rush between them, sending Isidore sprawling in the mud; and when Timon, with crisping tail and bared teeth, demanded satisfaction for such con-

duct, should add insult to injury by kicking the dirt at them with both his hind feet, in silent contempt, and pass on his way. And although some time or other, all such miscreants—the butcher's dog excepted—were sure to meet their due from Timon's white teeth, they always revenged themselves by waylaying the unlucky Isidore, when he chanced to be alone, and sending him home in such a plight as would raise Timon's ire for a week or two.

"Well, which do you think the handsomest?" asked Mr. Lancelot, after Barbara had taken a long look at the dogs.

"Nae, I canna say, sir," answered Barbara, repressing a smile, as she turned and looked up into the tree. "Master Hugh, come down directly!"

"Why, you don't suppose he'll mind what you say, do you?" observed Mr. Lancelot, smoking away quite at his ease. "It's no use. You had better give it up."

"I hae come for him, an' I shall tak' him wi' me. Please don't try to keep him. Now, Master Hugh!" The boy began slowly and hesitatingly to descend, and Barbara could not help casting a half-triumphant look at the brother.

"Here, Timon, boy; seize him, seize him! Isidore!" cried Mr. Lancelot, clapping his hands; and both the dogs began jumping round the tree; Isidore with a weak but noisy yelping, and Timon with a hoarse bark, that frightened Hugh, who instantly began to remount as high as he could get.

Lancelot now glanced quietly at Barbara, and found her eyes fastened on his, with a look of almost contemptuous surprise. He coloured slightly, but returned the look half-laughingly, half-haughtily.

"Mr. Lancelot, please call th' dogs away!" she said, in a low, almost commanding tone of voice, that made him smile, as she pointed to the dogs.

"And suppose I say I shan't do anything of the kind!"

"Eigh,—but yo will!"

"Shall I? what if I don't?"

"Then I mun, sir."

"You!" He looked at her, and laughed right out. "I dare you to touch them. No stranger ever touched Timon yet, but said stranger repented; so I warn you."

"Will you call them away, sir?"

"Not if you stamp your foot at me like that. Couldn't do it!"

"Will you, sir, *please*?" again appealed Barbara, emphasising the "please," like a naughty child who is made to say it.

Curious, perhaps, to see what she would do, and just a little annoyed by her manner, so calm and confident, in spite of the heightening colour that began to overspread her usually colourless face,



TIMON FINDS HIS MASTER. (Drawn by Gordon Browne.)

Mr. Lancelot slowly and enjoyingly drawled out, "No!" He had scarcely said the word before he repented of it. Barbara thrust Isidore aside with a contemptuous push, rather than a kick, against his muzzle, which brought him instantly on his back, praying for mercy with dangling, submissive paws; and she at once seized Timon by the throat, forced his head to the ground, and held him there, with lolling red tongue and bloodshot eyes, in spite of all his dangerously quiet struggles to get free.

"Now, then, Master Hugh; quick, quick! or I shall get a bite! Mak' haste. I won't let him loose till you've gotten away."

Hugh hastened down, seeing Barbara's danger, and beginning to think matters altogether were getting serious. The dog still struggled; and there was an ugly kind of side-look at Barbara out of the corners of his eyes that told her the danger; and it was evident by her silence, and the strained attitude into which she had thrown herself, that he taxed her powers to the utmost. At the moment Hugh touched the ground, the dog made a new and desperate effort to release himself, and so nearly succeeded, that Barbara lost her grasp, and had to let go, and make a second snatch in order to get a better hold. She succeeded in evading (as it seemed) a fierce snap from the foaming jaws, and then seeing Hugh safe beyond the orchard, and the door shut behind him, she resigned the dog to Lancelot, who had been vainly striving either to make the dog be quiet or to induce Barbara to let him interfere.

A tremendous kick from Mr. Lancelot finished the business, so far as Timon was concerned; and he and Isidore slunk off, without beat of drum, or other sign of triumph, to the kennel.

"Barbara!" began Mr. Lancelot, in some agitation. "You are bleeding! He has bitten you! The brute!"

"Happen, Master Lancelot, there *is* blood in me, after all," said Barbara, with a quiet smile, that had just a little spice of malice in it, and she walked away, without another word.

A few minutes later, Barbara walked into the school-room—a place she was fond of visiting during meal-times, when everybody else was sure to be away—and began to amuse herself by a strange kind of reading, that of the children's dog-eared school-books. Apparently, she had forgotten the scene in the garden, her wound, and everything else, as she sat down to one of the books, looking strangely puzzled by its contents. Suddenly the door opened in a peculiarly gentle manner, and lo! Mr. Lancelot! Barbara had never once seen him in that place before. She looked at him coldly and inquiringly, and with such an air of "Pray, what do you want here?" that he smiled an answer, reclosed the door,

and came and sat down by her side. Barbara rose.

"Very well," said he, also rising; "it's all the same to me; which you like—standing or sitting." Presently he went on. "Barbara!"

"Sir!" freezingly answered the latter.

"I don't know what you think of me, nor do I know that I particularly care. I dare say you mix Timon and me up together into a flattering whole. But I want to know about the wound—what have you done to it?"

"Washed it, and put a bit o' plaster on it."

"That won't do. Now if I had not had the evidence of my own senses that it takes a great deal to frighten you, I should be afraid of frightening you now. I don't suspect Timon of being mad—he has, I think, every evil quality under the sun but that—but I do think you should take precautions. But, perhaps, you can't stand pain. Many people can fight when their blood's up—and so can you; but how about letting me touch that place with caustic to make all safe?"

"What will it do, sir?"

"Burn—as though it were burning into your very soul!—but then it will leave your mind a very picture of contentment afterwards."

"Hae you gotten it wi' you, sir?"

"Well, yes; in fact, I have been to fetch it."

"Happen I can't stand it?"

"But you'll try?"

Barbara held out her wrist in answer; and Lancelot, with a tenderness of touch that contrasted oddly with the roughness of his general behaviour, removed the plaster, and looked carefully at the wound. It was slight to appearance; but unfortunately the dog's teeth had gone deep enough to draw blood.

"You are sure you washed it carefully?"

"Yes, sir, because I tried by keeping on wi' th' water to mak' th' bleeding stop."

"Very well. Now mind what I say. I don't think one woman out of a hundred could stand quietly to let me do this. Ah! yes—you feel it? I thought you'd wince soon. If you'd like a good cry or a scream, have it out, don't mind me."

But Barbara, after the first cruel touch, bore all unflinchingly, only taking care not to trust herself too soon with the question, "Had he done?"

The high colour had now faded, and she began to look increasingly pale, as Lancelot, tearing off a narrow strip from his white cambric handkerchief, wetted one end in a jug of drinking water that he found on the table, observing the while, "It will cool the place;" and then wrapping the bandage about the wrist, he fastened the end ingeniously by tucking it under.

"Here," said Lancelot, fetching the water-jug, "drink; it will do you good."

Barbara did drink, and soon felt restored to all her courage and equanimity.

"Thank you, Mr. Lancelot," presently broke forth from those still pale lips, and accompanied by so sweet a smile that Lancelot, for the first time, began to feel a little confused; and although

the effects did not last long, they were decided enough to make Barbara almost repent of her natural emotion of gratefulness, and more than enough to make her wish he would go away from the school-room before any one else should come in.

BARCLAY OF URY.

[By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.]

UP the streets of Aberdeen,
By the kirk and college green,
Rode the Laird of Ury;
Close behind him, close beside,
Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,
Pressed the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,
Jeered at him the serving girl,
Prompt to please her master;
And the begging carlin, late
Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,
Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet, with calm and stately mien,
Up the streets of Aberdeen
Came he slowly riding;
And, to all he saw and heard,
Answering not with bitter word,
Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swinging,
Bits and bridles sharply ringing,
Loose and free and froward;
Quoth the foremost, "Ride him down!
Push him! prick him! through the town
Drive the Quaker coward!"

But from out the thickening crowd
Cried a sudden voice and loud:
"Barclay! Ho! a Barclay!"
And the old man at his side,
Saw a comrade, battle tried,
Scarred and sunburnt darkly;

Who with ready weapon bare,
Fronting to the troopers there,
Cried aloud: "God save us!
Call ye coward him who stood
Ankle deep in Lutzen's blood,
With the brave Gustavus?"

"Nay, I do not need thy sword,
Comrade mine," said Ury's lord:
"Put it up, I pray thee:
Passive to His holy will,
Trust I in my Master still,
Even though He slay me.

"Pledges of thy love and faith,
Proved on many a field of death,
Not by me are needed."
Marvelled much the henchman bold,
That his laird, so stout of old,
Now so meekly pleaded.

"Woe's the day," he sadly said,
With a slowly-shaking head,
And a look of pity;
"Ury's honest lord reviled,
Mock of knave and sport of child,
In his own good city!"

"Speak the word, and, master mine,
As we charged on Tilly's line,
And his Walloon lancers,
Smiting through their midst we'll teach,
Civil look and decent speech
To these boyish prancers!"

"Marvel not, mine ancient friend,
Like beginning, like the end!"
Quoth the Laird of Ury;
"Is the sinful servant more
Than his gracious Lord, who bore
Bonds and stripes in Jewry?"

"Give me joy that in His name
I can bear, with patient frame,
All these vain ones offer!
While for them He suffereth long,
Shall I answer wrong for wrong,
Scoffing with the scoffer?"

"Happier I, with loss of all,
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,
With few friends to greet me,
Than when reeve and squire were seen,
Riding out from Aberdeen,
With bared heads, to meet me.

"When each good wife, o'er and o'er,
Blessed me as I passed her door;
And the snooded daughter,
Through her casement glancing down
Smiled on him who bore renown
From red fields of slaughter.

“Hard to feel the stranger’s scoff,
Hard the old friend’s falling off,
 Hard to learn forgiving :
But the Lord His own rewards,
And His love with theirs accords,
 Warm and fresh and living.
“Through this dark and stormy night
Faith beholds a feeble light
 Up the blackness streaking ;

Every age on him, who strays
From its broad and beaten ways
 Pours its sevenfold vial
Happy he whose inward ear,
Angel comfortings can hear,
 O’er the rabble’s laughter ;
And, while Hatred’s faggots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
 Of the good hereafter.



“‘NAY, I DO NOT NEED THY SWORD.’” (Drawn by J. Nash.)

Knowing God’s own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest
 For the full day breaking !”
So the Laird of Ury said,
Turning slow his horse’s head
 Towards the Tolbooth prison,
Where, through iron grates, he heard
Poor disciples of the Word
 Preach of Christ arisen !
Not in vain, Confessor old,
Unto us the tale is told
 Of thy day of trial ;

Knowing this, that never yet
Share of Truth was vainly set
 In the world’s wide fallow ;
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands from hill and mead
 Reap the harvest yellow.
Thus, with somewhat of the Seer,
Must the moral pioneer
 From the future borrow ;
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain
And, on midnight’s sky of rain,
 Paint the golden morrow.

EARLY TO BED.

[From "Tiny Travels." By J. ASHBY-STERRY.]



THERE is a nice fire in my room, but I will not sit down. Not I. I did not tear myself away from a pleasant club to sit by a fire, did I? Of course I did not. There is the tobacco jar, there are pipes on the table, there are bottles and "materials."

But I did not come home to drink or to smoke, did I? Of course I did not. No! I came home to go to BED! And to bed I will go. It seems to be an unreasonable proceeding. I have a feeling come over me such as I have not experienced since I was a tiny child, and sent to bed by daylight in disgrace. I find everything wrong. Going to bed is not an easy matter, as it usually is with me. It is an actual ceremony. I potter about. Everything is obstinate. I cannot find my brushes. I knock over the water jug. I break a tumbler. I upset a bottle of hair oil. Upon my word, I believe all my furniture has conspired against me, and that they are holding an indignation meeting to protest against my retiring so early. Anyhow, they all seem to be endued with a kind of life of a most awkward and annoying description. I lose my temper, and I must say I use language which is not at all in harmony with the halo of virtue and the atmosphere of morality with which I fancy I am surrounded. However, I console myself with the thought, how nice it will be to be up so early. It is one thing, however, to determine to go to bed early: it is another to go to sleep. Instead of tumbling into bed as usual, I find there are all sorts of things that distract my attention. I begin to discover that my bed-room is badly arranged: that pictures hang in the wrong places, that the wardrobe is the wrong side of the room, that I do not like the patterns of the paper, and that the carpet is simply hideous.

I gaze at myself in the looking-glass, and think how terribly old I am looking, and how the grey hairs are beginning to assert themselves. I turn away in disgust, and nearly fall into my bath. At last I will have no more trifling. I plunge boldly into bed and determine I will go to sleep. But, as

I said before, it is one thing to go to bed: it is altogether another matter to go to sleep. The bed feels as though it had been iced, and the pillow as if it were stuffed with parchment shavings. However, I dare say it is all right. I shut my eyes. I not only shut them but screw them up tightly, so that there will be no chance of their opening by accident. Hitherto shutting my eyes has been synonymous with going to sleep, but now I find out my mistake. In about five minutes' time I open one eye cautiously and look round and discover I have not been to sleep at all. I roll over and tell myself that this will not do at all; if I put myself to bed before eleven o'clock I expect myself to go to sleep at once. And then I discover that peculiar phase of existence which, I imagine, is common to all of us in a state of partial sleepiness or semi-wakefulness—namely, that of a dual existence. I am distinctly two persons contained in one body, and two persons of a most antagonistic nature. My better self wants to go to sleep, but my worse self absolutely refuses to do anything of the kind. Good and bad self are continually quarrelling all night long.

I think I could possibly get to sleep if it were not for the noise. People *will* chatter and sing and shout as they walk through the square. Why on earth cannot they go to bed early as I do? I am beginning to doubt if going to bed early is a good thing, and feel half inclined to register a vow that I will never do so any more. There is a cab just stopped at Number Ten. How painfully distinct every sound is! I can hear the grate of the wheels as they scrape the kerb, the clump of the cabman as he jumps down on the pavement. I can hear him clump up the steps, give a tremendous double rap and clump down again. I can distinctly hear the "scroop" of the cab door when it is opened, the *frou frou* of dresses, and the patter of feminine feet. I hear a conversation in an undertone. I can distinguish the phrases "leave it to you, sir," "such a norful night," and the like. I hear a jingle of silver, a hearty but gruff good night on the part of the cabman; I hear the cab turn round—I became tremendously interested, for it turned round so sharply that I thought it was going to turn over—however, it righted itself, and I heard it slowly rattle out of the square. I could hear it clattering over the stones in Great Rumble Street, and I wondered whether it was going to turn into Spattleton's Mews for the night. Then I recollect that Spattleton's is rather an aristocratic mews, and certainly would turn up his nose—the idea of a mews having a nose to turn

up!—at a cab. I wonder what becomes of cabs when they are not on service. Did you ever see a gigantic “cabbery?” I once in my prowls came upon an extraordinary back-yard, in which there were seventeen hansoms without horses or drivers; they seemed as if they were holding a special meeting of the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Cabs. I never saw anything so ghastly or appalling. I was as much startled and horrified as if I had strolled into a hospital dissecting-room by mistake, and I ran away, not daring to look behind me in case I might find myself pursued by a troop of infuriated, noiseless, driverless hansom-cabs trying to gore me with their shafts.

I have given up all idea of going to sleep now. It is of no use whatever. All my senses have become painfully acute. The least noise gives me an alarm of burglars. I fancy I can detect a smell of burning, and the lurid reflection of the street lamp becomes almost as painful as a pattern on the brain. I never knew my bed-room was so draughty before. There are about fifteen different draughts coming from all sides at once. Directly I put my head outside the clothes I seem to put it into an air needle-bath. I can *not* go to sleep. Why have I not something to help me? Why have I not Indian hemp, chlorodyne, hydrate of chloral, opium, laudanum, hasheesh, syrup of poppies, brown brandy, or bottled stout? Why have I not all these things arranged in a goodly row along my mantel-piece? Why? Simply because I never required any artificial stimulants to sleep till I was such an ass—such a *silly* ass—I—say—as to go to bed early. I am not going to be treated this way. I will endeavour to put in practice all the receipts I have heard of for provoking somnolence without recourse to narcotics. I will trace the course of a river from its source to its mouth. Of course I think of the river I know best, and I begin at the source of the Thames. Then I think of people dwelling on its banks. I think of the Bonnybelle girls. I then remember that they are coming up to town next week, and I promised to get them some stalls at the theatre. I have forgotten all about it. Upon my word, I must see about this the first thing, the very first thing to-morrow morning. This throws me into a state more wakeful than ever, and I begin to wish that the morning were come in order that I might rush off to the box-office at once. The morning, indeed! The morning is so far off that I look upon it as the year after next.

It has just struck half-past twelve. In the usual way I never think of leaving the club till after this time. I am told that the majority of fires always take place between twelve and one, and I have

been given to understand that that is the most favourable period for burglars. Now I come to think of it, that smell of burning is certainly getting stronger—very much stronger! I hear mysterious thumpings and rattlings about the house that I cannot account for. I just become conscious that I am very hungry. If there is one thing that is more annoying than another it is being hungry in the middle of the night. I really am prodigiously hungry. I could do with a few slices of cold tongue and some bread and butter. Shall I boldly get up and go down-stairs in search of it? No, I think not. My kitchen in the dead of night is not a cheerful place, I can tell you. Besides, I have been considerably frightened with the burglaristic noises I have heard ever since I was in bed. No, I will not go down. But what a lot of nice things I begin to think about. A good thick, lean chop, with potatoes such as Paddy Green used to give you; a Welsh rarebit to follow, and a pint of stout out of the pewter. *Dee-li-cious. Num! Num! Num! Num! Num!! NUM!!!* And to think that if I had not been an absolute donkey I could have been enjoying my supper at the club at this present moment. What an idiot I have been! I begin to toss about and feel very feverish. My tongue begins to get dry and feels as if it had been sand-papered. I would give anything for a cider cup—a cider cup, craftily compounded, just as they give it you at the Carnation Club. Bah! What is the use of wishing? I bury my head in my pillow and resolve that I will either go to sleep or be suffocated. I do neither, but presently find myself sitting bolt upright in bed and staring about me. I try hanging my head over the foot of the bed, and putting my feet on the pillow, but only succeed in getting icy cold feet and a determination of blood to the head. I then roll myself up tightly in the blankets and pretend to be a mummy. I toss about, I roll, I gnash my teeth, I groan, I hear one o'clock strike in all its varieties—two, three, four, five! Just as it begins to be getting light I feel to be a little drowsy, when suddenly I am startled with a tremendous rapping and ringing. The burglars at last—or the fire engines, I say to myself. I do not hurry myself, for I am really feeling somewhat sleepy. The rapping and ringing continues. At last I hear a shout of “Sur-weep!” from below. Let them rap and ring, I say to myself, I dare say they will get in somehow. And I suppose they do, for presently I am again awakened by brushes rattling up the chimney and a general smell of soot everywhere. I get comfortably off to sleep about eight and get up about eleven. I miss an important appointment at ten, I feel very unwell and am fit for nothing all the next day.



THE DEMON SHIP.

[By THOMAS HOOD.]

T WAS off the Wash—the sun went down—the
 sea looked black and grim,
 For stormy clouds, with murky fleece, were
 mustering at the brim;
 Titanic shades! enormous gloom!—as if the solid
 night
 Of Erebus rose suddenly to seize upon the light!
 It was a time for mariners to bear a wary eye,
 With such a dark conspiracy between the sea and
 sky!
 Down went my helm—close reefed—the tack held
 freely in my hand—
 With ballast snug—I put about, and scudded for
 the land.
 Loud hissed the sea beneath her lea—my little
 boat flew fast,
 But faster still the rushing storm came borne upon
 the blast!
 Oh! what a roaring hurricane beset the straining
 sail!
 What furious sleet, with level drift, and fierce
 assaults of hail!
 What darksome caverns yawned before! what
 jagged steeps behind!
 Like battle-steeds, with foamy manes, wild tossing
 in the wind.
 Each after each sank down astern, exhausted in
 the chase,
 But where it sank another rose and galloped in its
 place;
 As black as night—they turned to white, and cast
 against the cloud
 A snowy sheet, as if each surge upturned a sailor's
 shroud:
 Still flew my boat; alas! alas! her course was
 nearly run!
 Behold yon fatal billow rise—ten billows heaped
 in one!
 With fearful speed the dreary mass came rolling,
 rolling fast,
 As if the scooping sea contained one only wave
 at last!

Still on it came, with horrid roar, a swift pursuing
 grave;
 It seemed as though some cloud had turned its
 hugeness to a wave!
 Its briny sleet began to beat beforehand in my
 face—
 I felt the rearward keel begin to climb its swelling
 base!
 I saw its alpine hoary head impending over mine!
 Another pulse—and down it rushed—an avalanche
 of brine!
 Brief pause had I, aloud to cry, or think of wife
 and home;
 The waters closed—and when I shrieked, I shrieked
 below the foam!
 Beyond that rush I have no hint of any after
 deed—
 For I was tossing on the waste, as senseless as a
 weed.

* * * * *

“Where am I?—in the breathing world, or in the
 world of death?”
 With sharp and sudden pang I drew another birth
 of breath;
 My eyes drank in a doubtful light, my ears a
 doubtful sound—
 And was that ship a *real* ship whose tackle seemed
 around?
 A moon, as if the earthly moon, was shining up
 aloft;
 But were those beams the very beams that I had
 seen so oft?
 A face, that mocked the human face, before me
 watched alone;
 But were those eyes the eyes of man that looked
 against my own?
 Oh, never may the moon again disclose me such a
 sight
 As met my gaze, when first I looked, on that
 accursed night!
 I've seen a thousand horrid shapes begot of fierce
 extremes

Of fever ; and most frightful things have haunted
in my dreams—

Hyenas—cats—blood-loving bats—and apes with
hateful stare—

Pernicious snakes, and shaggy bulls—the lion, and
she-bear—

Strong enemies, with Judas looks, of treachery and
spite—

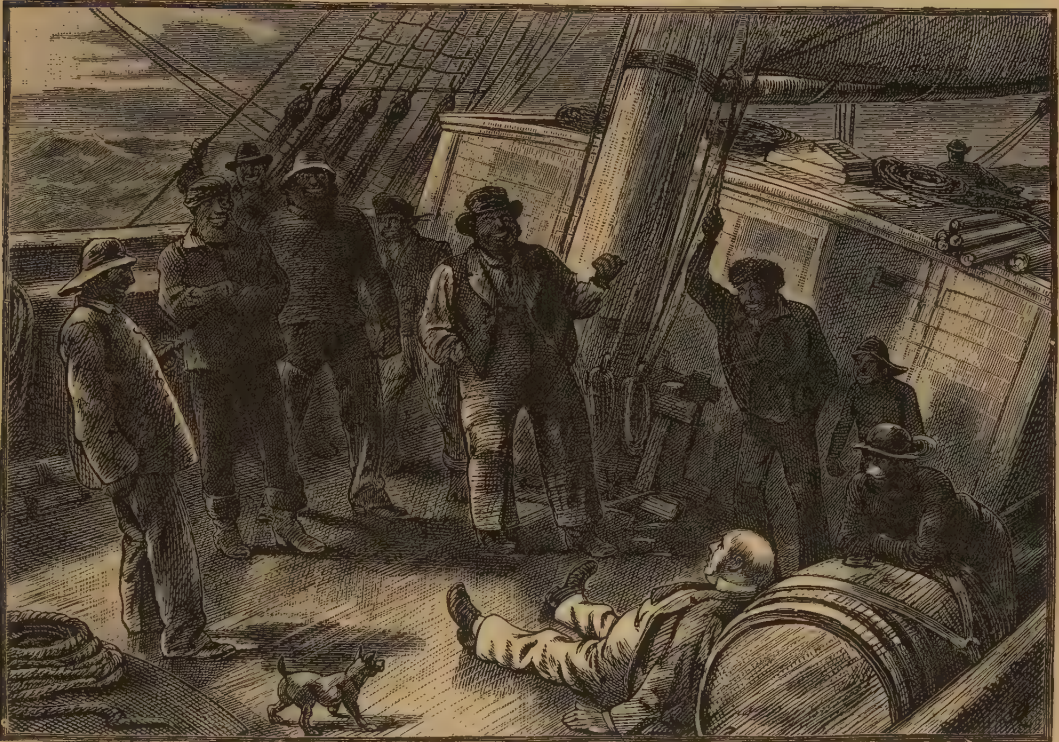
Detested features, hardly dimmed and banished
by the light—

His sooty crew were like in hue, as black as Afric
slaves !

Oh, horror ! e'en the ship was black that ploughed
the inky waves !

"Alas !" I cried, "for love of truth and blessed
mercy's sake !

Where am I ? in what dreadful ship ? upon what
dreadful lake ?



"LOUD LAUGHED THAT SABLE MARINER." (Drawn by W. Ralston.)

Pale-sheeted ghosts, with gory locks, upstarting
from their tombs—

All phantasies and images that flit in midnight
glooms—

Hags, goblins, demons, lemures, have made me all
aghast,—

But nothing like that GRIMLY ONE who stood
beside the mast !

His cheek was black—his brow was black—his
eyes and hair as dark :

His hand was black, and where it touched, it left
a sable mark ;

His throat was black, his vest the same, and when
I looked beneath,

His breast was black—all, all was black, except his
grinning teeth.

What shape is that, so very grim, and black as any
coal ?

It is Mahound, the Evil One, and he has gained my
soul !

Oh, mother dear ! my tender nurse ! dear meadows
that beguiled

My happy days, when I was yet a little sinless
child,—

My mother dear—my native fields, I never more
shall see :

I'm sailing in the Demon's Ship, upon the Demon's
Sea !"

Loud laughed that SABLE MARINER, and loudly in
return

His sooty crew sent forth a laugh that rang from
stem to stern—

A dozen pair of grimy cheeks were crumpled on the nonce—
 As many sets of grinning teeth came shining out at once :
 A dozen gloomy shapes at once enjoyed the merry fit,
 With shriek and yell, and oaths as well, like Demons of the Pit.

They crowed their fill, and then the chief made answer for the whole ;—
 "Our skins," said he, "are black, ye see, because we carry coal ;
 You'll find your mother sure enough, and see your native fields—
 For this here ship has picked you up—the *Mary Ann* of Shields !"

TWO ADVENTURES.

[From "The Small House at Allington." By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.]

JOHN EAMES, with a little hesitation, walked down the garden.

First of all he went the whole way round the walks meeting nobody. Then he crossed the lawn, returning again to the farther end ; and there, emerging from the little path which led from the Great House, he encountered Lily alone. "Oh, John," she said, "how d'ye do? I'm afraid you did not find anybody in the house. Mamma and Bell are with Hopkins, away in the large kitchen-garden."

"I've just come over," said Eames, "because I promised. I said I'd come before I went back to London."

"And they'll be very glad to see you, and so am I. Shall we go after them into the other grounds? But perhaps you walked over and are tired."

"I did walk," said Eames ; "not that I am very tired." But in truth he did not wish to go after Mrs. Dale, though he was altogether at a loss as to what to say to Lily while remaining with her. He had fancied that he would like to have some opportunity of speaking to her alone before he went away ;—of making some special use of the last interview which he should have with her before she became a married woman. But now the opportunity was there, and he hardly dared to avail himself of it.

"You'll stay and dine with us," said Lily.

"No, I'll not do that, for I especially told my mother that I would be back."

"I'm sure it was very good of you to walk so far to see us. If you really are not tired, I think we will go to mamma, she would be very sorry to miss you."

This she said remembering at the moment what had been Crosbie's injunctions to her about John Eames. But John had resolved that he would say those words which he had come to speak, and that, as Lily was there with him, he would avail himself of the chance which fortune had given him.

"I don't think I'll go into the squire's garden," he said.

"Uncle Christopher is not there. He is about the farm somewhere."

"If you don't mind, Lily, I think I'll stay out here. I suppose they'll be back soon. Of course I should like to see them before I go away to London. But, Lily, I came over now chiefly to see you. It was you who asked me to promise."

Had Crosbie been right in those remarks of his? Had she been imprudent in her little endeavour to be cordially kind to her old friend? "Shall we go into the drawing-room?" she said, feeling that she would be in some degree safer there than out among the shrubs and paths of the garden. And I think she was right in this. A man will talk of love out among the lilacs and roses, who would be stricken dumb by the demure propriety of the four walls of a drawing-room. John Eames also had some feeling of this kind, for he determined to remain out in the garden if he could so manage it.

"I don't want to go in, unless you wish it," he said. "Indeed, I'd rather stay out here. So, Lily, you're going to be married?" And thus he rushed at once into the middle of his discourse.

"Yes," she said, "I believe I am."

"I have not told you yet that I congratulated you."

"I have known very well that you did so in your heart. I have always been sure that you wished me well."

"Indeed I have. And if congratulating a person is hoping that she may always be happy, I do congratulate you, But, Lily——" And then he paused, abashed by the beauty, purity, and woman's grace which had forced him to love her.

"I think I understand all that you would say. I do not want ordinary words to tell me that I am to count you among my best friends."

"No, Lily, you don't understand all that I would say. You have never known how often and how much I have thought of you ; how dearly I have loved you."

"John, you must not talk of that now."

"I cannot go without telling you. When I came over here, and Mrs. Dale told me that you were to be married to that man——"

"You must not speak of Mr. Crosbie in that way," she said, turning upon him almost fiercely.

"I did not mean to say anything disrespectful of him to you. I should hate myself if I were to do so. Of course you like him better than anybody else?"

"I love him better than all the world besides."

"And so do I love you better than all the world besides." And as he spoke he got up from his seat and stood before her. "I know how poor I am, and unworthy of you; and only that you are engaged to him, I don't suppose that I should now tell you. Of course you couldn't accept such a one as me. But I have loved you ever since you remember; and now that you are going to be his wife, I cannot but tell you that it is so. You will go and live in London; but as to my seeing you there, it will be impossible. I could not go into that man's house."

"Oh, John."

"No, never! not if you became his wife. I have loved you as well as he does. When Mrs. Dale told me of it, I thought I should have fallen. I went away without seeing you because I was unable to speak to you. I made a fool of myself, and have been a fool all along. I am foolish now to tell you this, but I cannot help it."

"You will forget it all when you meet some girl that you can really love."

"And have I not really loved you? Well, never mind. I have said what I came to say, and I will now go. If it ever happens that we are down in the country together, perhaps I may see you again; but never in London. Good-bye, Lily." And he put out his hand to her.

"And won't you stay for mamma?" she said.

"No. Give her my love, and to Bell. They understand all about it. They will know why I have gone. If ever you want anybody to do anything for you, remember that I will do it whatever it is." And as he paced away from her across the lawn, the special deed in her favour to which his mind was turned—that one thing which he most longed to do on her behalf—was an act of corporal chastisement upon Crosbie. If Crosbie would but ill-treat her—ill-treat her with some antinuptial barbarity—and if only he could be called in to avenge her wrongs! And as he made his way back along the road towards Guestwick, he built up within his own bosom a castle in the air, for her part in which Lily Dale would by no means have thanked him.

Lily, when she was left alone, burst into tears. She had certainly said very little to encourage her forlorn suitor, and had so borne herself during the interview that even Crosbie could hardly have

been dissatisfied; but now that Eames was gone her heart became very tender towards him. She felt that she did love him also;—not at all as she loved Crosbie, but still with a love that was tender, soft, and true. If Crosbie could have known all her thoughts at that moment, I doubt whether he would have liked them. She burst into tears, and then hurried away into some nook where she could not be seen by her mother and Bell on their return.

Eames went on his way, walking very quietly, swinging his stick and kicking through the dust, with his heart full of the scene which had just passed. He was angry with himself, thinking that he had played his part badly, accusing himself in that he had been rough to her, and selfish in the expression of his love; and he was angry with her because she had declared to him that she loved Crosbie better than all the world besides. He knew that of course she must do so—that at any rate it was to be expected that such was the case. Yet, he thought she might have refrained from saying so to him. "She chooses to scorn me now," he said to himself; "but the time may come when she will wish that she had scorned him." That Crosbie was wicked, bad, and selfish he believed most fully. He felt sure that the man would ill-use her and make her wretched. He had some slight doubt whether he would marry her, and from this doubt he endeavoured to draw a scrap of comfort. If Crosbie would desert her, and if to him might be accorded the privilege of beating the man to death with his fists because of this desertion, then the world would not be quite blank for him. In all this he was no doubt very cruel to Lily; but then had not Lily been very cruel to him?

He was still thinking of these things when he came to the first of the Guestwick pastures. The boundary of the earl's property was very plainly marked, for with it commenced also the shady elms along the roadside, and the broad green margin of turf, grateful equally to those who walked and to those who rode. Eames had got himself on to the grass, but in the fulness of his thoughts was unconscious of the change in his path, when he was startled by a voice in the next field and the loud bellowing of a bull. Lord de Guest's choice cattle he knew were there, and there was one special bull which was esteemed by his lordship as of great value, and regarded as a high favourite. The people about the place declared that the beast was vicious, but Lord de Guest had often been heard to boast that it was never vicious with him. "The boys tease him, and the men are almost worse than the boys," said the earl; "but he'll never hurt anyone that has not hurt him." Guided by faith in his own teaching, the earl had taught himself to look upon

the bull as a large, horned, innocent lamb of the flock.

As Eames paused on the road, he fancied that he recognised the earl's voice, and it was the voice of one in distress. Then the bull's roar sounded

at his owner, as though determined in each run to have a toss at his lordship; and at each run the earl would retreat quickly for a few paces, but he retreated always facing his enemy, and as the animal got near to him, would make digs at his



"HE THREW UP HIS ARMS MANFULLY." (Drawn by Gordon Browne.)

very plain in his ear, and almost close; upon hearing which he rushed on to the gate, and, without much thinking what he was doing, vaulted over it, and advanced a few steps into the field.

"Halloa!" shouted the earl. "There's a man. Come on." And then his continued shoutings hardly formed themselves into intelligible words; but Eames plainly understood that he was invoking assistance under great pressure and stress of circumstances. The bull was making short runs

face with the long spud which he carried in his hand. But in thus making good his retreat he had been unable to keep in a direct line to the gate, and there seemed to be great danger lest the bull should succeed in pressing him up against the hedge. "Come on!" shouted the earl, who was fighting his battle manfully, but was by no means anxious to carry off all the laurels of the victory himself. "Come on, I say!" Then he stopped in his path, shouted into the bull's face, brandished

his spud, and threw about his arms, thinking that he might best dismay the beast by the display of these warlike gestures.

Johnny Eames ran on gallantly to the peer's assistance, as he would have run to that of any peasant in the land. He was one to whom I should be perhaps wrong to attribute at this period of his life the gift of very high courage. He feared many things which no man should fear; but he did not fear personal mishap or injury to his own skin and bones. Therefore he rushed to the earl's assistance, brandishing his stick, and roaring in emulation of the bull.

When the animal saw with what unfairness he was treated, and that the number of his foes was doubled, while no assistance had lent itself on his side, he stood for awhile, disgusted by the injustice of humanity. He stopped and throwing his head up to the heavens, bellowed out his complaint. "Don't come close!" said the earl, who was almost out of breath. "Keep a little apart. Ugh! ugh! whoop, whoop!" And he threw up his arms manfully, jobbing about with his spud, ever and anon rubbing the perspiration from off his eyebrows with the back of his hand.

As the bull stood pausing, meditating whether under such circumstances flight would not be preferable to gratified passion, Eames made a rush at him, attempting to hit him on the head. The earl, seeing this, advanced a step also, and got his spud almost up to the animal's eye. But these indignities the beast could not stand. He made a charge, bending his head first towards John Eames, and then, with that weak vacillation which is as disgraceful in a bull as in a general, he changed his purpose, and turned his horns upon his other enemy. The consequence was that his steps carried him in between the two, and that the earl and Eames found themselves, for a while, behind his tail.

"Now for the gate," said the earl.

"Slowly does it; slowly does it: don't run!" said Johnny, assuming, in the heat of the moment, a tone of counsel which would have been very foreign to him under other circumstances.

The earl was not a whit offended. "All right," said he, taking with a backward motion the direction of the gate. Then as the bull again faced towards him, he jumped from the ground labouring painfully with arms and legs, and ever keeping his spud well advanced against the foe. Eames holding his position a little apart from his friend, stooped low and beat the ground with his stick, and as though defying the creature. The bull felt himself defied, stood still and roared, and then made another vacillating attack.

"Hold on till we reach the gate," said Eames.

"Ugh! ugh! Whoop! whoop!" shouted the earl. And so gradually they made good their ground.

"Now get over," said Eames, when they had both reached the corner of the field in which the gate stood.

"And what'll you do?" said the earl.

"I'll go at the hedge to the right." And Johnny, as he spoke, dashed his stick about, so as to monopolise, for a moment, the attention of the brute. The earl made a spring at the gate, and got well on to the upper rung. The bull seeing that his prey was going, made a final rush upon the earl, and struck the timber furiously with his head, knocking his lordship down on the other side. Lord de Guest was already over, but not off the rail; and thus, though he fell, he fell in safety on the sward beyond the gate. He fell in safety, but utterly exhausted. Eames, as he had purposed, made a leap almost sideways at a thick hedge which divided the field from one of the Guestwick copses. There was a fairly broad ditch, and on the other side a quickset hedge, which had, however, been weakened and injured by trespassers at this corner, close to the gate. Eames was young and active and jumped well. He jumped so well that he carried his body full into the middle of the quickset, and then scrambled through to the other side, not without much injury to his clothes, and some damage also to his hands and face.

The beast, recovering from his shock against the wooden bars, looked wistfully at his last retreating enemy, as he still struggled amidst the bushes. He looked at the ditch and at the broken hedge, but he did not understand how weak were the impediments in his way. He had knocked his head against the stout timber, which was strong enough to oppose him, but was dismayed by the brambles which he might have trodden under foot without an effort. How many of us are like the bull, turning away conquered by opposition which should be as nothing to us, and breaking our feet, and worse still our hearts, against rocks of adamant. The bull at last made up his mind that he did not dare to face the hedge; so he gave one final roar, and then turning himself round, walked placidly back amidst the herd.

Johnny made his way on to the road by a stile that led out of the copse, and was soon standing over the earl, while the blood ran down his cheeks from the scratches. One of the legs of his trousers had been caught by a stake, and was torn from the hip downward, and his hat was left in the field the only trophy for the bull. "I hope you're not hurt, my lord," he said.

"Oh, dear, no; but I'm terribly out of breath. Why, you're bleeding all over. He didn't get at you, did he?"

"It's only the thorns in the hedge," said Johnny, passing his hand over his face. "But I've lost my hat."

"There are plenty more hats," said the earl.

"I think I'll have a try for it," said Johnny, with whom the means of getting hats had not been so plentiful as with the earl. "He looks quiet now." And he moved towards the gate.

But Lord de Guest jumped upon his feet, and seized the young man by the collar of his coat. "Go after your hat?" said he. "You must be a fool to think of it. If you're afraid of catching cold you shall have mine."

"I'm not the least afraid of catching cold," said Johnny. "Is he often like that, my lord?" And he made a motion with his head towards the bull.

"The gentlest creature alive; he's like a lamb

generally—just like a lamb. Perhaps he saw my red pocket-handkerchief." And Lord de Guest showed his friend that he carried such an article. "But where should I have been if you hadn't come up?"

"You'd have got to the gate, my lord."

"Yes, with my feet foremost, and four men carrying me. I'm very thirsty. You don't happen to carry a flask, do you?"

"No, my lord, I don't."

"Then we'll make the best of our way home, and have a glass of wine there." And on this occasion his lordship intended that his offer should be accepted.

THE DOOR'S ON THE LATCH.

A NORTH COUNTRY BALLAD.

[By BYRON WEBBER.]



SMALL profit comes o' their towns, poor Bess,

The houses are fine, but the traps are mony;

We were far better off on the Downs, poor Bess,

In our wee bit home, unenvied by ony;
But when t'awd man deed, an' our debts were paid,

We pack'd up our things—my children an' me,
And cam' to town. I had far rather laid

Bess in her grave than ha' seen what I see.

Leave the door on the latch, I say,

Nobbut leave the door on the latch;

She *shall* come in, be it neet or day;

And I mun sleep when I canna watch."

"False was his face and false was his tongue,

But both spak' fair—ay, both spak' fair—

Bess, poor lass, sae simple and young,

Saw not under his villainous snare.

Hey! she was proud of him, poor dear honey!

Proud of his stature, his trade, and his wit;

Told me how weel she wad lay out his money,

Leuk'd intit future, not carin' a bit.

Bess, my bairn, thou wast sair deceived;

But never mind, I can sit up and watch:

Thou'lt come to me yet; sair, sair have I grieved!

Come when thou wilt, lass, t' door 's on the latch."

"I never thowt it wad come to this,

That yan o' my bairns sud be thrawn onta street,

That she whose bonny bit neb John u'd kiss

Maist, sud be knawn on the officer's beat.

Gran'bairns have I, my Harry is wed,

I cam' up here to get t' lasses a place—

Nelly and Bess—when Bess teuk't in her head

To be fuled by the lees of a smooth-spoken face.

Gan' away wi' thy lock an' thy key,

I tell thee, Nell, I can sit up and watch,

And if the poor pet comes seeking for me,

She'll find I've left her the door on the latch."

"I leuk'd at the stars for an hour to neet,

Thousands an' thousands spread out in the sky,

God, wha made 'em sae round an' sae breet,

Winnot forget the lone widow, thowt I.

Sae get thee to bed, Nell, get thee to bed,

I mun on to my knees and patiently pray

For my Bess, whose homeless, pillowless head,

May as like be near me as miles away.

That's reet, Nell, leave t' door as it is;

Good neet, good neet, thou mun sleep if I watch;

One o' these neets I shall have her to kiss,

My beautiful Bessy!—the door's on the latch!"

* * * * *

Whither so fast, pale child of the night,

With thy stealthy tread and thy painful eyes?

Is thine an errand that feareth the light?

To pause—to ponder—were surely wise.

Stealing along where the black shadows are

Till she reaches a home in a lane of the poor—

Ah! with her purpose she seëmeth to war;

She stands—she falters—she opens the door!

A shriek of joy resounds from within—

What may a mother's keen sense not catch?

Hope again for the daughter of sin:

The door of Christ's love is aye on the latch!

A DANGEROUS THEFT.*

[From "By Proxy." By JAMES PAYN.]



AT this supreme moment, Pennicuick produced his purse, which, being of network, showed the glint of sovereigns.

"Heaven forbid," said the good priest, "that I should quench any man's pious zeal." And, with a grave inclination of his head, he led the way to the little bell-shaped edifice in which the precious Shay-le was

deposited. Conway remained where he stood, not altogether at his ease. Without having the good nature that belongs to high spirits, his friend had a turn for mischief, which in his younger days had led him into some serious scrapes, and which even now occasionally exhibited itself. His remark about the "surprise cigar" showed the way his thoughts had been tending, and it was just possible that he designed to play some absurd trick upon the high-priest to recompense himself for having let the hermit slip so easily through his fingers. Above all, it puzzled Conway to account for his friend giving so large a sum to see a relic—things for which he always expressed the utmost contempt—unless he had some whim of his own to serve at the same time.

It was, therefore, with no slight sense of relief that after a few minutes he saw Pennicuick emerge from the shrine, and part company with the priest, apparently on the best of terms.

"Well, Penn, and what was it? Or are you bound to secrecy upon a subject so tremendous?" inquired Conway, laughing.

"My dear fellow, there are a dozen of them, and all rubbish," was his friend's reply. "Let us get home, for I am downright sick of Buddha and all his works."

There was something strange in the speaker's manner that convinced his hearer that something had happened within the last few minutes of an unexpected or surprising kind. If the other had had the least grain of superstition in him, Conway might have even supposed that he had been impressed by some seemingly supernatural incident, so grave and serious was his air. However, after a

few minutes Pennicuick proceeded to tell what had happened without further importunity; and as it certainly appeared that he had got very little for his five pounds, perhaps, thought Conway, it was *that* which made him look so serious.

"But you surely saw the Shay-le, the relic of Buddha?" observed Conway.

"Well, I don't know whether I did or not," answered the other drily. "The thing was in a small wooden, pagoda, almost dropping to pieces with age, which the priest unlocked for me with every sign of reverence. I looked in and understood him to say that the thing lay at the bottom. I saw nothing for some time, and then—whether it was fancy or not, I will not swear—I did seem to see something sparkling. It may have been a bit of glass, or even the sparks from one's own eyes that are struck out from too much staring into darkness."

"I am afraid you are still a sceptic, Penn. The received opinion of the sacred Shay-le is that it emits coloured light, and that no fire will burn nor diamond-headed hammer bruise it. It is also sometimes surrounded by a halo 'as big as a cart-wheel.'"

"The last was not the case to-day, I will positively swear," said Pennicuick; "and as for the rest of the Shay-le's attributes, I will take your word for them."

"It seems to me that you are still sore at having spent those five pounds upon the representative of Ay-tum-foo," said Conway slyly. "I don't think you got much for your money."

"That's true," said Pennicuick, with a grim smile.

"Yet, upon my life, I believe you got more than you bargained for, Penn, up yonder." And Conway pointed to the distant hill crowned by the temple. "Did they make you a real Buddhist after some unpleasant form of initiation such as is said to prevail among Freemasons?"

"Perhaps," said Pennicuick, indifferently; "also perhaps not."

"Shall we stay where we are for the night, or move along, Penn?" inquired his companion presently. "The Mandarin to whom I have got the letter of introduction lives about six miles up stream, and it is too late—except for official visits—to make our call upon him. It would be better, therefore, to stay here, and go on in the morning, especially as all the fun is to come over again at sunrise to-morrow—"

"What fun?" interrupted Pennicuick.

* By permission of Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

"Why, the pilgrimage to the temple, and your sacred Shay-le."

"Why, that old priest in yellow said it would not be shown till the next feast-day!" exclaimed Pennicuck.

"Yes, but when he said that, his reverence had not given way to your solicitations; moreover, to-morrow is a feast-day, though one of less importance than to-day. But you seem to be tired of it all, and rather in a hurry to get away. Of course we can go on to-night if you please."

"I don't care twopence whether we do or not," answered Pennicuck. There was a look of doggedness, almost of defiance, in his tone, that annoyed Conway, and not the less because it was wholly unaccountable. He was not a man to put up with another's caprices or sullenness.

"I care as little as you do. We will stay here then," he answered, curtly.

The reply seemed of small consequence enough; but the value of words, like that of pictures, is sometimes nought at first, and afterwards turns out to be priceless. In this case that, "We will stay here, then," of Arthur Conway's proved a sentence of death.

Nothing, however, could be more peaceful, or less indicative of evil, than the scene wherein it was spoken. The very birds of the air were silent. Conway got out his desk and began to write at the little table.

Nothing more was said. Conway went on with his letter, which occupied him for a long time; when he had finished—or rather, when he had written it up to the latest date, for it was never destined to be finished—he looked up, and saw by the dull light of the cabin lamp that his friend had fallen asleep. Then he turned in himself, and was soon sunk in slumber.

But Pennicuck was only feigning sleep. When he found himself no longer under the observation of his friend, he took something out of his breast pocket, and, softly rising, held it beneath the rays of the lamp. It was a large and solid piece of glass or crystal cut into facets, and resembling a drop from a chandelier. It emitted a light so bright and sparkling that one almost expected it to be accompanied with sound. There was a sound, though it did not come from this object; it was like the faint movement of a ring that slides upon a bar. Pennicuck's face darkened in an instant, then grew very "set" and hard; he dropped his right hand noiselessly into his shooting-jacket pocket, and moved towards the curtains that separated the cabin from the front compartment. He parted them softly with the finger that still held the piece of crystal, and looked forth with keen and steadfast eyes. Beneath him lay six sleeping men—the five soldiers and their commander, Fu-chow. It was the same scene as that

which Conway had looked upon on the morning of that very day, and with the like suspicion; only there had not been such menace in his eyes as now gleamed from those of his friend.

They took in the whole six soldiers at a glance, but fixed themselves on Fu-chow. The round-faced captain lay nearest to him; his pig-tail was towards him; his face, half averted, lay on its pillow-mat, to all appearance in sound sleep. The others were snoring, however, and this man was not. Pennicuck drew his hand up out of his pocket, and with it a six-barrelled revolver. The moonlight shone brightly on the steel, as he levelled it at the head of Fu-chow.

Then on the silence broke sharply a sudden click. No one moved, and therefore, reasoned Pennicuck, no one heard it.

If Fu-chow had heard, with the muzzle of that deadly weapon within two feet of him, he must surely have made some movement—which in that case would have been the last he would have ever made. But Fu-chow lay like a log, or an apple branch with one great round fruit upon it, the cheeks of which retained their red. Then Pennicuck replaced his weapon in his pocket dropped the curtain, and again fell to regarding the object in his left hand. He had now apparently new views respecting it, for he pushed aside the mat that at night filled the place of cabin window, and leant thoughtfully over the moonlit wave. Should he drop the crystal or should he not? It was heavy for its size—which was about that of one of the glass rests that are used at dinner tables to support the carver's knife and fork—and at the bottom of the canal, as had been shown that day by the fishermen, was a deep layer of mud, into which it would quickly sink. He held it between his fingers with that intent, but at that moment the moonbeams struck upon it and, like steel on flint, evoked a thousand sparkles; red, blue, and emerald green, they flashed on his admiring eyes.

"It is not an opal," he murmured, "what is it? I will wear it, hidden, like an amulet, here in China; and when I get home to Pall Mall, I'll have it set for a scarf-pin. I wonder what the jeweller will say to it, and whether it is worth the five pounds."

Though, as we have said, like a drop from a chandelier this crystal had no hole through it; but there was a little ridge sunk round the middle, and about this Pennicuck wound a thread of silk, and suspended it round his neck, and next his skin. "It is like a charm that fools wear," he muttered to himself; "I wonder whether it will bring me good luck or bad." And then he too lay down and fell asleep.

* * * * *

The boat was pulled ashore and one of the soldiers despatched to his Excellency, bearing the Englishmen's credentials: the letter of introduc-

tion from their Shanghae acquaintance, and a piece of cardboard of bright vermilion, eight inches long by four wide, which was Conway's visiting card. His name was on the centre, and in one corner, in Chinese, the words, "Your stupid younger brother bows his head in salutation."

"Well, I don't like children," observed Pennicuick frankly, "but to call these people children is to pay them far too high a compliment. Does the fool who lives in this gimcrack edifice—the

been handed in. He was attired in a blue dressing-gown, so full in its make as almost to give a suspicion of crinoline, and wore upon his head a sort of inverted butter-dish which wobbled as he moved. As he drew near the boat, he shook his own hands with cordiality, and then placed them reverently on his stomach.

"My master," said he, "is doubtful whether he shall presume to receive the trouble of your honourable footsteps."



"MADMAN! WHAT WOULD YOU DO?" (Drawn by J. Bell.)

proper place of which is at the top of a twelfth-cake—wear a peacock's feather, I wonder?"

"Certainly not; that is reserved for even greater men. He boasts of the red button only."

"Then he is not allowed to swallow gold-leaf when the Emperor grants his gracious permission to him to die?"

"I am not sure, but I think he can only strangle himself with a silken cord," answered Conway gravely. "Now, whatever you do, Penn, when we come into this gentleman's presence, don't you laugh—see, here is his master of the ceremonies."

Down the steps of the gimcrack villa, like an actor out of a stage castle a trifle too small for him, was seen descending a solemn personage, with a wand in his hand, and a similar address card, only a trifle bigger, to that which had

"Confound him! then he won't give us any breakfast," observed Pennicuick, when this sentence had been translated to him.

"Hush! hush! that is only his form of invitation," explained Conway. "Tell the great Twang-hi, whose reputation reaches beyond the seas, that we crave permission to look upon him."

This reply was evidently expected, as with a profound obeisance the master of the ceremonies moved his wand and marched before them.

As they drew near the house, they perceived a number of paper lanterns hanging from the eaves of the verandah, each inscribed with the name of the proprietor; and, on the triple door being set wide, Twang-hi himself seated at the end of the entrance-hall. He was a man barely of middle age, but endowed with great gravity of demeanour,

though, as Pennicuick thought, by no means with more than was needed to carry off his gown of office, with the tablets of the law worked on the breast, his necklace of huge beads that descended below his middle, and his mandarin's hat with the red button conspicuous on its summit, exactly like a dish-cover with its knob.

He rose on the approach of his guests, with a "Tsing-tsing!" ("Hail! hail!"), then addressed Conway, who, he seemed to divine at once, was the one endowed with talking powers.

"What is your honourable age?"

"My worthless number is about five-and-forty."

"Does the venerable man enjoy happiness?"

"My father is happy, I trust; being in the abodes of the blessed."

For the moment Twang-hi showed some symptoms of embarrassment. He had concluded from his visitor's age that his father was alive, and by this mistake had perhaps awakened sorrowful memories. Conway therefore at once came to the rescue by asking in his turn: "Is your honourable wife living?"

"The mean person of the inner apartment is still in life," was the uncomplimentary but conventional reply.

"How many worthy young gentlemen have you?"

"Fate has been unpropitious to me in that particular. I have but one *bug*."

"He is, however, doubtless doing credit to your Excellency in his education."

"I believe that the lazy little beggar has learned a few characters."

Thus they continued for several minutes, each underrating himself and his own possessions, while exaggerating the importance of everything pertaining to the other; and then pipes and coffee were brought in.

The mandarins in China, as Conway was aware, have no "business hours," as we term them, but are subject at any time to have the claims of justice urged upon them; therefore the sudden appearance of two police officials followed by their myrmidons did not occasion any alarm to him. Pennicuick, on the other hand grew, not alarmed, indeed—for to fear he might with truth be said to be a stranger—but suspicious of danger. He maintained an air of politeness, but his stern face grew dark, and he mechanically pushed his chair back to the wall.

With a wave of his hand, as if to bespeak his visitors' pardon for his momentary neglect of them, the mandarin turned slowly to the foremost police official, who addressed him with an excitement very unusual; for an inferior in China is to his superior always respectful, even to the very carriage of his pigtail. It was plain that something had happened to override even the national regard for ceremony.

So rapidly did the man speak, that Conway was unable to gather any sense from his words except that it was some sort of accusation, and his astonishment was great on seeing the mandarin suddenly turn round and point towards his friend. At the same moment, as if in obedience to the signal, he saw Fu-chow emerge from the crowd, with several soldiers, and make a rush at Pennicuick. Quick as thought, the latter leapt from his seat and drew a revolver from his pocket; the next instant Fu-chow, for certain, would have been sent to Hades, and in all probability the mandarin after him, had not Conway, with a warning cry of "Madman! what would you do?" struck the muzzle of the weapon upwards so that the bullet buried itself harmlessly in the roof of the apartment. Before Pennicuick could recover himself, a dozen men were on him, and he was disarmed and thrown upon the floor. A soldier on either side of Conway had also seized each an arm, though he made no sign of resistance.

"We are Englishmen, Twang-hi," he exclaimed in a loud voice, "and claim the protection of our flag."

"If what I have just heard is true," returned the mandarin, "the Son of Heaven himself could scarcely protect yonder wretch. He has committed sacrilege more impious than has yet entered into the brain of man to execute."

"This is some terrible mistake or lying charge, your Excellency."

"Mistake!" cried the mandarin in a tone of horror; "look yonder!"

Conway looked, and beheld the treacherous Fu-chow holding in his open palms, with a mixture of malignant joy and superstitious reverence, a shining something like the drop of a chandelier.

"It is the sacred Shay-le of Buddha, O barbarian devil!" continued Twang-hi, "that your comrade has stolen from its ten-thousand-year-old shrine."

"It is impossible!" cried Conway, in tones almost as horror-stricken as those of the other; for he well knew the heinous nature of such an outrage in Chinese eyes, and also its consequences.

"I saw him place it round his neck last night," put in Fu-chow, "and have just taken it from thence with my own hands."

"Oh, Penn, is this true?" cried Conway in a tone of agony, "that you took away the Shay-le?"

"Yes, it's true enough," returned Pennicuick, speaking with some difficulty from the number of Chinese upon his chest, but still with a certain characteristic scorn. "I was a fool to do it, of course, and I am sorry for it; but not half so sorry as that you made me miss that whey-faced scoundrel Fu-chow with my first barrel."

THE JESTER CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

[By HORACE SMITH.]

ONE of the Kings of Scanderoon,
 A Royal Jester
 Had in his train a gross buffoon,
 Who used to pester
 The Court with tricks inopportune,
 Venting on the highest folks his
 Scurvy pleasantries and hoaxes.

It needs some sense to play the fool,
 Which wholesome rule
 Occurr'd not to our jackanapes,
 Who consequently found his freaks
 Lead to innumerable scrapes,
 And quite as many kicks and tweaks,
 Which only seemed to make him faster
 Try the patience of his master.

Some sin, at last, beyond all measure,
 Incurr'd the desperate displeasure
 Of his serene and raging highness :
 Whether he twitch'd his most revered
 And sacred beard,

Or had intruded on the shyness
 Of the Seraglio, or let fly
 An epigram at royalty,
 None knows :—his sin was an occult one ,
 But records tell us that the Sultan,
 Meaning to terrify the knave,
 Exclaim'd — " 'Tis time to stop that
 breath ;
 Thy doom is seal'd :—presumptuous slave !
 Thou stand'st condemned to certain
 death.

Silence, base rebel !—no replying !—
 But such is my indulgence still,
 That of my own free grace and will,
 I leave to thee the mode of dying."

"Thy royal will be done—'tis just,"
 Replied the wretch, and kiss'd the dust ;
 "Since, my last moments to assuage,
 Your Majesty's humane decree
 Has deign'd to leave the choice to me,
 I'll die, so please you, of old age !"

THE CRADLE ARK.

[From "The Manchester Man." By MRS. G. LINNEUS BANKS.]



rises, rises, rises, stealthily though swiftly, till the stream overtops its banks, washes over low-lying bleach-crofts, fields, and gardens, mounts foot by foot over the fertile slopes, invades the houses, and, like a mountain-robber sweeping from his fastness on a peaceful vale, carries his

HILE the current of the Irk is not deep, it is strong at all times, though kept by its high banks within narrow compass. But when, as is not unseldom the case, there is a sudden flushing of water from the hill-country, it

spoil with him, and leaves desolation and wailing behind.

Such a flood as this following a heavy thunder-storm devastated the valley of the Irk on the 17th of August, 1799.

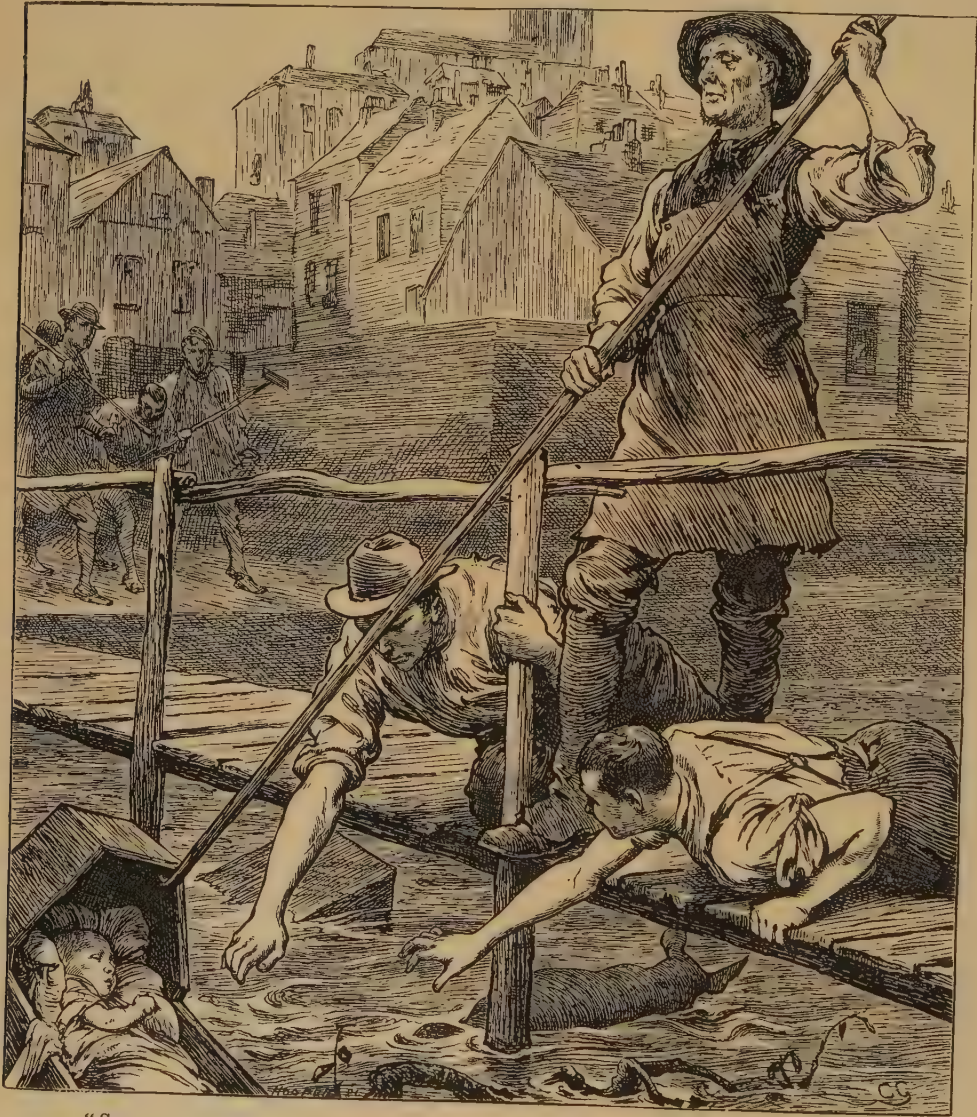
Well was it then for the tannery and those houses on the bank of the Irk which had their foundations in the solid rock ; for the waters surged and roared at their base, and over pleasant meadows—a wide-spread turbulent sea, with here and there an island of refuge which the day before had been a lofty mound.

The flood of the previous autumn, when a coach and horses had been swept down the Irwell, and men and women were drowned, was as nothing to this.

The tannery-yard, high as it was above the bed of the Irk, and solid as was its embankment, was threatened with invasion. The surging water roared and beat against its masonry, and licked its coping with frothy tongue and lip, like a hungry giant greedy for fresh food. Men with thick clogs and hide-bound legs, leathern gloves and aprons, were hurrying to and fro with barrows and bark-boxes, for the reception of the valuable hides which their

mates, armed with long-shafted hooks and tongs, were dragging from the pits pell-mell, ere the advancing waters should encroach upon their territory, and empty the tan-pits for them.

Too busy were the tanners, under the eye of their master, to stretch out hand or hook to arrest the progress of either furniture or live-stock, though bee-hives and hen-coops, and more than one



"SIMON DEXTEROUSLY CAUGHT HIS HOOK WITHIN THE WOODEN HOOD." (Drawn by Charles Green.)

Already the insatiate flood bore testimony to its ruthless greed. Hanks of yarn, pieces of calico, hay, upturned bushes, planks, chairs, boxes, dog-kennels, and hen-coops, a shattered chest of drawers, pots and pans, had swept past, swirling and eddying in the flood, which by this time spread like a vast lake over the opposite lands, and had risen within three feet of the arch of Scotland Bridge, and hardly left a trace where the mill-dam chafed it commonly.

squealing pig, went racing with the current, now rising towards the footway of Tanner's Bridge.

Every window of every house upon the banks was crowded with anxious heads : for flooded Scotland rose like an island from the watery waste, and their own cellars were fast filling.

There had been voices calling to each other from window to window all the morning ; but now from window to window, from house to house, rang one

re-duplicated shriek, which caused many of the busy tanners to quit their work, and rush to the water's edge.

To their horror, a painted wooden cradle, which had crossed the deeply-submerged dam in safety, was floating foot-foremost down to destruction, with an infant calmly sleeping in its bed, the very motion of the waters having seemingly lulled it to sounder repose!

"Good Lord! it's a choilt!" exclaimed Simon Clegg, the oldest tanner in the yard. "Lend a hand here, for th' sake o' th' childer at whoam."

Half a dozen hooks and plungers were outstretched, even while he spoke; but the longest was lamentably too short to arrest the approaching cradle in its course, and the unconscious babe seemed doomed.

With frantic haste Simon Clegg rushed on to Tanner's Bridge, followed by a boy; and there, with hook and plunger, they met the cradle as it drifted towards them, afraid of over-balancing it even in their attempt to save.

It swerved, and almost upset; but Simon dexterously caught his hook within the wooden hood, and drew the frail bark and its living freight close to the bridge.

The boy, and a man named Cooper, lying flat on the bridge, then clutched at it with extended hands, raised it carefully from the turbid water, and drew it safely between the open rails to the footway, amidst the shouts and hurrahs of breathless and excited spectators.

The babe was screaming terribly. The shock when first the hook stopped the progress of the cradle had disturbed its dreams, and its little fat arms were stretched out piteously as strange faces looked down upon it instead of the mother's familiar countenance.

Wrapping the patchwork quilt around it, to keep it from contact with his wet sleeves and apron, Simon tenderly as a woman lifted the infant in his rough arms, and strove to comfort it, but in vain. His beard of three days' growth was as a rasp to its soft skin, and the closer he caressed the more it screamed.

The men from the tannery came crowding round him.

"What dost tha mean to do wi' th' babby?" asked the man Cooper of old Simon. "Aw'd tak' it whoam to mi misses, but th' owd lass is nowt to be depended on, an' wur cross as two sticks when oi only axed fur mi baggin to bring to wark wi' mi this mornin'," added he, with rueful remembrance of the scolding wife on his hearth.

"Neay, lad, aw'll not trust th' poor choilt to thy Sally. It 'ud be loike chuckin' it out o' th' wayter into the fire (Hush-a-bye, babby). Aw'll just tak' it to ar Bess, and hoo'll cuddle it oop, an' gi' it summut to sup, till we find its own mammy,"

answered Simon, leaving the bridge. "Bring th' cradle alung, Jack"—to the boy—"Bess 'll want it. We'n noan o' that tackle at ar place. Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, babby."

But the little thing, missing its natural protector, and half stifled in the swathing quilt, only screamed the louder; and Simon, notwithstanding his kind heart, was truly glad when his daughter Bess, who had witnessed the rescue from their own window, met him at the tannery gate, and relieved him of his struggling charge.

"Si thi, Bess, here's a God-send fur thi, a poor little babby fur thi to tend an' be koind to till them it belungs to come a-seekin' fur it," said he to the young woman; "but thah mun give it summat better than cowl wayter; it's had too mich o' that a'ready."

"That a' will, poor darlin'," responded she, kissing the babe's velvet cheeks as, sensible of a change of nurses, it nestled to her breast; "Eh! but there'll be sore hearts for this blessed babby somewhere;" and she turned up the narrow passage which led at once from the tan-yard and the bridge, stilling and soothing the little cast-away as adroitly as an experienced nurse.

"Now, luk thi, lad," Simon remarked to Cooper, "isna it fair wonderful heaw that babby taks to ar Bess? But it's just a way hoo has, an' theer isna a fractious choilt i' a' ar yard but 'll be quiet wi' Bess."

Cooper looked after her, nodded an assent, and sighed as if he wished some one in another yard had the same soothing way with her.

But the voice of the raging water had not stilled like that of the rescued infant.

Back went the two men to their task, and worked away with a will to carry hides, bark, and implements to places of security. And as they hurried to and fro with loads on back or barrow, up, up, inch by inch, foot by foot, the swelling flood rose higher and higher, till lapping the foot-bridge, curling over the embankment, it drove the sturdy tanners back, flung itself into the pits, and in many a swirling eddy, washed tan, and hair, and skins into the common current.

Not so much, however, went into its seething cauldron as might have been had the men worked with less vigour; and quick to recognise the value of ready service, Mr. Clough led his drenched and weary workmen to the Skinners' Arms, in Long Millgate, and ordered a supply of ale and bread and cheese to be served out to them.

At the door of the public-house, where he left the workmen to the enjoyment of this impromptu feast, he encountered Simon Clegg.

The kind fellow had taken a hasty run to his own tenement, "just to see heaw ar Bess an' th' babby get on," and he brought back the intelligence that it was "a lad, an' as good as goold."

"Oh, my man, I've been too much occupied to speak to you before," cried Mr. Clough. "I saw you foremost in the rescue of that unfortunate infant, and shall not forget it. Here is a crown for your share in the good deed. I suppose that was the child's mother you gave it to?"

Simon was a little man, but he drew back with considerable native dignity.

"Thank yo', Mester, all th' same, but aw cannot tak' brass fur just doin' mi duty. Aw'd never a' slept i' mi bed, gin that little un had bin dreawnded, an' me lookin' on loike a stump. Neay, that lass wur Bess, moi wench; we'n no notion wheer th' lad's mother is."

Mr. Clough would have pressed the money upon him, but he put it back with a motion of his hand.

"No, sir, aw'm a poor mon, a varry poor mon, but aw cannot tak' money fur savin' a choilt's life. It's agen mi conscience. I'll tak' mi share o' the bread an' cheese, an' drink yo'r heealth i' a sup o' ale, but aw cudna tak' that brass if aw wur deein."

And Simon, giving a scrape with his clog and a duck of his head, meant for a bow, passed his master respectfully, and went clattering up the steps of the Skinners' Arms, leaving the gentleman standing there and looking after him in mingled astonishment and admiration.

The boy, apparently between two and three months old, was dressed in a long gown of printed linen, had a muslin cap, and an under one of flannel, all neatly made, but neither in make nor material beyond those of a respectable working man's child; and there was not a mark upon anything which could give a clue to its parentage.

The painted wooden cradle which had been to it an ark of safety, was placed in a corner by the fire-place; and an old bottle, filled with thin gruel, over the neck of which Bess had tied a loose cap of punctured wash-leather, was so adjusted that the little one, deprived of its mother, could lie within and feed itself whilst Bess herself industriously pursued her avocations.

These were not times for idleness. There had been bread-riots the previous winter; food still was at famine prices; and it was all a poor man could do, with the strictest industry and economy, to obtain a bare subsistence. So Bess worked away all the harder, because there were times when babydom was imperative and would be nursed.

She had put the last garnishing touches to her kitchen on Saturday night, had taken off her wrapper brat, put on a clean blue bed-gown, and substituted a white linen cap for the coloured kerchief, when her father, who had been to New Cross Market to make his bargains by himself on this occasion, came into the kitchen followed by Cooper, who, having helped to save the child, naturally felt an interest in him.

The iron porridge-pot was on the low fire, and Bess, sifting the oatmeal into the boiling water with the left hand, whilst with the other she beat it swiftly with her porridge-stick, was so intent on the preparation of their supper, she did not notice their entrance until her father, putting his coarse wicker market-basket down on her white table, bade Cooper "Coom in an' tak' a cheer."

Instead of taking a chair, the man walked as quietly as his clogs would let him to the cradle, and looked down on the infant sucking vigorously at the delusive bottle.

Matt Cooper was the unhappy father of eight, whose maintenance was a sore perplexity to him; and it may be supposed he spoke with authority when he exclaimed—

"Whoy, he tak's t' th' pap-bottle as nat'rally as if he'n ne'er had nowt else!"

And the big man—quite a contrast to Simon—stooped and lifted the babe from the cradle with all the ease of long practice, and dandled it in his arms, saying as he did so—

"Let's hev a look at th' little chap. Aw've not seen th' colour o' his eyen yet."

The eyes were grey—so dark, they might have passed for black; and there was in them more than the ordinary inquiring gaze of babyhood.

"Well, thah'rt a pratty lad; but had thah bin th' ugliest i' o' Lankisheer, aw'd a-thowt thi mammy'd ha' axed for thi afore this," added he, sitting down, and nodding to the child, which crowed in his face.

"Ah! one would ha' reckoned so," assented Bess, without turning round.

"What ar' ta going to do, Simon, toward findin' th' choilt's kin?" next questioned their visitor.

Simon looked puzzled. "Whoy, aw've hardly g'ven it a thowt."

But the question, once started, was discussed at some length. Meanwhile, the porridge designed for two, Bess poured into three bowls, placing three iron spoons beside them, with no more ceremony than—"Ye'll tak' a sup wi' us, Matt."

Mat apologised, feeling quite assured there was no more than the two could have eaten; but Simon looked hurt, and the porridge was appetising to a hungry man; so he handed the baby to the young woman, took up his spoon, and the broken thread of conversation was renewed at intervals.

"An' what's to be done neaw?" asked Cooper, as he sat on one of the rush-bottomed chairs, sucking the knob of his walking-stick as if for an inspiration. "Yo conno' think o' keepin' th' choilt, an' bread an' meal at sich a price!"

"Connot oi? Then aw conno' think o' aught else. Wouldst ha' me chuck it i' th' river agen?—What dost thah say, Bess?" (turning to his daughter, who had the child on her lap).

"Whoi, th' poor little lad's got noather feyther nor mother, an' thah's lost booth o' thi lads. Mebbe it's a Godsend, feyther, after a,' as you said'n to me;" and she kissed it tenderly.

"Eh, wench!"—interposed Matthew, but she went on without heeding him.

"There's babby things laid by i' lavender i' thoose drawers as hasna seen dayleet sin ar Joe wur a toddler, an' they'll just come handy. An' if bread's dear an' meal's dear, we mun just ate less on it arsel, an' there'll be moore for the choilt. He'll pay yo back, feyther, aw know, when yo'r too owd to wark."

"An' aw con do 'bout 'bacca, lass. If the orphan's granny wur too preawd to ax help o' th' parish, aw'll be too preawd to send her pratty grandchoilt theer."

And so, to Matthew Cooper's amazement, it was settled.

But the extra labour and self-denial it involved on the part of Bess neither Matthew nor Simon could estimate.

In the midst of the rabid scepticism and republicanism of the period, Simon Clegg was a staunch "Church and King" man, and, as a natural consequence, a stout upholder of their ordinances.

Regularly as the bell tolled in for Sunday morning service, he might be seen walking reverently down the aisle of the Old Church to his place in the free seats, with his neat, cheerful-

looking daughter following him sometimes, but not always.

So regularly that the stout beadle missed him from his seat the Sunday after the inundation, and, meeting him in the churchyard a week later, sought to learn the why and wherefore.

The beadle of the parish church was an important personage in the eyes of Simon Clegg; and, somewhat proud of his notice, the little tanner related the incidents of that memorable flood-week to his querist, concluding with his adoption of the child.

The official h'md and h'ad, applauded the act, but shook his powdered head, and added sagely that it was "a grëat charge, a varry grëat charge."

"Dun yo' think th' little un's bin baptised?" interrogated the beadle.

"Aw conno' tell; nob'dy couldn't tell nowt abawt th' choilt, 'ut wur ony use to onybody. Bess an' me han talked it ower, an' we wur thinkin' o' bringin' it to be kirsened, to be on th' safe soide like. Aw reckon it wouldna do th' choilt ony harm to be kirsened twice ower; an' 'twould be loike flingin' th' choilt's soul to Odd Scrat gin he wur no christened at o'. What dun yo' think'n?"

The beadle thought pretty much the same as Simon, and it was finally arranged that Simon should present the foundling for baptism in the course of the week.

SIR PERTINAX MACSYCOPHANT.

[From "The Man of the World." By CHARLES MACKLIN.]

SIR PERTINAX (*In warm resentment*).
Zounds! sir, I will not hear a word about it: I insist upon it, you are wrong; you should have paid your court till my lord, and not have scrupled swallowing a bumper or twa, or twenty, till oblige him.

EGERTON. Sir, I did drink his toast in a bumper.

SIR P. Yes, you did; but how, how? just as a bairn takes physie, with aversions and wry faces, which my lord observed: then, to mend the matter, the moment that he and the Colonel got intill a drunken dispute about religion, you sliely slunged away.

EGER. I thought, sir, it was time to go, when my lord insisted upon half-pint bumpers.

SIR P. Sir, that was not levelled at you, but at the Colonel, in order to try his bottom; but they aw agreed that you and I should drink out of sma' glasses.

EGER. But, sir, I beg pardon: I did not choose to drink any more.

SIR P. But, zoons! sir, I tell you there was a necessity for your drinking more.

EGER. A necessity? in what respect, pray, sir?

SIR P. Why, sir, I have a certain point to carry, independent of the lawyers, with my lord, in this agreement of your marriage; about which I am afraid we shall have a warm squabble; and therefore I wanted your assistance in it.

EGER. But when a man is intoxicated, would that have been a seasonable time to settle business, sir?

SIR P. The most seasonable, sir; for, sir, when my lord is in his cups, his suspicion is asleep, and his heart is aw jollity, fun, and guid fellowship: and, sir, can there be a happier moment than that for a bargain, or to settle a dispute with a friend? What is it you shrug up your shoulders at, sir?

EGER. At my own ignorance, sir; for I understand neither the philosophy nor the morality of your doctrine.

SIR P. I know you do not, sir; and, what is

worse, you never wull understand it, as you proceed : in one word, Charles, I have often told you, and now again I tell you, once for aw, that the manœuvres of pliability are as necessary to rise in the world as wrangling and logical subtlety are to rise at the bar. Why, you see, sir, I have acquired a noble fortune, a princely fortune ; and how do you think I raised it ?

EGER. Doubtless, sir, by your abilities.

SIR P. Doubtless, sir, you are a blockhead : nae,

confer upon you, I'll give a short sketch of the stages of my boeing, as an excitement and a landmark for you to boo by, and as an infallible nostrum for a man of the world to rise in the world.

EGER. Sir, I shall be proud to profit by your experience.

SIR P. Vary weel, sir ; sit ye down then, sit you down here. (*They sit down.*) And now, sir, you must recall to your thoughts that your grandfather was a mon whose penurious income of



"I ALWAYS BOOED, AND BOOED, AND BOOED." (*Drawn by W. Ralston.*)

sir, I'll tell you how I raised it : sir, I raised it—by booing (*bows ridiculously low*)—by booing. Sir, I never could stand straight in the presence of a great mon, but always booed, and booed, and booed—as it were by instinct.

EGER. How do you mean by instinct, sir ?

SIR P. How do I mean by instinct ? Why, sir, I mean by—by—the instinct of interest, sir, which is the universal instinct of mankind. Sir, it is wonderful to think what a cordial, what an amicable—nay, what an infallible influence booing has upon the pride and vanity of human nature. Charles, answer me sincerely, have you a mind to be convinced of the force of my doctrine by example and demonstration ?

EGER. Certainly, sir.

SIR P. Then, sir, as the greatest favour I can

captain's half-pay was the sum total of his fortune ; and, sir, aw my provision fra him was a modicum of Latin, an expertness in arithmetic, and a short system of worldly counsel ; the principal ingredients of which were, a persevering industry, a rigid economy, a smooth tongue, a pliability of temper, and a constant attention to make every mon well pleased with himself.

EGER. Very prudent advice, sir.

SIR P. Therefore, sir, I lay it before you. Now, sir, with these materials, I set out a raw-boned stripling fra the North, to try my fortune with them here in the South, and my first step in the world was a beggarly clerkship in Sawney Gordon's counting-house here, in the city of London ; which you'll say afforded but a barren sort of a prospect.

EGER. It was not a very fertile one, indeed, sir—

SIR P. The reverse, the reverse. Weel, sir, seeing myself in this unprofitable situation, I reflected deeply : I cast about my thoughts morning, noon, and night, and marked every mon and every mode of prosperity ; at last, I concluded that a matrimonial adventure, prudently conducted, would be the readiest gait I could gang for the bettering of my condition : and accordingly I set about it. Now, sir, in this pursuit beauty is, generally, a proud, vain, saucy, expensive, impertinent sort of a commodity. I looked out for an ancient, weel-jointured, superannuated dowager ; a consumptive, toothless, phthisicy, wealthy widow ; or a shrivelled, cadaverous piece of deformity, in short, ainything, ainything that had the siller—the siller, for that, sir, was the north star of my affections. Do you take me, sir ? was nae that right ?

EGER. O ! doubtless, doubtless, sir.

SIR P. Now, sir, where do you think I ganged to look for this woman with the siller ? I ganged till the kirk, till the anabaptist, the independent, Bradlonian, and Muggletonian meetings : till the morning and evening service of churches and chapels of ease, and till the midnight, melting, conciliating love feasts of the methodists ; and there, sir, at last, I fell upon an old, slighted, antiquated, musty maiden, that looked—ha, ha, ha ! she looked just like a skeleton in a surgeon's glass case. Now, sir, this miserable object was religiously angry with herself and aw the world ; had nae comfort but in metaphysical visions and supernatural deliriums—ha, ha, ha ! Sir, she was as mad—as mad as a Bedlamite.

EGER. Not improbable, sir : there are numbers of poor creatures in the same condition.

SIR P. O ! numbers—numbers. Now, sir, this cracked creature used to pray, and sing, and sigh, and groan, and weep, and wail, and gnash her teeth constantly, morning and evening. And as soon as I found she had the siller, aha ! guid traith, I plumped me down upon my knees, close by her—cheek by jowl—and prayed, and sighed, and sung, and groaned, and gnashed my teeth as vehemently as she could do for the life of her ; ay, and turned up the whites of mine een, till the strings awmost cracked again. I watched her motions, handed her till her chair, waited on her home, got most religiously intimate with her in a week ; married her in a fortnight, buried her in a month ; touched

the siller ; and with a deep suit of mourning, a melancholy port, a sorrowful visage, and a joyful heart, I began the world again ; (*rises*) and this, sir, was the first boo, that is, the first effectual boo, I ever made to the vanity of human nature. Now, sir, do you understand this doctrine ?

EGER. Perfectly well, sir.

SIR P. Ay, but was it not right ? was it not ingenious, and weel hit off ?

EGER. Certainly, sir : extremely well.

SIR P. My next boo, sir, was till your ain mother, whom I ran away with fra the boarding-school, by the interest of whose family I got a guid smart place in the treasury ; and, sir, my vary next step was into Parliament ; the which I entered with as ardent and determined an ambition as ever agitated the heart of Cæsar himself. Sir, I booded, and watched, and hearkened, and ran about, backwards and forwards, and attended and dangled upon the then great mon, till I got intill the vary bowels of his confidence ; and then, sir, I wriggled and wrought, and wriggled, till I wriggled myself among the very thick of them. Ha ! I got my snack of the clothing, the foraging, the contracts, the lottery tickets, and aw the political bonuses ; till at length, sir, I became a much wealthier man than one-half of the golden calves I had been so long a booing too : and was nae that booing to some purpose ?

EGER. It was indeed, sir.

SIR P. But are you convinced of the guid effects and of the utility of booing ?

EGER. Thoroughly sir.

SIR P. Sir, it is infallible. But, Charles, ah ! while I was thus booing, and wriggling, and raising this princely fortune, ah ! I met with many heart-sores and disappointments fra the want of literature, eloquence, and other popular abeeeties. Sir, guin I could but have spoken in the House, I should have done the deed in half the time ; but the instant I opened my mouth there they aw fell a-laughing at me ; aw which deficiencies, sir, I determined, at any expense, to have supplied by the polished education of a son, who I hoped would one day raise the house of Macsycophant till the highest pitch of ministerial ambition. This, sir, is my plan : I have done my part of it ; Nature has done hers ; you are popular, you are eloquent ; aw parties like and respect you : and now, sir, it only remains for you to be directed—completion follows.



AT THE BACK OF THE NORTH WIND.*

[By GEORGE MACDONALD.]



length one night North Wind whispered in his ear, "Come on deck, Diamond;" and he got up at once and crept on deck. Everything looked very strange. Here and there on all sides were huge masses of floating ice, looking like cathedrals, and castles, and crags, while away beyond was a blue sea.

"Is the sun rising or setting?" asked Diamond.

"Neither or both, which you please. I can hardly tell which myself. If he is setting now, he will be rising the next moment."

"What a strange light it is!" said Diamond. "I have heard that the sun doesn't go to bed all the summer in these parts. Miss Coleman told me that. I suppose he feels very sleepy, and that is why the light he sends out looks so like a dream."

"That will account for it well enough for all practical purposes," said North Wind.

Some of the icebergs were drifting northward: one was passing very near the ship. North Wind seized Diamond, and with a single bound lighted on one of them—a huge thing, with sharp pinnacles and great clefts. The same instant a wind began to blow from the south. North Wind hurried Diamond down the north side of the iceberg, stepping by its jags and splintering; for this berg had never got far enough south to be melted and smoothed by the summer sun. She brought him to a cave near the water, where she entered, and, letting Diamond go, sat down, as if weary, on a ledge of ice.

Diamond seated himself on the other side, and for a while was enraptured with the colour of the air inside the cave. It was a deep, dazzling, lovely blue, deeper than the deepest blue of the sky. The blue seemed to be in constant motion, like the blackness when you press your eyeballs with your fingers, boiling and sparkling. But when he looked across to North Wind he was frightened; her face was worn and livid.

"What is the matter with you, dear North Wind?" he said.

"Nothing much. I feel very faint. But you mustn't mind it, for I can bear it quite well. South Wind always blows me faint. If it were not for the cool of the thick ice between me and her, I should faint altogether. Indeed, as it is, I fear I must vanish."

Diamond stared at her in terror, for he saw that

her form and face were growing, not small, but transparent, like something dissolving, not in water, but in light. He could see the side of the blue cave through her very heart. And she melted away till all that was left was a pale face, like the moon in the morning, with two great lucid eyes in it.

"I am going, Diamond," she said.

"Does it hurt you?" asked Diamond.

"It's very uncomfortable," she answered; "but I don't mind it, for I shall come all right again before long. I thought I should be able to go with you all the way, but I cannot. You must not be frightened, though. Just go straight on, and you will come all right. You'll find me on the doorstep."

As she spoke, her face too faded quite away, only Diamond thought he could still see her eyes shining through the blue. When he went closer, however, he found that what he thought her eyes were only two hollows in the ice. North Wind was quite gone; and Diamond would have cried, if he had not trusted her so thoroughly. So he sat still in the blue air of the cavern listening to the wash and ripple of the water all about the base of the iceberg, as it sped on and on into the open sea northwards. It was an excellent craft to go with a current, for there was twice as much of it below water as above. But a light south wind was blowing too, and so it went fast.

After a little while Diamond went out and sat on the edge of his floating island, and looked down into the ocean beneath him. The white sides of the berg reflected so much light below the water, that he could see far down into the green abyss. Sometimes he fancied he saw the eyes of North Wind looking up at him from below, but the fancy never lasted beyond the moment of its birth. And the time passed he did not know how, for he felt as if he were in a dream. When he got tired of the green water, he went into the blue cave; and when he got tired of the blue cave he went out and gazed all about him on the blue sea, ever sparkling in the sun, which kept wheeling about the sky, never going below the horizon. But he chiefly gazed northwards, to see whether any land were appearing. All this time he never wanted to eat. He broke off little bits of the berg now and then and sucked them, and he thought them very nice.

At length, one time he came out of his cave, he

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spied, far off upon the horizon, a shining peak that rose into the sky like the top of some tremendous iceberg; and his vessel was bearing him straight towards it. As it went on the peak rose and rose higher and higher above the horizon; and other peaks rose after it, with sharp edges and jagged ridges connecting them. Diamond thought this must be the place he was going to; and he was right; for the mountains rose and rose, till he saw the line of the coast at their feet, and at length the iceberg drove into a little bay, all round which were lofty precipices with snow on their tops, and streaks of ice down their sides. The berg floated slowly up to a projecting rock. Diamond stepped on shore, and without looking behind him began to follow a natural path which led windingly towards the top of the precipice.

When he reached it, he found himself on a broad table of ice, along which he could, walk without much difficulty. Before him, at a considerable distance, rose a lofty ridge of ice, which shot up into fantastic pinnacles and towers and battlements. The air was very cold, and seemed somehow dead, for there was not the slightest breath of wind.

In the centre of the ridge before him appeared a gap like the opening of a valley. But as he walked towards it, gazing, and wondering whether that could be the way he had to take, he saw that what had appeared a gap was the form of a woman seated against the ice front of the ridge, leaning forward with her hands in her lap, and her hair hanging down to the ground.

"It is North Wind on her doorstep," said Diamond joyfully, and hurried on.

He soon came up to the place, and there the form sat, like one of the great figures at the door of an Egyptian temple, motionless, with drooping arms and head. Then Diamond grew frightened, because she did not move nor speak. He was sure it was North Wind, but he thought she must be dead at last. Her face was white as the snow, her eyes were blue as the air in the ice-cave, and her hair hung down straight, like icicles. She had on a greenish robe, like the colour in the hollows of a glacier seen from far off.

He stood up before her, and gazed fearfully into her face for a few minutes before he ventured to speak. At length, with a great effort and a trembling voice, he faltered out—

"North Wind!"

"Well, child?" said the form without lifting its head.

"Are you ill, dear North Wind?"

"No. I am waiting."

"What for?"

"Till I'm wanted."

"You don't care for me any more," said Diamond, almost crying now.

"Yes I do, only I can't show it. All my love is down at the bottom of my heart. But I feel it bubbling there."

"What do you want me to do next, dear North Wind?" said Diamond, wishing to show his love by being obedient.

"What do you want to do yourself?"

"I want to go into the country at your back."

"Then you must go through me."

"I don't know what you mean."

"I mean just what I say. You must walk on as if I were an open door, and go right through me."

"But that will hurt you."

"Not in the least. It will hurt you, though."

"I don't mind that, if you tell me to do it."

"Do it," said North Wind.

Diamond walked towards her instantly. When he reached her knees, he put out his hand to lay it on her, but nothing was there save an intense cold. He walked on. Then all grew white about him; and the cold stung him like fire. He walked on still, groping through the whiteness. It thickened about him. At last, it got into his heart, and he lost all sense. I would say that he fainted—only whereas in common faints all grows black about you, he felt swallowed up in whiteness. It was when he reached North Wind's heart that he fainted and fell. But as he fell, he rolled over the threshold, and it was thus that Diamond got to the back of the north wind.

When he came to himself after he fell, he found himself at the back of the north wind. North Wind herself was nowhere to be seen. Neither was there a vestige of snow or of ice within sight. The sun too had vanished; but that was no matter, for there was plenty of a certain still rayless light. Where it came from he never found out; but he thought it belonged to the country itself. Sometimes he thought it came out of the flowers, which were very bright, but had no strong colour. He said the river—for all agree that there is a river there—flowed not only through, but over grass: its channel, instead of being rock, stones, pebbles, sand, or anything else, was of pure meadow grass, not over long. He insisted that if it did not sing tunes in people's ears, it sang tunes in their heads, in proof of which I may mention, that, in the troubles which followed, Diamond was often heard singing; and when asked what he was singing, would answer, "One of the tunes the river at the back of the north wind sang."

When one at the back of the north wind wanted to know how things were going with any one he loved, he had to go to a certain tree, climb the stem, and sit down in the branches. In a few minutes, if he kept very still, he would see something at least of what was going on with the people he loved.

One day when Diamond was sitting in this tree, he began to long very much to get home again, and no wonder, for he saw his mother crying. Durante says that the people there may always follow their wishes, because they never wish but what is good. Diamond's wish was to get home, and he would fain follow his wish.

But how was he to set about it? If he could only see North Wind! But the moment he had got to her back, she was gone altogether from his sight. He had never seen her back. She might be sitting on her doorstep still, looking southwards, and waiting, white and thin and blue-eyed, until she was wanted. Or she might have again become a mighty creature, with power to do that which was demanded of her, and gone far away upon many missions. She must be somewhere, however. He could not go home without her, and therefore he must find her. She could never have intended to leave him always away from his mother. If there had been any danger of that, she would have told him, and given him his choice about going. For North Wind was right honest. How to find North Wind, therefore, occupied all his thoughts.

In his anxiety about his mother, he used to climb the tree every day, and sit in its branches. However many of the dwellers there did so, they never incommoded one another; for the moment one got into the tree, he became invisible to every one else; and it was such a wide-spreading tree that there was room for every one of the people of the country in it, without the least interference with each other. Sometimes, on getting down, two of them would meet at the root, and then they would smile to each other more sweetly than at any other time, as much as to say, "Ah, you've been up there too!"

One day he was sitting on one of the outer branches of the tree, looking southwards after his home. Far away was a blue shining sea, dotted with gleaming and sparkling specks of white. Those were the icebergs. Nearer he saw a great range of snow-capped mountains, and

down below him the lovely meadow-grass of the country, with the stream flowing and flowing through it, away towards the sea. As he looked he began to wonder, for the whole country lay beneath him like a map, and that which was near him looked just as small as that which he knew to be miles away. The ridge of ice which encircled it appeared but a few yards off, and no larger than the row of pebbles with which a child will mark out the boundaries of the kingdom he has appropriated on the sea-shore. He

thought he could distinguish the vapoury form of North Wind, seated as he had left her, on the other side. Hastily he descended the tree, and to his amazement found that the map or model of the country still lay at his feet. He stood in it. With one stride he had crossed the river; with another he had reached the ridge of ice; with the third he stepped over its peaks, and sank wearily down at North Wind's knees. For there she sat on her doorstep. The peaks of the great ridge of ice were as lofty as ever behind her, and the country at her back had vanished from Diamond's view.

North Wind was as still as Diamond had left her. Her pale face was

white as the snow, and her motionless eyes were as blue as the caverns in the ice. But the instant Diamond touched her, her face began to change like that of one waking from sleep. Light began to glimmer from the blue of her eyes. A moment more, and she laid her hand on Diamond's head, and began playing with his hair. Diamond took hold of her hand, and laid his face to it. She gave a little start.

"How very alive you are, child!" she murmured. "Come nearer to me."

By the help of the stones all around he clambered up beside her, and laid himself against her bosom. She gave a great sigh, slowly lifted her arms, and slowly folded them about him, until she clasped him close. Yet a moment, and she roused herself, and came quite awake; and the cold of her bosom, which had pierced Diamond's bones, vanished.



"THERE SHE SAT ON HER DOORSTEP."

TWENTY MILES.

[By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.]



day. General Phœbus has donned his vividdest scarlet coat, his brightest golden epaulettes (epaulettes were worn when I walked twenty miles), his sheeniest sword, his hat with the red and white cocks' feathers. He is determined upon a field-day, and serves out red-hot shot to his bombardiers. I leave the grey old legendary town of Lancaster, with its mighty castle, its crumbling church, its steep quaint streets. I leave the tranquil valley of the Lune; the one timber-laden schooner, and row of dismantled warehouses which now represent the once considerable maritime trade of Lancaster (oh, city of the Mersey, erst the haunt of the long-legged Liver, you have much to answer for!); I leave the rippling waters of Morecambe Bay, with its little pebbly watering-place of Poulton-le-Sands. I leave the blue shade of the mountains of Westmoreland and Cumberland; the memories of Peter Bell and his solitary donkey and the white doe of Rhylstone; the thousand beautiful spots in the loved district, sunlit by the memories of learned Southey, and tuneful Wordsworth, and strong John Wilson, and gentle, docile, erring, Hartley Coleridge (there is not a cottager from Lancaster to Kendal, from Kendal to Windermere, but has stories to tell about "puir Hartley," affectionately recalling his simple face and ways); I leave all these to walk twenty miles to the town of spindles and smoke, bricks, and cotton-bales. I can give but a woman's reason for this perverse walk. I *will* walk it.

There is a place called Scotforth, about two miles out, where I begin to fry. There is a place called Catterham (I think) two miles further, where I begin to broil. Then I begin to feel

myself on fire. There is a place where there is a merciful shadow thrown by a high bank and hedge, and there, in defiance of all the laws of etiquette and the usages of society, I take off my coat and waistcoat, and walk along with them thrown over my arm, as though I were a tramp. I wonder what the few people I meet think of me, for I am decently attired, and have positively an all-round collar. How inexpressibly shocked that phaeton full of Lancastrians that has just passed me (I have a strong idea that I took tea with some of them last week) must be. What can the burly farmer in the chaise-cart who pulls up and says interrogatively, "teaaking a weauork?" think. I wonder at all this; but much more do I wonder where the next beer-oasis in this dusty desert is.

I had fortified myself with a good breakfast, and a "dobbin" of brown ale before I left Lancaster, and had sternly said to myself, "no beer till Garstang," which is half way. But at the very outset of my twenty miles, at Scotforth, I was sorely tempted to turn aside (two roads diverge there) towards the pleasant village of Cockerham, on the road to which I know of a beery nook, where there is a little woman, licensed to be drunk on the premises, in a tiny house, of which the back-door opens into a green churchyard, with tombstones hundreds of years old; a little dame, who, though a Catholic herself, has, in her little library on the hanging shelf beside her missal and Thomas A'Kempis, a copy of "Fuller's Worthies," and Barclay's "Apology for the Quakers." Oh! for a mug of brown beer at the sign of the "Travellers' Joy." Oh! for the sanded floor, the long clean pipe, the newspaper three weeks old, the "Worthies," the "Quakers!" Beer and happiness? Why not? There are times when a mug of ale, a pipe, and an old newspaper may be the essence of mundane felicity. Get away, you luxurious Persians. I hate your epicurean splendours; and, little boy, bind my brow with a simple hop-garland, and bring me some more beer.

I did not turn off towards Cockerham, however, because I was ashamed. When I am on fire, however, and my stomach so full of hot dust, I throw shame to the winds, and say to resolution, "Get thee behind me." (I am always leaving that tiresome resolution behind.) In this strait, I met a tinker. He is black, but friendly. He is a humourist, as most tinkers are, and sells prayer books besides tin-pots, which most tinkers do. Straightway he knows of the whereabouts of beer, and proposes a libation. I accept. More than this, he insists upon "standing a pot." Am I to

insult this tinker by refusing to accept his proffered hospitality? No! He and I dive down a cunning lane, which none but a tinker could discover, and the foaming felicity is poured out to us. The tinker drinks first: I insist upon his drinking first. When he hands me the pot, he points to the side of the vessel on which he has himself drunk, and suggests that I should apply my lips to the opposite side. "My mouth it may be sawdery," he says. Could Lord Chesterfield, in all his wiggishness and priggishness, have been politer than this? When we get into the high road again, the tinker sings me a Cumberland song, of which there are about nineteen verses, and of which I can understand about four lines. I can only make out that "th' Deil's i' th' lasses o' Pearith" (probably Penrith), and that "Sukey, th' prood mantymecker, tu luik at a navvy thowt sin," which is gratifying to know, surveying the society of navvies (excellent persons as they may be in their operative way) from a genteel point of view. I am dimly given to understand, however, in a subsequent stanza, that the haughty Sukey so far changed her opinion of navvies as to elope with one; and while I ponder over this sad decadence, and instance of how the mighty are fallen, the tinker bids me good day and leaves me. He is a worthy man.

There is a lull just now in the heat. General Phœbus has sheathed his sword for the moment, and is refreshing himself in his golden tent. The sky is almost colourless; the trees are dark and ominous; broad grey-green shadows are cast across the landscape. Perhaps it is going to rain. How glad I am that I have not got an umbrella! But the hope is fallacious. All at once the sudden sun darts out again, General Phœbus is on horseback giving the word to fire and reload, and I begin to fry again.

Five miles and a half to Garstang. Four miles and a half to Garstang—two—three—one mile to Garstang. The milestones are obliging, and run on manfully before me. It is just one o'clock in the afternoon when I enter Garstang itself; much to my own satisfaction, having attained my half-way house, and accomplished ten of my appointed twenty miles. I think I am entitled to bread and cheese at Garstang, likewise to the pipe of peace, which I take on a gate leading into a field, solacing myself meanwhile with a view of a *pas-de-deux* between a young peasant woman in a jacket and a lively mottled calf, which will not submit to be caught and bound with cords to the horns of a cart on any terms; frisking, and dodging, and scampering about, either with an instinctive pre-sence of the existence of such a thing as roast fillet of veal with mild stuffing, or rioting in that ignorance of the possibility of the shambles which is bliss to butcher's meat. I find Garstang a

little market town—a big village rather, with many public-houses, and an amazing juvenile population. It possesses a railway station, and when I have finished my pipe, the train bound for Preston has filled up, and is ready to start again. I am sorely moved to abandon my twenty miles project, and take a second-class ticket for the rest of the journey. But self-shame (the strongest of all, for no man likes to look ridiculous in his own eyes) comes to my aid. The day seems lowering somewhat, and promises a cool afternoon, and I dismiss the locomotive as a mere figment—a puffing, drinking, smoking, superficial, inconsequential surface-skimmer, skurrying through the country as though he were riding a race, or running away from a bailiff, or travelling for a house in the cotton trade.

I walk resolutely on my journey from Garstang: the milestones altering their tone now, and announcing so many miles and a half to Preston. The treacherous sun, which has been playing a game of hide-and-seek with me all day, comes out again with a redoubled fury, and burns me to a white heat. Worse than this, I am between two long stages of beer, and a rustic, in a wide-awake hat, informs me that the next house of entertainment is at Cabus, "a bad fower mile fadder an." Worse than all, there is no cottage, farmhouse, lodge-gate, to be seen where I can obtain a drink of water. I am parched, swollen, carbonised. A little girl passes me with an empty tin can in which she has carried her father's beer with his dinner to the hay-field. The vacuity of the vessel drives me to frenzy. My nature abhors such a vacuum. There are certainly pools where geese are gabbling, rivulets whither come the thirsty cows to drink, ditches where the lonely donkey washes down his meal of thistles. But I have no cup, waterproof cap, not even an egg-shell, in which I could scoop out water enough for a draught. I have broken my pipe, and cannot, even if I would, drink out of its bowl. I am ashamed of using my boot as a goblet. I might, it is true, lie down by the side of a ditch, and drink like a beast of the field; but I have no fancy for eating, while I drink, of the toad, the tadpole, the water-newt, the swimming-frog, the old rat, the ditch-dog, and the green mantle of the standing pool. Poor Tom could do no more than that, who was whipped from tything to tything, and whose food for seven long years was "mice, and rats, and such small deer."

I lean over a bridge, beneath which ripples a little river. The channel is partially dry, but a clear, sparkling little stream hurries along over the pebbles most provokingly. I groan in bitterness of spirit as I see this tantalising river, and am about descending to its level, and making a desperate attempt to drink out of the hollow of my hands, at the risk of ruining my all-round

collar, when, in my extremity on the river's bank, I descry Pot. Pot is of common red earthenware—broken, decayed, full of dried mud and sand—but I hail Pot as my friend, as my deliverer. I descend. I very nearly break my shins over a log of timber. I incur the peril of being indicted for poaching or trespassing in a fishing preserve. I seize Pot. Broken as he is, there is enough convexity in him to hold half-a-pint of water. I carefully clean out his incrustation of dried mud. I wipe him, polish him tenderly, as though I loved him. And then, oh, all ye water gods, I Drink! How often, how deeply, I know not; but I drink

till I remember that the water swells a man, and that I should be a pretty sight if I were swelled; whereupon with a sigh I resign Pot, give him an extra polish, place him in a conspicuous spot for the benefit of some future thirsty wayfarer, and leave him, invoking a blessing upon his broken head. This done, I resume my way rejoicing. I catch up the milestones that were getting on ahead, and just as the cool of the afternoon begins, I am at my journey's end. I have walked my twenty miles, and am ready for the juicy steak, the cool tankard, the long deep sleep, and the welcome railway back to Lancaster.



THE BATTLE OF MORGARTEN.

[By FELICIA HEMANS.]

THE wine-month shone in its golden prime,
And the red grapes clustering hung,
But a deeper sound, through the Switzer's clime,
Than the vintage-music, rung.
A sound, through vaulted cave,
A sound, through echoing glen,
Like the hollow swell of a rushing wave;
—'Twas the tread of steel-girt men.

And a trumpet, pealing wild and far,
'Midst the ancient rocks was blown,
Till the Alps replied to that voice of war
With a thousand of their own.
And through the forest-glooms
Flash'd helmets to the day,
And the winds were tossing knightly plumes,
Like the larch-boughs in their play.

In Hasli's wilds there was gleaming steel,
As the host of the Austrian pass'd,
And the Schreckhorn's rocks, with a savage peal,
Made mirth of his clarion's blast.

Up 'midst the Righi snows
The stormy march was heard,
With the charger's tramp, whence fire-sparks
rose,
And the leader's gathering word.

But a band, the noblest band of all,
Through the rude Morgarten strait,
With blazon'd streamers, and lances tall,
Moved onwards in princely state.
They came with heavy chains,
For the race despised so long—
But amidst his Alp-domains,
The herdsman's arm is strong!

The sun was reddening the clouds of morn
When they entered the rock defile,
And shrill as a joyous hunter's horn
Their bugles rung the while.
But on the misty height,
Where the mountain people stood,
There was stillness, as of night,
When storms at distance brood.

There was stillness, as of deep dead night,
 And a pause—but not of fear,
 While the Switzers gazed on the gathering might
 Of the hostile shield and spear.
 On wound those columns bright
 Between the lake and wood,
 But they look'd not to the misty height—
 Where the mountain-people stood.



The pass was filled with their serried power,
 All helm'd and mail-array'd,
 And their steps had sounds like a thunder-shower
 In the rustling forest-shade.
 There were prince and crested knight,
 Hemm'd in by cliff and flood,
 When a shout arose from the misty height
 Where the mountain-people stood.

And the mighty rocks came bounding down,
 Their startled foes among,
 With a joyous whirl from the summit thrown—
 —Oh! the herdsman's arm is strong!
 They came like lauwine hurl'd
 From Alp to Alp in play,
 When the echoes shout through the snowy world
 And the pines are borne away.

The fir-woods crash'd on the mountain-side,
 And the Switzers rush'd from high,
 With a sudden charge, on the flower and pride
 Of the Austrian chivalry:

Like hunters of the deer,
 They storm'd the narrow dell,
 And first in the shock, with Uri's spear,
 Was the arm of William Tell.

There was tumult in the crowded strait,
 And a cry of wild dismay,
 And many a warrior met his fate
 From a peasant's hand that day!
 And the empire's banner then
 From its place of waving free,
 Went down before the shepherd-men,
 The men of the Forest-sea.

With their pikes and massy clubs they brake
 The cuirass and the shield,

"THE MIGHTY ROCKS CAME BOUNDING DOWN"

And the war-horse dash'd to the reddening lake
 From the reapers of the field!
 The field—but not of sheaves—
 Proud crests and pennons lay,
 Strown o'er it thick as the birch-wood leaves,
 In the autumn tempest's way.

Oh! the sun in heaven fierce havoc view'd,
 When the Austrian turn'd to fly,
 And the brave, in the trampling multitude,
 Had a fearful death to die!
 And the leader of the war
 At eve unhelm'd was seen,
 With a hurrying step on the wilds afar,
 And a pale and troubled mien.

But the sons of the land which the freeman tills,
Went back from the battle-toil,
To their cabin homes 'midst the deep green hills,
All burden'd with royal spoil.

There were songs and festal fires
On the soaring Alps that night,
When children sprung to greet their sires
From the wild Morgarten fight.

THE DINNER-PARTY AT FRASER'S.

[From "More Happy Thoughts." By F. C. BURNAND.]



*HAPPY Thought while
Dressing for
Dinner.*—To tell
Fraser quietly
that I don't care
about croquet,
and then he'll get
me out of it
another time.
Hope there's
not a party at
dinner. Hope
he's forgotten
all about ask-
ing me to sing
"The Little
Pig." * * *

Lost a stud. Can't find it anywhere. This is annoying. Hate going down hot and uncomfortable to dinner. Ring bell. Footman after some delay answers it. He brings up hot water (which I've had before) and announces that dinner will be ready in five minutes. We both look for the stud. He thinks his master has a set though he don't often wear 'em. While he is gone, I find that the stud is missing which fastens my collar. Ring the bell again. This causes another bell to ring. Hate giving trouble in a strange house. Little boy Fraser comes to the door as the butler enters with more hot water. The horrid boy makes remarks on my dress. I tell the domestic my difficulty. Master doesn't wear studs, it appears. The boy Fraser is overhauling the things on my table. I ask him to leave my comb alone, and he goes to the brushes. The footman (with more hot water, not knowing the butler was there), says the Maid would pin it on if that would do? That *must* do. The boy Fraser is putting hair oil on my clean pocket-handkerchief. He thinks it's *scent*. Another minute and the maid appears. Shall she sew on a button? "Is there time?" I ask. "Well, she'll try," she answers, and goes for the button. I implore the boy Fraser, who is now trying on my boots, to go away. He won't. The dinner-bell rings. Now I'm keeping them waiting. Boy Fraser informs me that he's coming down to dessert. Maid returns. What a time sewing

takes. Painful attitude it is to stand in, with your head in the air, and trying all the while to see what a mischievous child is doing with your watch. Done at last. White tie won't come right. Dash it, let it come wrong. Rush down to the drawing-room. Obligated to leave horrid boy in my room. I stop on the stairs. Forgotten my watch. Run up again. Rescue it from boy, who was going to examine the works with the aid of my gold pin. Luckily one of his nurses appears. I leave them to fight it out, and rush down-stairs again. At drawing-room door standing on mat to button my waistcoat, which, in my hurry, I had left undone. Door opens. Every one is coming out.

Happy Thought.—Always be careful to finish dressing before one makes a public appearance. Apologies from Master and Mistress of the house. Large party all paired, except myself and a youth from school, about fourteen years old, in jackets. I don't know him at all, but he wants to be sportive, and says, "I s'pose you'll take me in." I snub him. I think the servants are laughing at something he's doing. Hate boys of this age. It was a smaller one than this who made faces at me from the window.

Dinner.—Seated: next to the Lady of the House. Miss Harding on the other side. I mentally note as not at all a happy thought, that if there's anything to carve I shall have to do it. I hope the old gentleman on the other side of Mrs. Fraser will offer first. She introduces us across. He is an American general. On being told by Mrs. Fraser of my literary fame, he only says, "Oh! indeed," and appears surprised. I wish she wouldn't say anything about it. I have my pocket-book ready for short-hand notes, as he'll be full of information. Dinner goes on.

At Dinner. In consequence of having to listen to several whispered observations on the company present from Mrs. Plyte Fraser, who tells me who every one is, and how clever they all are, I find myself left alone eating fish. I make three picks at my fish and finish. The butler and footman are both in the room, but neither will catch my eye, and I

can't get my plate removed. The coachman who comes in to wait occasionally, and is very hot and uncomfortable all the time, *does* catch my eye, and sees me pointing to my plate. He looks in a frightened manner at me, as though begging me not to ask *him* to do anything on his own account. He is evidently debating with himself whether he oughtn't to tell the butler that I'm making signs. I should say that this coachman is snubbed by the others. His rule for waiting appears to be, when in doubt play the lobster sauce; which he hands with everything.

Mrs. Fraser whispers to me to draw the American General out. "He was in the war," she says behind her fan. I say "Oh, indeed!" and commence the process of drawing out. It's a difficult art. The first question is everything. I ask him, diffidently, "How he liked the war?" Before he can reply, Mrs. Fraser informs the company, as if she were exhibiting the military hero, "Ah! General Duncannon was in all the great engagements——" The General shuts his eyes and nods towards a salt-cellar. "He knew," she continues, still exhibiting him, "all the leading men there——" The General looks round the table cautiously to see, perhaps, if anybody else did,—and he was in the very centre of the battle, where he received a dreadful sabre wound, at——" she looks for assistance to the General, who seems rather more staggered than he probably did in the battle, and Pleyte Fraser from the top of the table, supplies, "Bull's Run." "Bull's Run," repeats Mrs. Fraser to the General, as if challenging him to contradict if he dares. "General Duncannon's property," she goes on, still lecturing on him as a kind of mechanical wax-work figure, "was all—all—all—dear me, what's the word I want?" she turns to me abruptly. I don't know. The General doesn't know. Perhaps he never had any property. Everybody being appealed to, separately, "has the word on the tip of his tongue!" "You," says Mrs. Fraser to me, "of course have quite a storehouse of words. I never can imagine an author without a perfect magazine of words. It must be so delightful *always* to be able to say what you want, you know. Now what is the word I'm waiting for? You know when a man has all his property taken by Government—taken away—not '*compromised*'—no—dear me——" All eyes are upon me. Of course I know. Boldly but with a nervous feeling that I am not quite right yet, I say "Sequestered," and lean back in my chair somewhat hot.

Happy Thought.—Sequestered.

Mrs. Fraser adopts it. "Sequestered by Government." Miss Harding goes into a fit of laughing. I see the mistake, so does Mrs. Fraser, so does every one. Every one laughs. They all

think it's my joke, and Mrs. Fraser taps me on the hand with her fan, and explains to the General "*sequestered*." Every one laughs again except Miss Harding, who, Mrs. Fraser keeps whispering to me, is "such a clever girl, so well read. Draw her out." She won't be drawn out any more than the General. The party I subsequently find has been asked expressly to meet *me*, and the Frasers do their best to give everything a literary turn. Odd; I don't feel a bit brilliant this evening. Very disappointing this must be to the guests. I can't even talk to Miss Harding. In consequence of what is expected of me, I can't stoop to talk about the weather, or what one's "been doing to-day." After the haunch of venison I am going to begin to Miss Harding about "the Human Mind in its several aspects," when she says, "I thought you authors were full of conversation and sparkling wit." It's rather rude of her, but Mrs. Fraser shouldn't lead her to expect so much. I can only say, "Did you?" As an afterthought I ask "Why?"

She replies, "Well, one reads of the meetings of such men as Sheridan, Burke, Grattan, Dr. Johnson, and they seem to have said witty things every moment." I feel that I am called upon to defend the literary character for *esprit* in the present day. I reply, "Well you see," deliberately, "it's so different now, it's in fact more——" I am interrupted by a gentleman, on the other side, in a white waistcoat and iron grey whiskers, "No wits now-a-days," he says. "Why, I recollect Coleridge, Count D'Orsay, Scott, Southey, and Tommy Moore, with old Maginn, sir, at one table. Then, sir, there was poor Hook, and Mathews, and Yates. I'm talking of a time before you were born or thought of——" He says this as if he'd done something clever in being born when he was, and as if I'd made an entire mistake in choosing my time for an existence. Every one is attending to the gentleman in the white waistcoat, who defies contradiction, because all his stories are of a time before any one at the table "was born or thought of." It is very annoying that there should ever have been such a period.

Happy Thought.—In Chap. 10, Book IX. of *Typical Developments*, "The Vanity of Existence." From Literature he gets to Drama. He seems to remember every actor. According to him, no one ever did anything in literature or art, without asking *his* advice. His name is Brounton, and he speaks of himself in the third person as Harry. I try to speak to Miss Harding, but she is listening to a story from Brounton about "Old Mathews." "You didn't know old Mathews," he says to Fraser, who humbly admits he didn't. "Ah, I recollect, before he ever thought of giving his entertainment, his coming to me and saying,

'Harry, my boy'—he always called me Harry—'Harry, my boy,' says he, 'I'd give a hundred pounds to be able to sing and speak like you.' 'I wish I could lend it you, Matty,' I said to him—I used to call him Matty—but Harry Brounton wouldn't part with his musical ear for'—Here a diversion is created by the entrance of the children. I see the one who made faces at me from the window. Ugly boy. The child who would bother me when I was dressing is between Mrs. Fraser and myself. I give him grapes and fruit to propitiate him: great point to make friends with juveniles. He whispers to me presently, "You don't know what me and Conny's done." I say, cheerfully, "No, I can't guess." He whispers, "We've been playing at going out of town with your box." I should like to pinch him. He continues, whispering, "I say, it's in your room, you know: we've got such a lot of things in it." I don't like to tell Mrs. Fraser, who says "There, Dolly, don't be troublesome." I am distracted. The boy on the side of Mrs. Fraser (he was the nuisance in the croquet ground), says, pointing at me, "Oh, he's got such a funny hat," and is immediately silenced. I should like to hear more about this hat. I ask Dolly, who whispers, "The nurse took it away from him, 'cos she said he'd hurt himself." The little Frasers had evidently been smashing my *gibus*. The ladies rise and the children go with them. "You won't stop long," says Mrs. Fraser, persuasively. "No, no," answers Fraser. "Because I've allowed the children to sit up on purpose," continues Mrs. Fraser, looking at me. "All right," returns Fraser; "we'll just have one glass of wine and then we'll come into the drawing-room, and"—smiling upon me—"he'll give us '*The Little Pig Jumped*,' with squeak and all."

I find that all the guests have been asked expressly to hear me sing this: I also find that there are a great many people coming in the evening for the same special purpose. I haven't done it for years. Fraser seems to think that any man who writes is merely a buffoon. I only wonder that he doesn't ask me dance a saraband for the amusement of his friends. I am astonished at Mrs. Fraser. I tell Fraser I've forgotten the song. He won't hear of it; he says, "You'll remember it as you go on." I say I can't get on without a good accompaniment. He returns that the elder Miss Symperson plays admirably. Everyone says, "Oh, you must sing." The American General who speaks for the first time, now says, "He's come ten miles to hear it." Brounton supposes "I don't recollect Old Mathews' *At Home*?" I don't, and he has me at a disadvantage.

He goes on to ask me if I accompany myself. No, I don't. "Ah!" says he, "I recollect Theo-

dore Hook sitting down to the piano and dashing off a song and an accompaniment impromptu. You don't improvise?" he asks me. I am obliged to own frankly that I do not, but in the tone of one who could if he liked. "Ah," he goes on, "you should hear the Italian Improvisatori! Ever been to Italy?" No, I haven't; he has, and again I am at a disadvantage. "Ah," he exclaims, "that is something like improvisation: such fire and humour—more than in the French. Of course you know all Béranger's songs by heart?" Before I have time to say that I know a few, he is off again. "Ah! the French comic songs are so light and sparkling. No English comic songs can touch them—and then, where are your singers?" I wish to goodness he'd not been asked to hear "*The Little Pig*." Going out of the dining-room, Fraser says to me, "Capital fellow, Brounton, isn't he, so amusing?" If I don't admit it, Fraser will think me envious and ill-natured; so I say heartily, "Brounton! very amusing fellow—great fun,"—and we are in the drawing-room.

Here I find all the people who have been invited in the evening. I should like to be taken ill. The children are at me at once. "Ma says you're to sing." Little brutes! The elder Miss Symperson, who will be happy to play for me, is seated near the piano. She is half a head taller than I am, and peculiarly elegant and ladylike. My last chance is trying to frighten her out of accompanying me. I tell her the tune is difficult to catch. Will I hum it to her? I hum it to her. In humming it is difficult to choose any words but "rum tum tum," and *very* difficult to convey a right notion of the tune. Two children standing by the piano give their version of it. I say, "hush" to them and lose the tune. Miss Symperson does catch it, and chooses a key for me. Fraser, thinking the song is beginning, says, "Silence," and interrupts Brounton in a loud story about his remembering "Old Mathews singing a song about a pig—he was inimitable, Mathews was"—when I have to explain that we're not ready to begin yet. The conversation is resumed: Mrs. Fraser seats herself on an ottoman with her two very youngest children, who are fidgety, near the piano; the other two insist on standing just in front of me by the piano. Miss Harding takes a small chair quite close to me; by her sits a Captain someone, who has come in the evening with his sister. I feel that she despises buffoonery, but if the Pig-song is to be anything at all, it must be done with a good deal of facial expression. The Captain is evidently joking with her at my expense. Don't know him, but hate him: because it's very ungentlemanly and unfair to laugh at you, just when you're going to sing a comic song. I tell Fraser, apologetically, that I really am afraid I shall break down.

Brounton says, "Never mind—improvise." Miss Symperson says, "Shall I begin?" I answer 'If you please,' and she plays what she thinks is the air. I am obliged to stop her, and say that it's not quite correct. This makes a hitch to begin with. Brounton suggests something about a tuning-fork, and every one laughs except the Captain, who is talking in a low tone to Miss Harding. Mrs. Fraser's youngest child on her lap says, "Ma, why—doo—de"—Hush! Miss Symperson, in not a particularly good temper, plays it again. More like a march than a comic song, but I don't like to tell her so. I begin—

"A little pig lived on the best of straw,
Straw—he—haw—and Shandiddlelaw."

And the idea flashed across my mind what an ass I'm making of myself. At the "hee-haw," the pianist has to do six notes up and down, like a donkey braying. This is one of the points of the song. Miss Symperson doesn't do it. I hear afterwards, that she thought it vulgar and omitted it purposely. I go on—

"Lillibullero, lillibullero, lillibullero,
Shandiddlelan,
My daddy's a bonny wee man."

I feel it is idiotic. Miss Symperson plays a bar too much. She didn't know I finished there. I beg she won't apologise. Next verse—

"This little pig's mother she was the old sow,
Ow, ow, ow, and Shandiddleow."

I feel it's more idiotic than ever. Here I see Miss Harding exchange glances with the Captain, and Mrs. Fraser with several ladies; they raise their eyebrows and look grim. I suddenly recollect I've got some rather broad verses coming. The idea also occurs to me for the first time that when Fraser *did* hear me sing it, years ago, it was amongst a party of bachelors after supper. I go on with lillibullero, and have half a mind to give it up altogether:—

"The Farmer's wife went out for a walk
Walk, ork, ork, and shandiddle lork.
'I fancy,' says she, 'a slice of good pork.'"

This I used to do, I remember, with a wink and making a face like a Clown. I risk it. I feel I don't do it with spirit, and nobody laughs. I see Brounton whisper behind his hand to the American General, and I am sure that he's "seen old Mathews do this very thing," or something of that sort. Getting desperate, I make more hideous faces in the Lillibullero chorus. Miss Harding looks down; the ladies regard one another curiously—I believe they think I've had

too much wine; the ugly boy by the piano begins to imitate my faces, and the youngest in arms bursts into a violent fit of tears. Miss Symperson stops. The child won't be comforted. Mrs. Fraser tells the wretched little brat "the gentleman won't make any more ugly faces, he won't," and turning to me, asks me to sing without the grimaces: "They can't," she argues, "be a necessity;" and Fraser reminds me, reprovingly, that when I sang it before, I didn't make those faces. I have half a mind to ask him (being rather nettled) what faces I *did* make? The result is, however, to set the two boys off making faces at their little sisters, for which they are very nearly being ordered off to bed instantly.

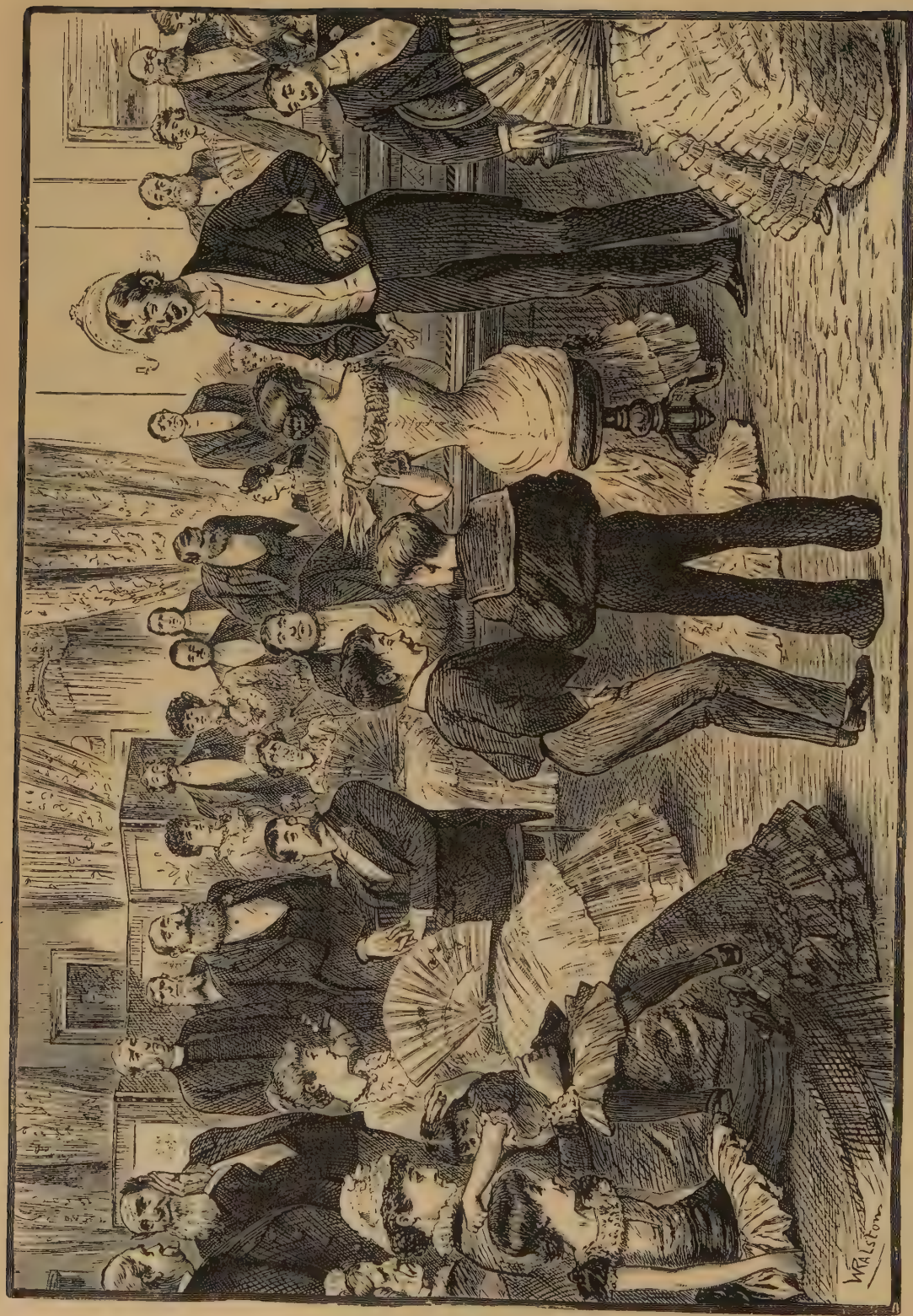
Miss Symperson asks me, "Shall I go on?" I say sardonically, "yes, if you please, we may as well."

"The farmer's wife was fond of a freak,
Eak, eak, eak, and shandiddleak,
And she made the little pig squeak, squeak, squeak."

Here used to follow the imitation. I think it better not to do it now, and am proceeding with the next verse, when Fraser says, "Hallo! I say, do the squeak." I tell him I can't, I don't feel up to it. He says, "Oh, *do* try." I hear Miss Harding say, "Oh, *do* try." The Captain too remarks, (I see his eye) "He hopes I'll try," and Brounton hopes the same thing, and then tells something about Hook (probably) behind his hand to the General. I say "Very well," and yield. I begin squeaking: I shut my eyes and squeak: I open them and squeak. I try it four times, but am obliged to own publicly, "that there is no fun in it unless you are in cue for it." No one seems in cue for it. The children begin squeaking and are packed off to bed. People begin to resume the conversation. I say to Fraser I don't think there's any use in going on with the song. He answers, "Oh, yes, *do—do* by all means." But as he is not by any means enthusiastic about it, I thank Miss Symperson, who acknowledges it very stiffly and coldly, and cuts me for the remainder of the evening. Brounton comes up and tells me loudly, "That he remembers old Mathews doing that song, or something exactly like it, years ago: it was admirable." Miss Florelly asks me quietly, "If I'd written many songs." I disown the authorship of the pig. The Captain sings a sentimental ballad about "*Meet me where the Flow'ret droops*" to Miss Harding's accompaniment, and every one is charmed.

Happy Thought.—Bed-time. I'll never sing again as long as I live.





THE SONG OF "THE LITTLE FIG." (Drawn by W. Ralston.)

MAUD MULLER.

[By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.]

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadows sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and
her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed
from his tree.

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadows across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup ;

And blushed as she gave it, looking
down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered
gown.



But, when she glanced to the
far-off town,
White from its hill-slope look-
ing down,

"LOOKING DOWN ON HER FEET SO BARE." (Drawn by F. Dodd.)

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple trees to greet the maid,

"Thanks !" said the judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass, and flowers, and trees,
Of the singing birds, and the humming bees ;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown ;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed—"Ah me!
That I the judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air,
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay.

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
And weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health of quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on the garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms.

And the proud man sighed with a secret pain;
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring-brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein;

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been!"

Alas! for maiden, alas! for judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And in the hereafter angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

STORM.

[From "The Dear Girl." By PERCY FITZGERALD.]

FOR two days the gale continued at the little town, neither increasing nor subsiding. In the morning, as in the evening, the air was of the cold bluish-slate colour, and in the streets, in the shops where the owners sat, uncomfortable, with their doors fast closed, and doing no business, was heard the roar and tumbling of the breakers as at the back of a wall. No one went abroad, except a few enthusiasts, who would not give up their day's walk, and who, having trudged to the top of the great cliffs, after being blown about, struggling with their hats, staggering to keep their feet, came down with news that the sight from thence was "awfully grand," the sea far out in angry mist, and breaking and roaring in on the shore like a furious demon. No ships were seen. Even the old *Eagle*, the daily boat, a stout, clumsy, dowdy packet that would bear any rude treatment, did not ply. The colony seemed a city of the dead, the little streets were empty. Sharp faces, with a pinched and desolate expression, peered out from the little windows hopelessly.

The way in which this change affected Mr. Dacres was almost pitiable. He lay in a chair, on a sofa, in the most miserable state of despondency, asking, over and over again, had he been born for this sort of thing—a man of his genius, wit, and parts? What was to become of him?—the bright hours of life passing away, prizes slipping from him, and he would die in this miserable "expatriation." Mr. Vivian came over again and again. Lucy was delighted with her new friend; to her the state of the weather was a purely indifferent thing. Happy those independent of such paltry influences! He was well read, fond of music, poetry, and what not; and Lucy, at her humble instrument, was happy to play and even sing for him, according to the instruction received at Miss Pringle's from M. Pontet, the master at that establishment.

"I ought to be gone to-day," said the colonel, "and yet I shall confess I am not sorry for this forced delay—"

"But why must you go?" said Lucy; "you might stay for the week, at least."

"I shall be here again very soon," he said. "I must come by this way shortly." And he sighed and looked down.

"Why?" said Dacres, looking at him curiously, as if he were a witness.

"There is a dismal beat," said the officer, coldly, "on which I must walk—for many years, I dare say."

It came to be the third day. The night had been very stormy indeed, and tenants of the "little crockery" houses of the town (so an indignant colonist called them) were kept awake by angry roaring and moaning, and the sound of tiles bursting from the roof and clattering noisily down the street. When the dawn came, the streets were as clean and dry as though sweepers had been at work all night; the slate-colour had gone, and it was very dark and gloomy. There was a mysterious stillness along that flat, sandy, dismal track, which, for many miles, edges the French coast. The long avenue made by the two wooden piers was strained and cracking; and the fishermen, standing about idly, prophesied it would not bear much more. None of the boats were out. There was the *Hélène*, belonging to this port, and which was due in a day or two. Every one knew Captain Muret; none better than Madame Muret, in an old nightcap, who harangued the fishermen, now and again, that he would never put out in such weather. Muret had risen from the ranks, was the only fisherman of the place who was actually commander and part owner of a brig some three hundred tons burden. No wonder they had interest in Muret, or thought that the *Hélène* was the only vessel in the trade.

Captain Filby was out on this day. Strange to say, his spirits were not affected by this weather. He did not call it a "hole of a place." He seemed rather to get respect for it. "A fine, bracing, hearty day, like one of our honest English gales. I didn't think they had it in 'em. To see these creatures skulking and shivering about; they're only half men." Captain Filby even trudged vigorously to the top of the cliffs, and looked down over the tremendous scene, to where an awful black heavy curtain, charged with horror and destruction, was hanging over the English coast. "How they're catching it over there!" he said. As he was looking, and holding on to his hat, he saw a black object far out at sea; it was coming on fast, and growing larger. "A ship, I declare," he said, and got out his glass.

He watched it for a long time, and saw that it was a brig, labouring to keep well out. She had suffered a great deal, and her "poles" were bare enough.

"You won't do it, my lads," said the captain, coolly, "even if you are British; which I doubt. You have a finicking look about you."

The captain came down leisurely, walked round by the port, and recognised a thin gendarme who was shivering in a doorway, feeling every blast of

the wind like a stab, and told him there was a ship off the coast. Presently a motley crowd went down to the pier, and under shelter of a wall peeped out at the solitary vessel. It was now in far closer. Never is the struggle that rages between man and nature brought to such a satisfactory issue as in a storm. It is a fair battle, and in most instances, if not surprised, man wins. The boat was drawing nearer and nearer, and a clever young fisherman, with sharp eyes, made out, as it had been suspected from the first, that it was the *Hélène*, the cherished boat with Captain Muret on board. That news soon spread, and servants rushing up-stairs into dismal little rooms, with a dramatic tossing of arms and appeals to the "bon Dieu!" and tragic faces over the "poor children" who were being "assassinated" on the water. Tourlou, the oldest fisherman, said, confidently, that in about half an hour or forty minutes it would be all over!

Our Lucy was sitting in their little drawing-room with her mamma. "Papa Harco" was in bed, "not well; but I suppose it will end, one of these days!" He had "something on his chest," he thought. Vivian was there, as usual, now reading, now talking, while Lucy and her mamma worked. It was about four o'clock, and Papa Harco was "thinking of getting upon his legs," when, with tears pouring down her cheeks, the little landlady opposite burst in, and said that there was the most hideous misery going on down at the port; that the "poor children" were there in close on shore, perishing before our eyes; and that Jaques and the whole town were up there looking on, and could do nothing.

"What!" said Vivian, excited, "is she gone ashore?"

But the little landlady could give no details.

"I shall go out and see," he said, rising. "One might give a little advice. The French are so dull in everything about the sea. I shall be back in half an hour."

He went out. Lucy sat at the window. Half an hour went by, and he did not return. What was the meaning of this? There was no one to ask; for the whole town had gone up to the port.

As Vivian was going down to the port, he fell in with three sailors, whose dress, build, and bearing told him they were English seamen. They were coming out of the *Nancy Baker*, of Hull, who had brought coals for a factory that was some way from the town. They had just returned, and were going up where all the world were going. Vivian spoke to one, who proved to be the mate, a quiet, stolid young fellow, of about five-and-thirty, and whom he heard the men call John Davy. Davy said it was going to be a poor business, he was afraid.

They went along the wooden pier, past the large

crucifix more than seven feet high, all gilt and painted, set up by the fishermen, and round whose foot was a whole cluster of praying women. Was there not here Jean's sister—he was in the *Hélène*—and Paul's wife, and many more distracted creatures, and the captain's own wife, the most collected and confident of them all, looking out, with her hands shading her eyes, to that eternal sheet of dull terrible slate, which was now and again lit up with flashes of white? There was a fringe of eager, painful faces, bent forward and looking out into the storm, with clasped hands and strained eyes, thus getting into the front. The present state of things was this: The brig was in a poor way indeed, for there it lay, not two hundred yards away, grounded on the flat Dieppe shore, the bathers' paradise—a miserable black tenement, now visible, now swallowed up and devoured by an overwhelming rush of waves, which, when they retired, showed a black ragged mast and a few figures like flies hanging on it. At every disappearance there was a shriek and a wail from the shore; at every reappearance another cry and wail. "Oh, they will save them—they must save them!" Colonel Vivian heard some one say confidently, as they came up.

But these attempts were of the feeblest sort. They had tried to launch a boat, though no one had volunteered to go in it, and it was smashed into firewood at one crash against the pier. "It is hopeless—it is madness," said the French sailors, gloomily pointing to the fragments. Others had brought a rope to the cliffs, and were going through a laborious show of flinging it out. There were preparations of the same description being made with the same elaborate show, and to an enormous amount of gesticulation and chatter. John Davy gave one rapid glance up and down, took all in—the broken boat, the ropes—"with half an eye," and said aloud:

"Well, of all the Jack-a-donkeys I ever see! Why, they might as well throw them out a spool of cotton!"

There was an official air over the whole, also, for here were gendarmes and the mayor fussing about and directing, though there was nothing to be directed, and taking notes for the "verbal process" of the whole, which he would address to the prefect.

"Why," said Davy, "the men'll be lost afore their eyes while they are busy with their pack-thread. There's another of 'em off. I give 'em twenty minutes, and where will they be?"

"In God's name!" cried Vivian, growing excited, "can nothing be done? You are English sailors—I'll do what I can, if I only knew the way."

"Bill!" said Davy to his mate. "Our big boat might do it. I wouldn't be afraid to put her to it. We might coax her along 'tween the piers. She's

broad and bluff enough ; but there's only three on us."

"Well, I'll go too," said Vivian, growing more and more excited. "I could pull an oar with any man."

they had much confidence in the gifts of the islanders.

In another moment Davy and his mates were running to the *Nancy Baker*, had cast off her



"VIVIAN . . . HURRIEDLY EXPLAINED TO THE MAYOR WHAT WAS WANTED." (Drawn by J. Nash.)

In a moment Vivian was explaining to the mayor what they were going to try. In a very few moments more nearly every one there knew that the brave Englishmen were going to do something—something, as the French there understood by instinct, that was very likely to succeed : for

dirty, clumsy, broad, but serviceable boat, and had paddled, still within shelter of the pier, to a ladder which led down to the water.

"Now, my hearties," cried Davy from his boat, "who'll volunteer? There's room for two more."

Vivian, standing at the top of the ladder,

hurriedly explained to the mayor what was wanted. The fishermen, the women, were all crowding on them, chatting, praying, pointing. The mayor turned to them, and began leisurely, and with a sort of dramatic gesture, to address them :

"Messieurs——"

But the Englishmen interrupt him bluntly—Davy with the oath of his country, and Vivian with :

"Encore deux places !" And he pointed below to the boat.

There was a death-like stillness, not a motion nor a sound.

"You are brave Frenchmen ! we are four English about to try and save your countrymen. We cannot do it alone. You will help us, I know ?"

There was another pause, a fresh stillness.

"Cowards !" said Davy from the boat. "I thought they were better men."

"Then we go alone," said Vivian, and turned to descend.

But they were not cowards. A dozen fishermen had rushed forward.

* * * * *

Vivian felt a light hand on his arm, and looked round, astonished.

"You here ?" he cried.

A gentle face, its veil blown about by the gale, was looking up into his. It was very pale and wistful.

"I would not stop you. Not for the whole world ! It is indeed noble of you. I heard it all. God will watch over you and protect you."

"Ah," said Vivian, "if you were to know how happy and confident I feel ! We shall do better now that you are looking on. *Now !* Come, friends, take your places. Davy, you pull stroke. I sit next you. You direct us."

Was it not like a blissful ray of the sun, and a sudden lulling of the winds and waves, as the hapless figures on the wreck saw the little black speck emerge swiftly from the piers ? But how many perils were before them ! what chances ! for all the cruel imps of death were between them, floating like sharks.

Lucy, her hands all but clenched together, and, indeed, not so much thinking of her friend as of the superb devotion and splendid sacrifice of the whole, stood following them with her eyes, and a little gasp on her lips every time they sank down in the waves. Turning round for a minute, she found herself all but alone ; for the whole crowd was on its knees apart, at the foot of the great crucifix. With a swift flutter she had joined them, and poured out her little soul in the most passionate entreaties. Even Captain Filby was heard to say, later :

"Faith, sir ! I took off my hat, and prayed like a trooper !"

Some one gave a cry, and they were all on their feet again. The boat had been struck, as if by the fin of a whale, by a huge wave, and had filled. Here was an oar gone ; one of the Frenchmen beaten nearly senseless ; Davy waving his arms, the others stooping and trying to bale out the water. Again are the wistful faces and stooped figures bent forward. "They are lost ! O, mon Dieu ! they will never accomplish it." They are at work again, now going forward a foot, now beaten back a dozen yards, whilst Davy, who has become coxswain, watched to give notice of the coming waves. They were not taking the direct course for the wreck. Again were there cries, "They will miss her ; they will be carried out to sea ; they have lost control." But an old French salt saw what Davy's plan was—to get to leeward of the wreck. At last, after about an hour's hard work, they succeeded.


It had grown dark, lanterns were brought down ; but the spectacle was one of such absorbing interest that, had it lasted till midnight, the lookers-on could never have tired. The "Phare," faithless and theatrical guide, was blazing away, as if to mock the poor lost victims. As the heavy boat was carried within a few yards of the wreck, they were called on to throw themselves into the water, and were thence dragged out by hair, or hand, or any way.

Three were lost, but five got safely into the boat. It was so dark, those on shore could not tell what was going on, and indeed presently lost sight of boat and all. Then agitation rose. But they had to wait an hour more for the return. And oh ! when there was a rush of lanterns to the pier, and the clumsy craft, crowded with figures, came suddenly out of the darkness, and swept by on the top of a great green wave like a hill, actually on a level with the top of the pier, a shout was raised that reached to the back streets of the town. The rare, gallant English sailors ! Though a thousand stupid things be associated with the English abroad, a thousand such heroic deeds as this have redeemed them.

If there were prayers and gesticulations before, what was there now, as the noble fellows, drenched and beaten out of all human shape, staggered up ? But the two who came last had to drag up an insensible figure, the slightest and tallest. A girl in a black silk dress, pale with cold, terror, and anxiety, stooping forward in the crowd, as he was laid on the ground, saw that it was what she dreaded, and gave a cry of despair and agony. "The poor child," said a tender-hearted fishwife ; "it is her sweetheart ! But what is that to those who have lost brothers, fathers, and husbands on this terrible night ?"

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON, AGED THREE YEARS
AND THREE MONTHS.

[By THOMAS HOOD.]

HOU happy, happy elf !
(But stop—first let me kiss away that
tear)—
Thou tiny image of myself !
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear !)
Thou merry, laughing sprite !
With spirits feather-light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin—
(Good heavens ! the child is swallowing a pin !)
Thou little tricksy Puck !
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air—
(The door ! the door ! he'll tumble down the stair !)
Thou darling of thy sire !
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire !)
Thou imp of mirth and joy !
In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy !
There goes my ink !)

Thou cherub—but of earth ;
Fit playfellow for Fays, by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail !)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble !—that's his precious nose !)

Thy father's pride and hope !
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope !)

With pure heart newly stamped from Nature's mint—
(Where did he learn that squint ?)
Thou young domestic dove !
(He'll have that jug off, with another shove !)
Dear nursling of the Hymeneal nest !
(Are those torn clothes his best ?)
Little epitome of man !
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan !)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life—
(He's got a knife !)

Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!
Toss the light ball—bestride the stick—
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies, buoyant as the thistledown,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk,
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)

Thou pretty opening rose !
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose !)
Balmy and breathing music like the South,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth !)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star—
(I wish that window had an iron bar !)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove—
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I can not write, unless he's sent above !)

OVERHEAD IN LOVE.

[From "The Doctor's Dilemma." By HESBA STRETTON.]

AWFULLY fast the time sped away. It was the second week in March I passed in Sark ; the second week in May came upon me as a storm borne by a whirlwind. It was only a month to the day so long fixed upon for our marriage. My mother began to fidget about my going over to London, to pay my farewell bachelor visit to Jack Senior, and to fit myself out with wedding clothes. Julia's was going on fast to completion. Our trip to Switzerland was distinctly planned out. Go I must to London : order my wedding suit I must.

But first there could be no harm in running

over to Sark to see Olivia once more. As soon as I was married I would tell Julia all about her. But if either arm or ankle went wrong for want of attention I should never forgive myself.

"When shall we have another run together, Captain Carey?" I asked.

"Any day you like, my boy," he answered; "your days of liberty are growing few and short now, eh? I've never had a chance of trying it myself, Martin, but they are nervous times, I should think. Cruising in doubtful channels, eh? with uncertain breezes? How does Julia keep up?"

"I can spare to-morrow," I replied, ignoring

his remarks ; "on Saturday I shall cross over to England, to see Jack Senior."

"And bid him adieu?" he said, laughing, "or give him an invitation to your own house? I shall be glad to see you in a house of your own. Your father is too young a man for you."

"Can you take me to Sark to-morrow?" I asked.

"To be sure I can," he answered.

It was the last time I could see Olivia before my marriage. Afterwards I should see much of her, for Julia would invite her to our house and be a friend to her. I spent a wretchedly sleepless night ; and whenever I dozed I saw Olivia before me, weeping bitterly, and refusing to be comforted.

From St. Sampson's we set sail straight for the Havre Gosselin, without a word upon my part ; and the wind being in our favour, we were not long in crossing the channel. To my extreme surprise and chagrin, Captain Carey announced his intention of landing with me, and leaving the yacht in charge of his men to await our return.

"The ladder is excessively awkward," I objected, "and some of the rungs are loose. You don't mind running the risk of a plunge into the water?"

"Not in the least," he answered, cheerily ; "for the matter of that, I plunge into it every morning at L'Ancrese. I want to see Tardif. He is one in a thousand, as you say ; and one cannot see such a man every day of one's life."

There was no help for it, and I gave in, hoping some good luck awaited me. I led the way up the zig-zag path, and just as we reached the top I saw the slight, erect figure of Olivia seated upon the brow of a little grassy knoll at a short distance from us. Her back was towards us, so she was not aware of our vicinity ; and I pointed towards her with an assumed air of indifference.

"I believe that is my patient yonder," I said ; "I will just run across and speak to her, and then follow you to the farm."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "There is a lovely view from that spot. I recollect it well. I will go with you. There will be time enough to see Tardif."

Did Captain Carey suspect anything? Or what reason could he have for wishing to see Olivia? Could it be merely that he wanted to see the view from that particular spot? I could not forbid him accompanying me, but I wished him at Jericho.

What is more stupid than to have an elderly man dogging one's footsteps?

I trusted devoutly that we should see or hear Tardif before reaching the knoll ; but no such good fortune befell me. Olivia did not hear our footsteps upon the soft turf, though we approached

her very nearly. The sun shone upon her glossy hair, every thread of which seemed to shine back again. She was reading aloud, apparently to herself, and the sounds of her sweet voice were wafted by the air towards us. Captain Carey's face became very thoughtful.

A few steps nearer brought us in view of Tardif, who had spread his nets on the grass, and was examining them narrowly for rents. Just at this moment he was down on his knees, not far from Olivia, gathering some broken meshes together, but listening to her, with an expression of huge contentment upon his handsome face. A bitter pang shot through me. Could it be true by any possibility—that lie I had heard the last time I was in Sark?

"Good day, Tardif," shouted Captain Carey ; and both Tardif and Olivia started. But both of their faces grew brighter at seeing us, and they at once sprang up to give us welcome. Olivia's colour had come back to her cheeks, and a sweeter face no man ever looked upon.

"I am very glad you are come once more," she said, putting her hand in mine ; "you told me in your last letter you were going to England, and might not come over to Sark before next autumn. How glad I am to see you again!"

I glanced from the corner of my eye at Captain Carey. He looked very grave, but his eyes could not rest upon Olivia without admiring her, as she stood before us, bright-faced, slender, erect, with the folds of her coarse dress falling about her as gracefully as if they were of the richest material.

"This is my friend, Captain Carey, Miss Olivia," I said, "in whose yacht I have come to visit you."

"I am very glad to see any friend of Dr. Martin's," she answered, as she held out her hand to him with a smile ; "my doctor and I are great friends, Captain Carey."

"So I suppose," he said, significantly—or at least his tone and look seemed fraught with significance to me.

"We were talking of you only a few minutes ago, Doctor Martin," she continued ; "I was telling Tardif how you sang 'The Three Fishers' to me the last time you were here, and how it rings in my ears still, especially when he is away fishing. I repeated the three last lines to him :

'For men must work, and women must weep ;
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep.
So good-bye to the bar, with its moaning.'

"I do not like it, doctor," said Tardif ; "there's no hope in it. Yet to sleep out yonder at last, on the great plain under the sea, would be no bad thing."

"You must sing it for Tardif," added Olivia, with a pretty imperiousness, "and then he will like it."

My throat felt dry, and my tongue parched. I could not utter a word in reply.

"This would be the very place for such a song," said Captain Carey. "Come, Martin, let us have it."

"No; I can sing nothing to-day," I answered, harshly.

The very sight of her made me feel miserable beyond words; the sound of her voice maddened

subdued voice. "I cannot walk far yet, and my arm is still weak; but I think I am quite well. I have given Dr. Martin a great deal of trouble."

She spoke in the low quiet tones of a child who has been chidden unreasonably. I was asking myself what Captain Carey meant by not leaving me alone with my patient. When a medical man makes a call, the intrusion of any unprofessional, indifferent person is unpardonable. If it had



"HE WAS DOWN ON HIS KNEES, NOT FAR FROM OLIVIA." (Drawn by W. Small.)

me. I felt as if I was angry with her almost to hatred for her grace and sweetness; yet I could have knelt down at her feet, and been happy only to lay my hand on a fold of her dress. No feeling had ever stirred me so before, and it made me irritable. Olivia's clear grey eyes looked at me wonderingly.

"Is there anything the matter with you, Dr. Martin?" she inquired.

"No," I replied, turning away from her abruptly. Every one of them felt my rudeness, and there was a dead silence among us for half a minute, which seemed an age to me. Then I heard Captain Carey speaking in his suavest tones.

"Are you quite well again?" he asked.

"Yes, quite well, I think," she said, in a very

been Suzanne, Tardif, or mother Renouf who was keeping so close beside us, I could have made no reasonable objection. But Captain Carey!

"Tardif," I said, "Captain Carey came ashore on purpose to visit you and your farm."

I knew he was excessively proud of his farm, which consisted of about four or five acres. He caught at the words with alacrity, and led the way towards his house with tremendous strides. There was no means of evading a tour of inspection, though Captain Carey appeared to follow him reluctantly. Olivia and I were left alone, but she was moving after them slowly, when I ran to her, and offered her my arm, on the plea that her ankle was still too weak to bear her weight unsupported.

"Olivia!" I exclaimed, after we had gone a few

yards, bringing her and myself to a sudden halt. Then I was struck dumb. I had nothing special to say to her. How was it I had called her so familiarly Olivia?

"Well, Dr. Martin?" she said, looking into my face again with eager, inquiring eyes, as if she was wishful to understand my varying moods.

"What a lovely place this is!" I ejaculated.

More lovely than any words I ever heard could describe. It was a perfect day, and a perfect view. The sea was like an opal, changing every minute with the passing shadows of snow-white clouds, which floated lazily across the bright blue of the sky. The cliffs, Sark Cliffs, which have not their equal in the world, stretched below us, with every hue of gold and bronze, and hoary white, and soft grey; and here and there a black rock, with livid shades of purple, and a bloom upon it like a raven's wing. Rocky islets, never trodden by human foot, over which the foam poured ceaselessly, were dotted all about the changeful surface of the water. And just beneath the level of my eyes was Olivia's face—the loveliest thing there, though there was so much beauty lying around us.

"Yes, it is a lovely place," she assented, a mischievous smile playing about her lips.

"Olivia," I said, taking my courage by both hands, "it is only a month till my wedding-day."

Was I deceiving myself, or did she really grow paler? It was but for a moment if it were so. But how cold the air felt all in an instant. The shock was like that of a first plunge into chilly waters, and I was shivering through every fibre.

"I hope you will be happy," said Olivia, "very happy. It is a great risk to run. Marriage will make you either very happy or very wretched."

"Not at all," I answered, trying to speak gaily; "I do not look forward to any vast amount of rapture. Julia and I will get along very well together, I have no doubt, for we have known one another all our lives. I do not expect to be any happier than other men; and the married people I have known have not exactly dwelt in Paradise. Perhaps your experience has been different?"

"Oh, no!" she said, her hand trembling on my arm, and her face very downcast; "but I should have liked you to be very, very happy."

So softly spoken, with such a low, faltering voice! I could not trust myself to speak again. A stern sense of duty towards Julia kept me silent; and we moved on, though very slowly and lingeringly.

"You love her very much?" said the quiet voice at my side, not more loudly than the voice of conscience, which was speaking imperiously then.

"I esteem her more highly than any other

woman, except my mother," I said. "I believe she would die sooner than do anything she considered wrong. I do not deserve her, and she loves me, I am sure, very truly and faithfully."

"Do you think she will like me?" asked Olivia, anxiously.

"No; she must love you," I said, with warmth; "and I, too, can be a more useful friend to you after my marriage than I am now. Perhaps then you will feel free to place perfect confidence in us."

She smiled faintly, without speaking—a smile which said plainly she could keep her own secret closely. It provoked me to do a thing I had had no intention of doing, and which I regretted very much afterwards. I opened my pocket-book, and drew out the little slip of paper containing the advertisement.

"Read that," I said.

But I do not think she saw more than the first line, for her face went deadly white, and her eyes turned upon me with a wild, beseeching look—as Tardif described it, the look of a creature hunted and terrified. I thought she would have fallen, and I put my arm round her. She fastened both her hands about mine, and her lips moved, though I could not catch a word she was saying.

"Olivia!" I cried, "Olivia! do you suppose I could do anything to hurt you? Do not be so frightened! Why, I am your friend truly. I wish to heaven I had not shown you the thing. Have more faith in me, and more courage."

"But they will find me, and force me away from here," she muttered.

"No," I said; "that advertisement was printed in the *Times* directly after your flight last October. They have not found you out yet; and the longer you are hidden, the less likely they are to find you. Good heavens! what a fool I was to show it to you!"

"Never mind," she answered, recovering herself a little, but still clinging to my arm; "I was only frightened for the time. You would not give me up to them if you knew all."

"Give you up to them!" I repeated bitterly. "Am I a Judas?"

But she could not talk to me any more. She trembled like an aspen leaf, and her breath came sobbingly. All I could do was to take her home, blaming myself for my cursed folly.

Captain Carey and Tardif met us at the farm-yard gate, but Olivia could not speak to them; and we passed them in silence, challenged by their inquisitive looks. She could only bid me good-bye in a tremulous voice; and I watched her go on into her own little room, and close the door. That was the last I should see of her before my marriage.

Tardif walked with us to the top of the cliff,

and made me a formal congratulatory speech before quitting us. When he was gone, Captain Carey stood still until he was quite out of hearing, and then stretched out his hand towards the thatched roof, yellow with stonecrop and lichens.

"This is a serious business, Martin," he said, looking sternly at me; "you are in love with that girl."

"I love her with all my heart and soul!" I cried.

LE CAPITAINE PAUL.

[By LOUISA CROW.]

LA COMTESSE MARIE holds festival
In the fairest nook of her fair demesne,
For courtly gallants and smiling dames
To mimic the sports of the village green,
In hats à la paysanne looped up with gems,
And rustic kirtles of satin sheen.

But Comtesse Marie, though crowned with may,
Scarce smiles on the lovers who round her press,
And sits on her floral throne *distracte*,
Nor heeds who, watching her, strives to guess
What troubles this heiress, free to choose
From the proudest peers of the *haute noblesse*.

She sighs—and a suitor the sigh repeats;
Again—and another bends over her chair,
For every mood of a lady charms
When *la dame* is so wealthy, and young, and fair;
She speaks—and the murmur of talk is hushed,
And they throng around with expectant air:

"Too sad to sing, and too tired to dance—
Shall our sports take soberer cast to-night?
And gathering under the fragrant limes,
Shall we tell old stories of maidens bright,
Of crusader bold, and the Soldan grim,
Or dreary legend of ghost and sprite?"

Then gay De Norville, for wild weird tale
To please the ladye, has racked his brain;
While Saint Leu, with twirls of his huge moustache,
His last duello fights o'er again,
And fancies that Marie's cheek grows pale
As he lightly dwells on his wounds and pain.

But on one tall figure, that stands aloof
The eye of *la comtesse* is seen to fall;
"And hast *thou* nothing to tell?" she asks,
"Canst thou from the past no deed recall,
That might quicken awhile our sluggish blood?
Bethink thee, I pray, good Capitaine Paul."

Le Capitaine Paul, whom no one knows,
A soldier of fortune scarred and browned,
A man more prized in the camp than court,

Steps into the circle, and glances round;
And scornful eyes on his boldness frown,
But Marie has smiled, and he holds his ground.

What boots the rest if *she* bids him speak?
What matter who lists if he gains *her* ear?
The shaft of malice is launched in vain,
That aims at the stranger a barbed sneer,
And the sauciest suitors of belle Marie
Unchecked may flout him while she is near.

He turns from the guests, with their covert smiles,
Begins with a stammer, and speaks by rote,
Till treasured mem'ries awake—and then
His full lip quivers, and swells his throat,
And his sinewy hand has clenched, as oft
It hath clenched at the ring of the bugle's note.

And thus le capitaine tells his tale:
"Revolt and faction had cursed our land—
Tonnerre! that Frenchmen should be such curs!
Our city walls were but poorly manned;
I—sous-lieutenant—a boy in years;
Our brave commander, Jacques Enguerrande.

"Light-hearted and fearless we kept our ward,
Good comrades all, and rarely heard
How the fiery evil spread, nor dreamed
How closely around us it seethed and stirred,
But needing to fan it into a flame
A rebel's touch, or a rebel's word.

"We had one treasure, we soldiers, then—
Enguerrande's daughter, a happy child;
She had no mother, but fifty slaves,
By her winning looks and ways beguiled—
Great bearded fellows—were at her call,
And felt themselves paid if their mistress smiled.

"Who would not have loved this little one,
Gay as the birds we caught and tamed,
Sweet as the flowers we wreathed for her?
The noisiest brawler slunk off ashamed,
And over the veteran's rugged face
A soft look stole, if she were but named!

"One night—sharp—sudden—resistless broke
The storm upon us : from every den
The lawless rabble came howling forth,
And we—ah, blind ! not to learn till then,
That in all that city we loved so well,
There was but one handful of loyal men !

"Over our bodies the crowd tramped on,
Nor recked if 'twere brothers their feet defiled ;
The city was all their own, and the greed
Of plunder had made them mad or wild ;
And I heard one voice, with a drunken laugh,
Call out for the child, Jacques Enguerrande's child.



"THEY THOUGHT ME A REBEL." (Drawn by J. Nash.)

"On came the mob in their devilish haste
The weak to pillage, the strong to slay ;
And bravely we met them ; the eagle eye
Of Jacques Enguerrande kept them long at bay ;
But at last, with a rush, they had borne us back,
And our foremost rank dead or dying lay.

"For life, for honour we fought, and still
Our foes increased as the tumult spread ;
Yet side by side with Jacques Enguerrande
I stood till we fell together—he, dead ;
I, wounded—how badly, these scars reveal ;
And then our last man, in his terror, fled.

"At that sound the blood to my heart returns,
And fiercely I struggle on to my knees !
Never must Enguerrande's orphaned one
Fall into such miscreant hands as these !
To my feet and away, ere the roaring mob
Can hunt back the wounded wretch who flees !

"Doubling upon them, and first to gain
The little chamber wherein she slept,
Where, roused from repose by the horrid din,
In the darkest corner she cowered and wept,
I bore her down by a winding stair,
And into the streets with my burden crept.

"Hushing her sobs, I staggered on,
Faint, dizzy with pain, and perhaps despair;
For sadly we needed some refuge safe,
And who would offer it?—nay, who dare?
Till an aged crone peeped fearfully out
Of her wretched hovel, and hid us there.

"But, alas! though almost too old to live,
She feared the mob, and she feared to die,
And in selfish dread, when again night fell,
From her door she thrust us, and bade us fly;
Yet she flung me a blouse, and bonnet rouge,
That none should my soldier's dress descry.

"I donned them—hating myself the while—
For the gates with my precious charge I made;
If those were passed, in the woods beyond
I knew of many a bosky glade,
Where the child might hide till friends appeared
And the further spread of the riot stayed.

"Bribed with the little one's rosary—
Le voici! I have it here on my breast;
I bought it back for its weight in gold—
A fellow I drew aside from the rest,
Let us slip by while he kept the guard,
And like hunted deer for the woods we pressed.

"Scarce half a league from the city walls,
Lo! swooping down like a fiery blast—
Armed to the teeth, and hot with wrath—

Rank after rank spurring quickly past—
The avengers came of Jacques Enguerrande,
And I felt that his child was safe at last!

"She knew their leader—she shrieked his name—
He halted—I told you what garb I wore,
They thought me a rebel; the little one
With oaths and blows from my arms they tore,
And left me for dead on the cold hard earth;
But the child was safe—and my tale is o'er."

"But your payment?" a dozen voices ask,
And le capitaine smiles in his deep disdain;
"Pardon, mesdames, for a deed of love
No soldier his palm with gold would stain;
Only this boon did I ever crave—
One look at her angel face again!

"*Qu'importe?* she is rich and happy, and I——"
He pauses—la comtesse has left her throne;
Once more on his breast a fair head lies,
Once more round his neck are white arms thrown,
And sweet lips murmur, "Mon brave! mon brave!
Let my poor love for the past atone!"

The play is played, and the guests depart—
La comtesse was none so fair after all!
But many an eye looks back with regret
On the broad demesne, and the princely hall,
That Enguerrande's child with her hand bestows
On the scarred and sun-burned Capitaine Paul.

SAYINGS OF SYDNEY SMITH.



WEBSTER struck me much like a steam-engine in trousers.

SYDNEY SMITH, passing through a by-street behind St. Paul's, heard two women abusing each other from opposite houses. "They will never agree," said the wit; "they argue from different premises."

SYDNEY SMITH speaks of a man so dry, that if you were to bore holes in him with a gimlet, saw-dust would come out.

If you masthead a sailor for not doing his duty, why should you not weathercock a parishioner for refusing to pay tithes?

A CERTAIN authoress interdicts cards and assemblies. No cards, because cards are employed in gaming; no assemblies, because many dissipated persons pass their lives in assemblies. Carry this but a little further, and we must say, no wine, because of drunkenness; no meat, because of gluttony; no use, that there may be no abuse!

A NARROW-MINDED person has not a thought beyond the little sphere of his own vision. "The

snail," say the Hindoos, "sees nothing but his own shell, and thinks it the grandest place in the universe."

PULPIT discourses have insensibly dwindled from speaking to reading—a practice of itself sufficient to stifle every germ of eloquence. It is only by the fresh feelings of the heart that mankind can be very powerfully affected. What can be more ludicrous than an orator delivering stale indignation, and fervour of a week old; turning over whole pages of violent passions, written out in German text; reading the tropes and apostrophes into which he is hurried by the ardour of his mind; and so affected at a preconcerted line and page, that he is unable to proceed any further?

THERE is nothing more characteristic than shakes of the hand. I have classified them.

There is the *high official*—the body erect, and a rapid short shake, near the chin.

There is the *mortmain*—the flat hand introduced into your palm, and hardly conscious of its contiguity.

The *digital*—one finger held out—much used by the high clergy.

There is the *shakus rusticus*—when your hand is seized in an iron grasp, betokening rude health, warm heart, and distance from the metropolis; but producing a strong sense of relief on your part when you find your hand released and your fingers unbroken.

The next to this is the *retentive shake*—one which, beginning with vigour, pauses as it were to take breath, but without relinquishing its prey, and before you are aware begins again, till you feel anxious as to the result, and have no shake left in you.

On examining some new flowers in the garden, a beautiful girl, who was of the party, exclaimed: "Oh, Mr. Smith, this pea will never come to perfection!" "Permit me then," said he, gently taking her hand and walking towards the plant, "to lead perfection to the pea."

MARRIAGE resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them.

OF Thomas Babington Macaulay, Sydney said: "There are no limits to his knowledge, on small subjects as well as great; *he is like a book in breeches.*"

TAXES upon every article which enters the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot; taxes upon everything which is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, and taste; taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion; taxes on everything on earth, and the waters under the earth; on everything that comes from abroad, or is grown at home; taxes on the raw material; taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man; taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health; on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal; on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice; on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribbons of the bride; at bed and board, couchant or levant, we must pay. The schoolboy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages his taxed horse with a taxed bridle on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent., into a spoon which has paid fifteen per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent., makes his will on an eight-pound stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a licence of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the

chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers—to be taxed no more.

THE Dean of ——— deserves to be preached to death by wild curates.

HARROGATE is the most heaven-forgotten country under the sun. When I saw it there were only nine mangy fir-trees there; and even they all leaned away from it.

My living in Yorkshire was so far out of the way, that it was actually twelve miles from a lemon.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD says that when a friend of his once met Sydney Smith at Brighton, where he had gone to reduce himself, by the use of certain baths in vogue in those days, he was struck by the decrease of Sydney's size, and said, "You are certainly thinner than when I saw you last." "Yes," said he, "I have only been ten days here, but they have scraped enough off me already to make a curate."

HE once said, "I remember entering a room with glass all round it at the French embassy, and saw myself reflected on every side. I took it for a meeting of the clergy, and was delighted of course."

A LADY complaining that she could not sleep, he said, "I can furnish you with a perfect soporific. I have published two volumes of sermons; take them up to bed with you. I recommended them once to Blanko White, and before he got to the third page he was fast asleep!"

DON'T you know, as the French say, there are three sexes—men, women, and clergymen?

THE missionaries complain of intolerance. A weasel might as well complain of intolerance when he is throttled for sucking eggs.

RAILROAD travelling is a delightful improvement of human life. Man is become a bird; he can fly longer and quicker than a Solan goose. The mamma rushes sixty miles in two hours to the aching fingers of her conjugating and declining grammar boy. The early Scotchman scratches himself in the morning mists of the North, and has his porridge in Piccadilly before the setting sun. The Puseyite priest, after a rush of a hundred miles, appears with his little volume of nonsense at the breakfast of his bookseller. Everything is near, everything is immediate—time, distance and delay are abolished.

I USED to think a fall from a horse dangerous, but much experience has convinced me to the contrary. I have had six falls in two years, and just behaved like the Three per Cents., when they fall—I got up again, and am not a bit the worse for it, any more than the stock in question.

FOOTE NOTES.



HE late Lord Kelly had a very red face. "Pray, my lord," said Foote to him, "come and look over my garden-wall—my cucumbers are very backward."

AN author, after reading a play to Foote, was told that it would not do by any means. "I wish, sir," said the writer, "you could advise me what is best to do with it." "That I can," said the manager: "blot out one half and burn the other."

FOOTE expressed his conviction that a certain miser would take the beam out of his own eyes, if he could manage to sell the timber.

FOOTE praising the hospitality of the Irish, after one of his trips to the sister kingdom, a gentleman asked him whether he had ever been at Cork. "No sir," replied Foote; "but I have seen many *drawings* of it."

QUIN could overthrow even Foote. At one time they had had a quarrel and were reconciled, but Foote was still a little piqued. "Jemmey," said he, "you should not have said that I had but one shirt, and that I lay in bed while it was washed." "Sammy," replied the actor, "I could not have said so, for I never knew that you had a shirt to wash."

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

[By LORD BYRON.]

STOP!—for thy tread is on an empire's dust!
An earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!
Is the spot marked with no colossal bust?
Nor column trophied for triumphal show?
None: but the moral's truth tells simpler so.
As the ground was before, thus let it be;
How that red rain hath made the harvest grow!
And is this all the world hath gained by thee,
Thou first and last of fields! king-making victory?

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose, with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell,—
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a
rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street:
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is! it is!—the cannon's opening
roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;

And when they smiled because he deemed it
near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could
quell;
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking
sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated! Who could
guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could
rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier, ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! they
come, they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering"
rose—
The war note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills

Have heard—and heard too have her Saxon foes—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which
fills

Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring, which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years ;
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clans-
man's ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her green
leaves,

Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass
Grieving—if aught inanimate e'er grieves—
Over the unreturning brave—alas !
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,

Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure ; when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold
and low !

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay ;
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife ;
The morn the marshalling of arms ; the day
Battle's magnificently stern array !
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which, when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial
blent !

A VOYAGE AND A HAVEN.

[From "Griffith's Double." By FRANCES CASHEL HOEY.]

ASOLITARY ship, in mid-ocean, its white sails touched by the silver moonbeams which fall beyond them in a wide glittering track upon the waste of waters. Under the steel-blue sky, on the restless bosom of the beautiful, awful sea, no other object in sight, seemingly in existence, but that silent, gliding ship ; grand, even in its littleness, amid the great space ; solemn and ghost-like as it moves through the booming waves under the steady heaven-flooding radiance on high. Save for the watch, her decks are solitary, and her human freight is below—sleeping for the most part, all quiet at least.

Mary Pemberton is not sleeping ; she lies in her narrow bed, her child upon her arm, listening to the rhythmical rush of the surging waves as they go by the ship ; she can see them through the small window of her state-room, where the moonlight daintily tips them with myriad sparkles of silver light. How beautiful the night is, and how unusually still the ship ! The straining, the creaking, the flapping, the innumerable sounds which are inseparable from motion on the great deep, and the management of that floating wonder, a ship, are reduced to a minimum to-night, and the sense of quiet is soothing. Mary is dreaming, though she does not sleep ; dreaming of a country that is very far off, and of a waiting figure upon its shore, keeping patient watch for her. And, still dreaming, though she does not sleep, she sees the years of the past go trooping by, they pass before her eyes, float out into the air, and melt into the sparkles upon the waves ; a

long, long train of them—childhood, girlhood, womanhood, wifehood, motherhood—such is the order in which they pass, and pass away. The faces of the loved long ago, and the lost long ago—father and mother ; a sister who died as a young child ; a brother whom India slew among its thousands ; child-friends ; girl-friends ; the lover who had been so false to her ; the husband who had been so true to her ; the home which had been so dear, until, in one moment, it ceased to be home at all, and home meant thenceforth for Mary the unseen land. How strangely it came back to her to-night, as she lay with the sleeping infant nestled in her bosom, an atom in the immensity around ! It came back with every detail perfect, every foot of ground, every tree, every room, and piece of furniture. Mary felt as though her mind were roaming independent of her will through all the forsaken scenes of her lost happiness, and recognised with a placid surprise that the journey was not all pain. Such small things came out of the deep shadows of the past and showed themselves to her again, things which might be called trifles, only that there are no trifles in the storehouse of memory where death has set its seal ; and, strange to say, they did not torture her, as small things can torture more keenly than the greater, because they tell of the frightful continuous intimacy and clinging presence of ruin and desolation. Mary, wondering, but very placidly, at herself, thought this must be one of the states of mind which she had read of as accompanying bodily weakness. She had been very ill during the early part of the voyage. Yes, it must be so ; thus people remembered and

mused when the body had less than its usual power over them.

"All my life could not come back to me more uncalled, or more calmly," she thought, "if I were going to him, and knew it, and were just summing it up beforehand."

Then it seemed to Mary that, pressing the infant yet more closely to her breast, she fell asleep, to be roused by a sudden stir and commotion where all had been so quiet, and to come presently to a confused sense that there was danger somewhere,

tongues of flame leaping hungrily amid their lurid volume, hung about the rigging; the terrible hissing and crackling in which the Fire King delivers his grim sentence of death sounded in the ears of the doomed passengers. The ship was still moving rapidly through the water, and the moon was still shedding its serene effulgence on the scene. Were all those human creatures to die a terrible death in mid-ocean, on such a night as this, with Heaven's fairest torch-bearer lighting them to their doom? None asked, none knew



"FIRE! FIRE!" (Drawn by J. R. Wells.)

and all around horrible fear. She found herself in a moment, she knew not how—her child in her arms, and a loose garment wrapped about them both—in the saloon, in the midst of the other passengers, who had been roused, like herself, from peaceful security, with Ida clinging, dumb and terror-stricken, to her; a dreadful clamour of shrieks and weeping breaking the moon-lit stillness of the night, and everywhere the awful cry, "Fire! fire!"

A few moments more, and they were on the deck, Mary and Ida, and in the terror and clamour and confusion Bessy West found the other two somehow, and so they formed a separate group amid the crowding, tumultuous agony of the scene. Great clouds of smoke, with red, darting

whence came the death-dealing peril; the fire had been smouldering somewhere for hours, no doubt, and had come stealthily creeping into evidence when its awful and invincible supremacy had grown too sure for remedy, and was gaining new territory too swiftly for combat.

There was no hope of saving the ship. Amid the frightful noise and rushing motion, the unrestrained violence or the cowering abjectness of fear, the knowledge of this fact spread rapidly, and Mary Pemberton understood it at once. "The boats!—the boats!" Several of the crew set to work to get the boats out, and with the usual results. A rush, in which the women were ruthlessly trampled under foot, or pushed overboard, was made for the first boat that was

lowered, and it was swamped, with the loss of all who had crowded into it. A second boat was lowered with more success, the sailors keeping back the crowd by main force, and, in this instance, some sort of discipline was maintained; while all the time volumes of smoke rolled in blinding masses over the devoted vessel, red flames leaped wildly up from a dozen points at once, the terrific uproar was not lulled for an instant, and the sudden rising of the wind hastened the ravages of the fire, and rendered the danger more hideous.

Mary Pemberton had not uttered a word since she and Ida and Bessie West had been swept up to the deck of the ship by the force of the clamouring throng pressing out of the saloon. Holding her baby with one arm, the other placed around Ida's half-senseless form, she stood and looked about her with dry, red, haggard eyes, to see whether there was any help or hope. The infant woke and cried, and she mechanically put it to her breast, and crooned a few notes to it; and it was pacified by the mother's voice. The officers of the ship were striving to keep order, and to get the women conveyed in safety to the second boat, which had been safely lowered. One of them came up to Mrs. Pemberton, and would have hurried her over the side of the burning ship. She held Ida firmly in her grasp, and pressed forward with her, the girl shuddering and moaning.

"Shut your eyes, dearest; do not look while they lift you," was all she said to Ida.

At that moment a man caught hold of Bessie West, and whirled her into the grasp of another who was seconding the efforts of the officers. In a moment she was lowered into the boat, from which a cry arose—"No more—no more—or we shall be lost!"

Then Mary Pemberton spoke to the officer who was fighting her way to safety for her, and pushed Ida into his arms.

"Make them take one more," she said, "and save her, for God's sake!"

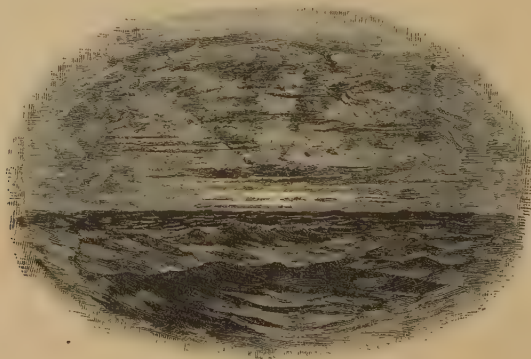
At that moment a cry, audible and piercing even

amid that clamour, made itself heard. It was uttered by a party of men who were trying to launch the third boat. The fire was too quick and too strong for them; they were cut off from the boat by a barrier of flame and smoke. During that moment, having caught the cry and its meaning, Mary Pemberton had wrenched herself away from Ida's hold, and, with another hurried entreaty to the officer: "Save them! they are my children," she placed the infant in Ida's passive arms, tied the shawl in which it was wrapped, sling-fashion, over the girl's shoulder with incredible quickness, and fell back from her just one step. It was enough; the next instant she was struck apart from Ida, and the officer was hurrying his terrified charge over the side. A dozen arms were stretched up to receive Ida, and when she sank swooning in the boat, as the rowers struck out from the side of the burning ship, down which the sparks were falling, and the blazing cordage was dragging in tangled masses, Bessy West supported her on her knees, and gently loosed the baby from its imprisonment.

The strong rowers pulled the crowded boat swiftly away from the ship. All about her the water seemed to be ablaze with red light; and masses of her ruins, with human beings clinging to them, floated and tumbled about in the waves. When the boat was nearly a mile from the blazing hulk that had been the stately *Albatross*, and in the middle of the moon-track, the rowers lay to upon their oars, and they and the people in the boat gazed at her in silence appalled. They had escaped from the fiery death which was devouring her, but to what fate?

The ship burned with extraordinary fierceness and rapidity, and the people in the boat still looked on, appalled; until, with a terrific explosion, she was rent asunder, and the severed portions were scattered far and wide over the surface of the ocean.

A minute later, and before the terrified survivors in the boat had drawn breath again, there glided into sight across the moon-track, and at no very great distance from them, a sail!



LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

[From "A Pair of Blue Eyes." By THOMAS HARDY.]

WHEN they were one quarter of the way up, Elfride stopped to take breath. Knight stretched out his hand.

She took it, and they ascended the remaining slope together. Reaching the very top they sat down to rest by mutual consent.

"Heavens, what an altitude!" said Knight, between his gasps, and looking far over the sea. The cascade at the bottom of the slope appeared a mere span in height from where they were now.

"Over that edge," said Knight, "where nothing but vacancy appears, is a moving compact mass. The wind strikes the face of the rock, runs 'up it, rises like a fountain to far above our heads, curls over us in an arch, and disperses behind us. In fact, an inverted cascade is there—as perfect as the Niagara Falls—but rising instead of falling, and air instead of water. Now look here."

Knight threw a stone over the bank, aiming it as if to go onward over the cliff. Reaching the verge, it towered into the air like a bird, turned back, and alighted on the ground behind them. They themselves were in a dead calm.

"A boat crosses Niagara immediately at the foot of the falls, where the water is quite still, the fallen mass curving under it. We are in precisely the same position with regard to our atmospheric cataract here. If you run back from the cliff fifty yards, you will be in a brisk wind. Now I daresay over the bank is a little backward current."

Knight arose and leant over the bank. No sooner was his head above it than his hat appeared to be sucked from his head—slipping over his forehead in a seaward direction.

"That's the backward eddy, as I told you," he cried, and vanished over the little bank after his hat.

Elfride waited one minute; he did not return. She waited another, and there was no sign of him.

A few drops of rain fell, then a sudden shower. She arose, and looked over the bank. On the other side were two or three yards of level ground—then a short steep preparatory slope—then the verge of the precipice.

On the slope was Knight, his hat on his head. He was on his hands and knees, trying to climb back to the level ground. The rain had wetted the shaly surface of the incline. A slight superficial wetting of soil of any kind makes it far more slippery to stand on than the same soil thoroughly drenched. The inner substance is still hard, and is lubricated by the moistened film.

"I find a difficulty in getting back," said Knight.

Elfride's heart fell like lead. "But you can get back?" she wildly inquired.

Knight strove with all his might for two or three minutes, and the drops of perspiration began to bead his brow.

"No, I am unable to do it," he answered.

Elfride, by a wrench of thought, forced away from her mind the sensation that Knight was in bodily danger. But attempt to help him she must. She ventured upon the treacherous incline, propped herself with the closed telescope, and gave him her hand before he saw her movements.

"O, Elfride, why did you!" said he. "I am afraid you have only endangered yourself."

And as if to prove his statement, in making an endeavour by her assistance they both slipped lower, and then he was again stayed. His foot was propped by a bracket of quartz rock, balanced on the verge of the precipice. Fixed by this, he steadied her, her head being about a foot below the beginning of the slope. Elfride had dropped the glass; it rolled to the edge and vanished over it into a nether sky.

"Hold tightly to me," he said.

She flung her arms round his neck with such a firm grasp that whilst he remained it was impossible for her to fall.

"Don't be flurried," Knight continued. "So long as we stay above this block we are perfectly safe. Wait a moment whilst I consider what we had better do."

He turned his eyes to the dizzy depths beneath them, and surveyed the position of affairs.

Two glances told him a tale with ghastly distinctness. It was that, unless they performed their feat of getting up the slope with the precision of machines, they were over the edge and whirling in mid-air.

For this purpose it was necessary that he should recover the breath and strength which his previous efforts had cost him. So he still waited, and looked in the face of the enemy.

The crest of this terrible natural façade passed among the neighbouring inhabitants as being seven hundred feet above the water it overhung. It had been proved by actual measurement to be not a foot less than six hundred and fifty.

That is to say, it is nearly three times the height of Flamborough, half as high again as the South Foreland, a hundred feet higher than Beachy Head—the loftiest promontory on the east or south side of this island, twice the height

of St. Alban's, thrice as high as the Lizard, and just double the height of St. Bees. One seaboard point on the western coast is known to surpass it in altitude, but only by a few feet. This is Great Orme's Head, in Caernarvonshire.

And it must be remembered that this cliff exhibits an intensifying feature which some of those are without—sheer perpendicularity from the half-tide level.

"This piece of quartz, supporting my feet, is on the very nose of the cliff," said Knight, breaking the silence after his rigid stoical meditation. "Now what you are to do is this. Clamber up my body till your feet are on my shoulders: when you are there you will, I think, be able to climb on to level ground.

"What will you do?"

"Wait whilst you run for assistance."

"I ought to have done that in the first place, ought I not?"

"I was in the act of slipping, and should have reached no stand-point without your weight, in all probability. But don't let us talk. Be brave, Elfride, and climb."

She prepared to ascend, saying, "This is the moment I anticipated when on the tower. I thought it would come."

"This is not a time for superstition," said Knight. "Dismiss all that."

"I will," she said, humbly.

"Now put your foot into my hand: next the other. That's good—well done. Now to my shoulder."

She placed her feet upon a stirrup he made of his hands, and was high enough to get a view of the natural surface of the hill over the bank.

"Can you now climb on to level ground?"

"I am afraid not. I will try."

"What can you see?"

"The sloping common."

"What upon it?"

"Purple heather and some grass."

"Nothing more—no man or human being of any kind?"

"Nobody."

"Now try to get higher in this way. You see that tuft of sea pink above you? Get that well into your hand, but don't trust to it entirely. Then step upon my shoulder, and I think you will reach the top."

With trembling knees she did exactly as he told her. The preternatural quiet and solemnity of his manner overspread upon herself, and gave her a courage not her own. She made a spring from the top of his shoulder, and was up.

Then she turned to look at him.

By an ill-fate, the force downwards of her bound, added to his own weight, had been too much for the block of quartz upon which his feet depended.

It was, indeed, an igneous protrusion into the enormous mass of black strata, which had been denuded from the sides of the alien fragments by centuries of frost and rain, and now left it without much support.

It moved. Knight seized a tuft of sea pink with each hand.

The quartz rock which had been his salvation was worse than useless now. It rolled over, out of sight, and away into the same nether sky that had engulfed the telescope.

One of the tufts by which he held came out at the root, and Knight began to follow the quartz. It was a terrible moment. Elfride uttered a low wild wail of agony, bowed her head, and covered her face with her hands.

Between the turf-covered slope and the gigantic vertical rock was an intervening weather-worn series of jagged edges, forming a face yet steeper than the former slope. As he slowly slid inch by inch upon these, Knight made a last desperate dash at the lowest tuft of vegetation—the last outlying knot of starved herbage ere the rock appeared in all its bareness. It arrested his further descent. Knight was now literally suspended by his arms; but the incline of the brow was what engineers would call about a quarter in one, which was sufficient to relieve his arms of a portion of his weight, but was very far from offering a sufficiently flat face to support him.

In spite of this dreadful tension of body and mind Knight found time for a moment of thankfulness. Elfride was safe.

She lay on her side above him—her fingers clasped. Seeing him again steady, she jumped upon her feet.

"Now if I can only save you by running for help," she cried. "O, I would have died instead! Why did you try so hard to deliver me?" And she turned away wildly to run for assistance.

"Elfride, how long will it take you to run to Endelstow and back?"

"Three-quarters of an hour."

"That won't do; my hands will not hold out ten minutes. And is there nobody nearer?"

"No; unless a chance passer may happen to be."

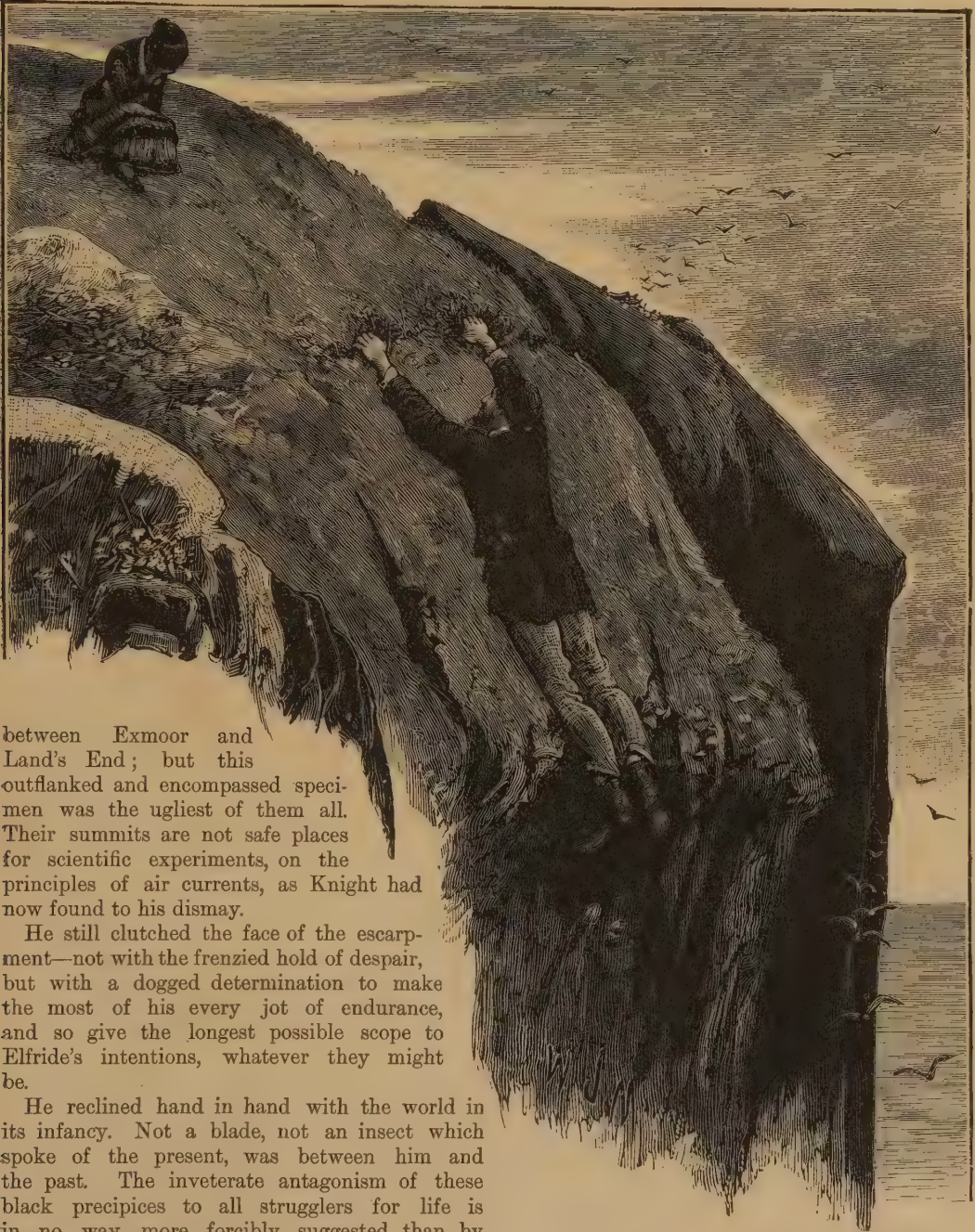
"He would have nothing with him that could save me. Is there a pole or stick of any kind on the common?"

She gazed around. The common was bare of everything but heather and grass.

A minute—perhaps more time—was passed in mute thought by both. On a sudden the blank and helpless agony left her face. She vanished over the bank from his sight.

Knight felt himself alone in a terrible loneliness.

Haggard cliffs, of every ugly altitude, are as common as sea-fowl along the line of coast



between Exmoor and Land's End; but this outflanked and encompassed specimen was the ugliest of them all. Their summits are not safe places for scientific experiments, on the principles of air currents, as Knight had now found to his dismay.

He still clutched the face of the escarpment—not with the frenzied hold of despair, but with a dogged determination to make the most of his every jot of endurance, and so give the longest possible scope to Elfride's intentions, whatever they might be.

He reclined hand in hand with the world in its infancy. Not a blade, not an insect which spoke of the present, was between him and the past. The inveterate antagonism of these black precipices to all strugglers for life is in no way more forcibly suggested than by the absence of the minutest tufts of grass, lichens, or confervæ from their fronts and ledges.

Knight pondered on the meaning of Elfride's hasty disappearance, but could not avoid an instinctive conclusion that there existed but a doubtful hope for him. As far as he could judge, his sole chance of deliverance lay in the possibility

"ELFRIDE UTTERED A LOW WILD WAIL OF AGONY."
(Drawn by W. J. Morgan.)

of a rope or pole being brought; and this possibility was remote indeed. The soil upon these high downs was left so untended that they were unenclosed for miles, except by a casual bank or dry wall, and were rarely visited but for the purpose of collecting or counting the flock

which found a scanty means of subsistence thereon.

At first when death appeared improbable, because it had never visited him before, Knight could think of no future, nor of anything connected with his past. He could only look sternly at Nature's treacherous attempt to put an end to him, and strive to thwart her.

From the fact that the cliff formed the inner face of the segment of a huge cylinder, having the sky for a top and the sea for a bottom, which enclosed the cove to the extent of more than a semicircle, he could see the vertical face curving round on each side of him. He looked far down the façade, and realised more thoroughly how it threatened him. Grimness was in every feature, and to its very bowels the inimical shape was desolation.

By one of those familiar conjunctions in which the inanimate world baits the mind of man when he pauses in moments of suspense, opposite Knight's eyes was an imbedded fossil, standing forth in low relief from the rock. It was a creature with eyes. The eyes, dead and turned to stone, were even now regarding him. It was one of the early crustaceans called Trilobites. Separated by millions of years in their lives, Knight and this underling seemed to have met in their death. It was the single instance within reach of his vision of anything that had ever been alive and had had a body to save, as he himself had now.

The creature represented but a low type of animal existence, for never in their vernal years had the plains indicated by those numberless slaty layers been traversed by an intelligence worthy of the name. Zoophytes, mollusca, shell-fish, were the highest developments of those ancient dates. The immense lapses of time each formation represented had known nothing of the dignity of man. They were grand times, but they were mean times too, and mean were their relics. He was to be with the small in his death.

Knight was a geologist; and such is the supremacy of habit over occasion, as a pioneer of the thoughts of men, that at this dreadful juncture his mind found time to take in, by a momentary sweep, the varied scenes that had had their day between this creature's epoch and his own. There is no place like a cleft landscape for bringing home such imaginings as these.

Time closed up like a fan before him. He saw himself at one extremity of the years, face to face with the beginning and all the intermediate centuries simultaneously. Fierce men, clothed in the hides of beasts, and carrying, for defence and attack, huge clubs and pointed spears, rose from the rock, like the phantoms before the doomed Macbeth. They lived in hollows, woods,

and mud huts—perhaps in caves of the neighbouring rocks. Behind them stood an earlier band. No man was there. Huge elephantine forms, the mastodon, the hippopotamus, the tapir, antelopes of monstrous size, the megatherium, and the mylodon—all for the moment in juxtaposition. Farther back, and overlapped by these, were perched huge-billed birds and swinish creatures as large as horses. Still more shadowy were the sinister crocodilian outlines—alligators and other horrible reptiles, culminating in the colossal lizard, the iguanodon. Folded behind were dragon forms and clouds of flying reptiles: still underneath were fishy beings of lower development; and so on till the life-time scenes of the fossil confronting him were a present and modern condition of things.

These images passed before Knight's inner eye in less than half a minute, and he was again considering the actual present. Was he to die? The mental picture of Elfride in the world, without himself to cherish her, smote his heart like a whip. He had hoped for deliverance, but what could a girl do? He dared not move an inch. Was Death really stretching out his hand? The previous sensation, that it was improbable he would die, was fainter now.

However, Knight still clung to the cliff.

He was first spitted on to a rock. New tortures followed after a while. The rain increased, and persecuted him with exceptional persistency, the reason of which he was moved to believe to be because he was in such a wretched state already. An entirely new order of things had been observed in this introduction of rain upon the scene. It rained upwards instead of down. The strong ascending current of air carried the rain-drops with it in its race up the escarpment, coming to him with such velocity that they stuck into his flesh like cold needles. Each drop was virtually a shaft, and it pierced him to his skin. These water-shafts seemed to lift him on their points: no downward rain ever had such a torturing effect.

In a brief space he was drenched, except in two places. These were on the top of his shoulders and on the crown of his hat.

The wind, though not intense in other situations, was strong here. It tugged at his coat, and lifted it. We are mostly accustomed to look upon all opposition which is not animate, as that of the stolid, inexorable hand of indifference, which wears out the patience more than the strength. Here, at any rate, hostility did not assume that slow sickening form. It was a cosmic agency, active, lashing, eager for conquest: determination; not an insensate standing in the way.

Knight had over-estimated the strength of his hands. They were getting weak already, "She

will never come again; she has been gone ten minutes," he said to himself.

This mistake arose from the unusual compression of his experiences just now; she had really been gone but three.

"As many more minutes will be my end," he thought.

Next came another instance of the incapacity of the mind to make comparisons at such times.

"This is a summer afternoon," he said, "and there can never have been such a heavy and cold rain on a summer day in my life before."

He was again mistaken. The rain was quite ordinary in quantity; the air in temperature. It was the menacing attitude in which they approached him that magnified their powers.

He again looked straight downwards, the wind and the water-dashes lifting his moustache, scudding up his cheeks, under his eyelids, and into his eyes. This is what he saw down there: the surface of the sea—visually just past his toes, and under his feet; actually one eighth of a mile, or more than two hundred yards below them. We colour according to our moods the objects we survey. The sea would have been a deep neutral blue, had happier auspices attended the gazer; it was now no otherwise than distinctly black to his vision. That narrow white border was foam, he knew well; but its boisterous tosses were so distant as to appear a pulsation only, and its splashing was barely audible. A white border to a black sea—his funeral pall and its edging.

The world was to some extent turned upside down for him. Rain ascended from below. Beneath his feet was aerial space and the unknown; above him was the firm familiar ground, and upon it all that he loved best.

Pitiless Nature had then two voices and two only. The nearest was the voice of the wind in his ears, rising and falling as it mauled and thrust him hard or softly. The second and distant one was the moan of that fathomless ocean below and afar—rubbing its restless flank against the Cliff without a Name.

Knight perseveringly held on. Had he any faith in Elfride? Perhaps. Love is faith, and faith, like a gathered flower, will live on a long time after nutriment has ceased.

Knight gave up thoughts of life utterly and entirely, and turned to contemplate the Dark Valley and the unknown future beyond. Into the solemn depths of these reflections we will not pry. Let it suffice to state what followed.

At that moment of taking no more thought for this life something disturbed the outline of the bank above him. A spot appeared.

It was the head of Elfride.

Knight immediately prepared to welcome life again.

Knight's upward look at Elfride was of a nature with, but far transcending, such an instance as this. The lines of his face had deepened to furrows, and every one of them thanked her visibly. His lips moved to the word "Elfride," though the motion evolved no sound. His eyes passed all description in their combination of the whole diapason of eloquence, from lover's deep love to fellow man's gratitude for a token of remembrance from one of his kind.

Elfride had come back. What she had come to do he did not know. She could only look on at his death, perhaps. Still she had come back, and not deserted him utterly, and it was enough.

It was a novelty in the extreme to see Henry Knight, to whom Elfride was but a child, who had swayed her as a tree sways a bird's-nest, who mastered her and made her weep most bitterly at her own insignificance, thus thankful for a sight of her face. She looked down upon him, her face glistening with rain and tears. He smiled faintly.

"How calm he is!" she thought. "How great and noble he is to be so calm!" she would have died ten times for him then.

"How much longer can you wait?" came from her pale lips and along the wind to his position.

"Four minutes," said Knight in a weaker voice than her own.

"But with a good hope of being saved?"

"Seven or eight."

He now noticed that in her arms she bore a bundle of white linen, and that her form was unnaturally attenuated. So preternaturally thin and flexible was Elfride at this moment, that she appeared to bend under the light blows of the rain shafts, as they struck into her sides and bosom, and splintered into spray on her face. There is nothing like a thorough drenching for reducing the protuberances of clothes, but Elfride's seemed to cling to her like a glove.

Without heeding the attack of the clouds farther than by raising her hand and wiping away the spirits of rain when they went more particularly into her eyes, she sat down and hurriedly began rending the linen into strips. These she knotted end to end, and afterwards twisted them like the strands of a cord. In a short space of time she had formed a perfect rope by this means, six or seven yards long.

"Can you wait while I bind it?" she said, again anxiously extending her gaze down to him.

"Yes, if not very long. Hope has given me a wonderful instalment of strength."

Elfride dropped her eyes again, tore the remaining material into narrow tape-like ligaments, knotted each to each as before, but on a smaller scale, and wound the lengthy string she had thus formed round and round the linen rope, which,

without this binding, had a tendency to spread abroad.

"Now," said Knight, who, watching the proceedings intently, had by this time not only grasped her scheme, but reasoned farther on, "I can hold three minutes longer yet. And do you use the time in testing the strength of the knots one by one."

She at once obeyed, tested each singly by putting her foot on the rope between each knot, and pulling with her hands. One of the knots slipped.

"O, think! It would have broken but for your forethought," Elfride exclaimed, apprehensively.

She re-tied the two ends. The rope was now firm in every part.

"When you have let it down," said Knight, already resuming his position of ruling power, "go back from the edge of the slope, and over the bank as far as the rope will allow you. Then lean down, and hold the end with both hands."

He had first thought of a safer plan for his own deliverance, but it involved the disadvantage of possibly endangering her life.

"I have tied it round my waist," she cried ;

"and I will lean directly upon the bank, holding with my hands as well."

It was the arrangement he had thought of but would not suggest.

"I will raise and drop it three times when I am behind the bank," she continued, "to signify that I am ready. Take care, O, take the greatest care, I beg you !"

She dropped the rope over him, to learn how much of its length it would be necessary to expend on that side of the bank, went back, and disappeared as she had done before.

The rope was trailing by Knight's shoulders. In a few moments it moved three times.

He waited yet a second or two, then laid hold.

The incline of this upper portion of the precipice, to the length only of a few feet, useless to a climber empty-handed, was invaluable now. Not more than half his weight depended entirely on the linen rope. Half a dozen extensions of the arms, alternating with half a dozen seizures of the rope with his feet, brought him up to the level of the soil.

He was saved, and by Elfride.

THE FLIGHT FOR LIFE.

[By WILLIAM SAWYER.]



O HIDEOUS leagues
of straining woods,
Straining back from
the sea ;

O, woods of pine, and
nothing but pine,
Will they never have
end for me ?

The ceaseless line of the
red, red pine
My very brain it
sears ;

And the roar of trees, like surging seas,
Is it ever to haunt my ears ?

Let me remember it all. 'Twas late—
The burning end of day ;
The trees were all in a golden glow,
As with flame they would burn away.

The joyful news to our clearing came,
Came as the sun went down :
A ship from England at anchor lay
In the bay of the nearest town.

In that good ship my Alice had come—
Alice, my dainty queen !
Sweet Alice, my own, my own so near—
There was only the wood between !

Now, three days' journey we counted that,
The days and nights were three ;
But for thirty days and thirty nights
I had journeyed my love to see.

Before an hour to the night had gone,
Into the wood I went ;
The pine-tops yet were bright in the light,
Though below it was all but spent.

"The moon at ten and the dawn at four !"
For this I offered praise ;
Though I knew the wood on the hither side,
Knew each of its tortuous ways.

The moon rose redder than any sun,
Through the straight pines it rose ;
But glittered on keener eyes than mine,
On the eye of deadliest foes !

To sudden peril my heart awoke—
And yet it did not quail ;
I had skirted Indians in their camp,
And the fiends were upon my trail !

Three stealthy Snakes were upon my track,
Supple and dusk and dread ;
A thought of Alice, a prayer to God,
And like wind on my course I sped.

With some to follow and some to halt,
Their course they well might keep ;
But I—O God, for a little rest,
For a moment of blessed sleep !

Lost in the heart of the hideous wood,
My desperate way I kept ;
For why ? They would take me if I stayed,
And murder me if I slept.



"A CRY, A STRUGGLE, AND DOWN
I SANK."

(Drawn by S. G. McCutcheon.)

Only in flight, in weariest flight,
Could I my safety find ;
But fast or slow, how'er I might go,
They followed me close behind.

The night wore out and the moon went down,
The sun rose in the sky ;
But on and on came the stealthy foes,
Who had made it my doom to die.

With two to follow and one to sleep,
They tracked me through the night ;
But one could follow and two could sleep,
In the day's increasing light.

So all day under the burning sky,
All night beneath the stars ;
And on, when the moon through ranging pines
Gleamed white as through prison-bars.

But brain will yield and body will drop ;
And next when sunset came,
I shrieked delirious at the light,
For I fancied the wood on flame :

I shrieked, I reeled ; then venomous eyes
And dusky shapes were there ;
And I felt the touch of gleaming steel,
And a hand in my twisted hair.

A cry, a struggle, and down I sank ;
But sank not down alone,—
A shot had entered the Indian's heart,
And his body bore down my own !

Yet an Indian gun that shot had fired—
Most timely, Heaven knows !
For I had chanced on a friendly tribe,
Who were watching my stealthy foes.

And they who fired had kindest hearts ;
 They gave me nursing care ;
 And when my brain knew aught again,
 Lo, my Alice, my own, was there !

Amid their dusky forms she stood
 Fair to my feeble sight,
 As a shining angel God had sent
 In a halo of blinding light.

Dear Alice ! But O, the straining woods,
 Straining back from the sea ;
 The woods of pine, and nothing but pine,
 They have never an end for me.

The ceaseless line of the red, red pine
 My brain to madness sears ;
 And the roar of trees, like surging seas,
 Is the horror that fills my ears.

PIGWACKET CENTRE SCHOOL.

[By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.]



THE truth was that District No. 1, Pigwacket Centre, had had a good deal of trouble of late with its schoolmasters. The committee had done their best, but there were a number of well-grown and pretty rough young fellows who had got the upper hand of the masters, and meant to keep it. Two dynasties had fallen before the uprising of this fierce democracy. This was a thing that used not to be very uncommon ; but in so "intelligent" a community as that of Pigwacket Centre, in an era of public libraries and lyceum-lectures, it was portentous and alarming.

The advent of Master Langdon to Pigwacket Centre created a much more lively sensation than had attended that of either of his predecessors. Looks go a good way all the world over, and though there were several good-looking people in the place, and Major Bush was what the natives of the town called a "hahnsome mahn," that is, big, fat, and red, yet the sight of a really elegant young fellow, with the natural air which grows up with carefully-bred young persons, was a novelty. The Brahmin blood which came from his grandfather as well as from his mother, a direct descendant of the old Flynt family, well known by the famous tutor, Henry Flynt (see Cat. Harv. Anno 1693), had been enlivened and enriched by that of the Wentworths, which has had a good deal of ripe old Madeira and other generous elements mingled with it, so that it ran to gout sometimes in the old folks, and to high spirit, warm complexion, and curly hair in some of the younger ones. The soft curling hair Mr. Bernard had inherited—something, perhaps, of the high spirit ; but that we shall have a chance of finding out by-and-by. But the long sermons and the frugal board of his Brahmin ancestry, with his own habits of study, had told upon his colour, which was subdued to something more of delicacy than one would care to see in a young fellow with

rough work before him. This, however, made him look more interesting, or, as the young ladies at Major Bush's said, "interestin'."

Monday came, and the new schoolmaster was in his chair at the upper end of the schoolhouse, on the raised platform. The rustics looked at his handsome face, thoughtful, peaceful, pleasant, cheerful, but sharply cut round the lips and proudly lighted about the eyes. The ring-leader of the mischief-makers, the young butcher, looked at him stealthily, whenever he got a chance to study him unobserved ; for the truth was, he felt uncomfortable whenever he found the large dark eyes fixed on his own little, sharp, deep-set grey ones. But he managed to study him pretty well—first his face, then his neck and shoulders, the set of his arms, the narrowing at the loins, the make of his legs, and the way he moved. In short, he examined him as he would have examined a steer, to see what he could do and how he would cut up. If he could only have gone to him and felt his muscles, he would have been entirely satisfied. He was not a very wise youth, but he did know well enough that, though big arms and legs are very good things, there is something besides size that goes to make a man ; and he had heard stories of a fighting-man, called "The Spider," from his attenuated proportions, who was yet a terrible hitter in the ring, and had whipped many a big-limbed fellow in and out of the roped arena.

Presently the draughtsman of the school set a caricature in circulation, labelled, to prevent mistakes, with the schoolmaster's name. An immense bell-crowned hat, and a long, pointed swallow-tailed coat, showed that the artist had in his mind the conventional dandy, as shown in prints of thirty or forty years ago, rather than any actual human aspect of the time. One morning, on going to the schoolroom, Master Langdon found an enlarged copy of this sketch, with its label, pinned on the door. He took it down, smiled a little, put it into

his pocket and entered the schoolroom. An insidious silence prevailed, which looked as if some plot were brewing. The boys were ripe for mischief, but afraid. They had really no fault to find with the master, except that he was dressed like a gentleman, which a certain class of fellows always consider a personal insult to themselves. But the older ones were evidently plotting, and more than once the warning *a'h'm!* was heard, and a dirty little scrap of paper rolled into a wad shot from one seat to another. One of these happened to strike the stove-funnel and lodged on the master's desk. He was cool enough not to seem to notice it. He secured it, however, and found an opportunity to look at it without being observed by the boys. It required no *immediate* notice.

He who should have enjoyed the privilege of looking upon Mr. Bernard Langdon the next morning, when his toilet was about half finished, would have had a very pleasant gratuitous exhibition. First, he buckled the strap of his trousers pretty tightly. Then he took up a pair of heavy dumb-bells, and swung them for a few minutes; then two great "Indian clubs," with which he enacted all sorts of impossible-looking feats. His limbs were not very large, nor his shoulders remarkably broad; but if you knew as much of the muscles as all persons who look at statues and pictures with a critical eye ought to have learned—if you knew the *trapezius*, lying diamond-shaped over the back and shoulders like a monk's cowl—or the *deltoid*, which caps the shoulder like an epaulette—or the *triceps*, which furnishes the *calf* of the upper arm—or the hard-knotted *biceps*—any of the great sculptural land-marks, in fact—you would have said there was a pretty show of them, beneath the white satiny skin of Mr. Bernard Langdon. And if you had seen him, when he had laid down the Indian clubs, catch hold of a leather strap that hung from the beam of the old-fashioned ceiling, and lift and lower himself over and over again by his left hand alone, you might have thought it a very simple and easy thing to do, until you tried to do it yourself. Mr. Bernard looked at himself with the eye of an expert. "Pretty well!" he said—"not so much fallen off as I expected." Then he set up his bolster in a very knowing sort of way, and delivered two or three blows straight as rulers and swift as winks. "That will do," he said. Then, as if determined to make a certainty of his condition, he took a dynamometer from one of the drawers in his old veneered bureau. First he squeezed it with his two hands. Then he placed it on the floor and lifted, steadily, strongly. The spring creaked and cracked; the index swept with a great stride far up into the high figures of the scale; it was a good lift. He was satisfied. He sat down on the edge of his bed, and looked at his cleanly-shaped arms. "If I strike one of those

boobies, I am afraid I shall spoil him," he said. Yet this young man, when weighed with his class at the college, could barely turn one hundred and forty-two pounds in the scale—not a heavy weight, surely; but some of the middle-weights seem to be of a far finer quality of muscle than the bulkier fellows.

Master Langdon took his seat, and began the exercises of his school. The smaller boys recited their lessons well enough, but some of the larger ones were negligent and surly. He noticed one or two of them looking toward the door, as if expecting somebody or something in that direction. At half-past nine o'clock, Abner Briggs, junior, who had not yet shown himself, made his appearance. He was followed by his "yallah dog," without his muzzle, who squatted down very grimly near the door, and gave a wolfish look round the room, as if he were considering which was the plumpest boy to begin with. The young butcher meanwhile went to his seat, looking somewhat flushed, except round the lips, which were hardly as red as common, and set pretty sharply.

"Put out that dog, Abner Briggs!" The master spoke as the captain speaks to the helmsman when there are rocks foaming at the lips, right under his lee.

Abner Briggs answered as the helmsman answers when he knows he has a mutinous crew round him that mean to run the ship on the reef, and is one of the mutineers himself. "Put him aout y'rself 'f ye a'n't afeard on him!"

The master stepped into the aisle. The great cur showed his teeth, and the devilish instincts of his old wolf-ancestry looked out of his eyes, and flashed from his sharp tusks, and yawned in his wide mouth and deep red gullet.

The movements of animals are so much quicker than those of human beings commonly are, that they avoid blows as easily as one of us steps out of the way of an ox-cart. It must be a very stupid dog that lets himself be run over by a fast driver in his gig; he can jump out of the wheel's way after the tire has already touched him. So, while one is lifting a stick to strike or drawing back his foot to kick, the beast makes his spring, and the blow or the kick comes too late.

It was not so this time. The master was a fencer and something of a boxer; he had played at single-stick, and was used to watching an adversary's eye and coming down on him without any of those premonitory symptoms by which unpractised persons show long beforehand what mischief they meditate.

"Out with you!" he said, fiercely, and explained what he meant by a sudden flash of his foot that clashed the yellow dog's white teeth together like

the springing of a bear-trap. The cur knew he had found his master at the first word and glance, as low animals on four legs, or a smaller number, always do; and the blow took him so by surprise that it curled him up in an instant, and he went bundling out of the open schoolhouse-door with a most pitiable yelp, and his stump of a tail shut down as close as his owner ever shut the short, stubbed blade of his jack-knife.

It was time for the other cur to find who his master was.

him suddenly by the collar, and, with one great pull, had him out over his desk and on the open floor. He gave him a sharp fling backwards, and stood looking at him.

The rough-and-tumble fighters all *clinch*, as everybody knows; and Abner Briggs, junior, was one of that kind. He remembered how he had floored Master Weeks, and he had just pluck enough left in him to try to repeat his former successful experiment on the new master. He sprang at him, open-handed, to clutch him. So



"'YOU'RE READY NOW,' SAID MASTER LANGDON." (Drawn by Gordon Browne.)

"Follow your dog, Abner Briggs!" said Master Langdon.

The stout butcher-youth looked round, but the rebels were all cowed, and sat still.

"I'll go when I'm ready," he said, "'n' I guess I won't go afore I'm ready."

"You're ready now," said Master Langdon, turning up his cuffs so that the little boys noticed the yellow gleam of a pair of gold sleeve-buttons once worn by Colonel Percy Wentworth, famous in the Old French War.

Abner Briggs, junior, did not apparently think he was ready, at any rate; for he rose up in his place, and stood with clenched fists, defiant, as the master strode towards him. The master knew the fellow was really frightened, for all his looks, and that he must have no time to rally. So he caught

the master had to strike—once, but very hard and just in the place to tell. No doubt, the authority that doth hedge a schoolmaster added to the effect of the blow; but the blow was itself a neat one, and did not require to be repeated.

"Now go home," said the master, "and don't let me see you or your dog here again." And he turned his cuffs down over the gold sleeve-buttons.

This finished the great Pigwacket Centre School rebellion. What could be done with a master who was so pleasant as long as the boys behaved decently, and such a terrible fellow when he got "riled," as they called it? In a week's time everything was reduced to order, and the school committee were delighted.

A CHINESE PRISON.

[From "By Proxy." By JAMES PAYN.]



A MORE willing mind to save his friend than that of Arthur Conway, or a more loyal heart, did not exist in any man ; but, if their circumstances had been reversed, it is no discredit to him to say, that Pennicwick would have been the better man to conduct the matter now in hand. With the fellow-creatures he had to deal with—which means, as it too often does at home, to contend against—three things were above all things necessary : audacity, unscrupulousness, and a profound belief in the vileness of human nature. In all three of these qualities Conway was wanting. He was brave, and had once been reckless enough, but he had lost much of his "go" and vigour ; though his morality was by no means of a milk-and-water type, he was a man of honour ; and he entertained the erroneous idea that there was some sort of good in almost every man. Matters were therefore against him as a plenipotentiary about to transact business with Chinese officials ; but, on the other hand, he felt that he had a personal well-wisher in Fu-chow. True, this man had betrayed his friend, and was indeed the immediate cause of his misfortune ; but this was no reason why he should not make use of him to mitigate the mischief he himself had wrought. He had had his revenge, and might now prove susceptible of other passions. If help lay anywhere, it was to be obtained, Conway thought, through this man's agency ; and it was to him—the last man in the world that Pennicwick would have looked to—that his thoughts turned upon leaving his unhappy friend.

At the cell door he found the chief gaoler ; a sycophantic smile sat on his evil face, the consequence probably of some recent private conversation with Kushan, and he rubbed his huge hands softly together to express conciliation.

"My friend has been ill-treated," said Conway, coldly.

"They have stretched him a bit, honourable sir, but he will come round with a little hog's lard, which shall be applied immediately. In the meantime, can I oblige you in any way ?"

"Yes, in many ways ; and you will find it to your advantage—much to your advantage—so to do. In the first place, I must see Fu-chow, the prosecutor in this case, and immediately."

"Good ; there is a small fee——"

"You shall be paid in a lump sum for every-

thing. It is not a question of a tael or two. Do you understand ?"

There was no doubt that this gentleman understood. The characteristics of the wolf which had heretofore distinguished him disappeared from his cruel face at once, and were replaced by those of the fox ; he looked keen, but in high good humour, like Reynard when he has a fat turkey slung on his shoulder, and is trotting homewards with the best of appetites.

"There is nothing which is more agreeable to my feelings," he said, "than to see everything run smooth with honourable persons in my establishment ; when things run otherwise, there is no one to blame but themselves. Mistakes," added he, with a sudden recollection of his treatment of Pennicwick, "will sometimes occur in the inferior departments, for the master's eye cannot be everywhere ; but that is only to say we are human."

It is one of the small aggravations of Chinese misrule that almost all officials of any rank are "literates ;" they have gained their position by "cram" of the philosophic kind, which gives their conversation a touch of the Tartuffe or the Joseph Surface. To hear this half-naked villain excusing himself on the ground of humanity would have been grotesque if it had not been so outrageous.

He placed a whistle to his lips, and blew a long shrill call, which produced the under gaoler, a facsimile of himself, except that he was of a slightly more brutal type, and had less clothes on ; he wore nothing, in fact, but a pair of linen drawers reaching to his middle.

"Sheer Singh, take this honourable person to see the commander, Fu-chow."

The answer was delivered so rapidly that Conway could not catch it.

The chief gaoler broke out into a grim smile.

"Sheer Singh thinks the commander had better come to you unless you are in a great hurry."

"I have no time to lose," observed Conway.

The chief gaoler nodded, and walked away ; but Sheer Singh, with a great key in his hand, stood with his face turned heavenward in serene abstraction.

Conway knew by this time what was meant by this contemplative attitude, and at once produced some pieces of silver, which the other seized on greedily and transferred to his mouth, where they stuck out on one side like a nut in the cheek of a monkey. It was plain by the look of gratified greed in his small eyes that it was a bigger nut than he had expected, and Conway improved the

occasion by telling him that he should have as much again if his conduct gave satisfaction.

The next moment the gate in the grating was unlocked and he was ushered into the prison yard. This was full of people, all sitting or lying on the bare earth in various stages of despondency. Not one was either walking or standing, for this was the "poor" ward, every inmate of which had been "squeezed," and squeezed in vain, until they had very literally no leg to stand upon. Some had suffered, as Pennicuick had done, from "the frame of the flowering eyebrow," so called from its resemblance to a bird of that name, which in captivity is tied by a short string to its perch, to and from which it continually flies and returns; others had "grasped the peach," a cant term applied to suspension by the armpit; and others had "stood in cage," a place just high enough to stand in with no support save from a slab under the chin, and the tips of the toes. These wretched creatures, bruised and nerveless as they were, gazed with interest at the barbarian stranger, and broke into a low droning chatter as the two passed by. Conway understood now the hesitation of his companion to admit him, for tortures of this kind, though always practised upon prisoners who cannot pay their footing, are, in fact, illegal. The chief gaoler, on the other hand, did not hold himself responsible for these outrages, though he benefited by them, and perhaps was not displeased that the Englishman should have the opportunity of seeing with his own eyes how unpleasant things might be made for his friend, unless good reasons were advanced for a more tonic treatment. To Conway, as we know, the existence of these horrors was not unknown; but from that very circumstance, since he understood them, or their consequences, at a glance, they filled him with the greater loathing. To leave not a stone standing of such a den of torment, and to sow the spot with gunpowder, became an appreciable aspiration, as he looked shudderingly around him; but the general wretchedness it was out of his power to assuage, and he felt that he should be fortunate indeed if even the particular object with which he had come to that hateful place could be attained.

"It was necessary to bring you here," explained his guide, guessing his thoughts, or some of them, from the expression of his countenance, "because your business did not, it seems, admit of delay: and to bring the commander into your honourable presence would have taken time, since he has been put to bed."

"Put to bed? why, it is still early morning."

"Yes," grinned the other, "but Fu-chow was tired."

They had reached a cell door at the end of the yard, which his companion now unlatched, and,

warning him to stoop his head, made signs that he should enter. Conway did so, and found himself in a similar apartment—except that it was sunk a little lower, and therefore received still less light—to that in which he had just left his friend. An earthenware oil lamp which stood on the floor dispelled the dusk of the cell, and showed a bed apparently similar to that occupied by Pennicuick. Its occupant, who was undoubtedly Fu-chow, was lying on his back stiff and rigid as a corpse; nor did the entrance of his two visitors cause him to move a muscle, or breathe a word.

"We give this gentleman a lamp, you see," explained Sheer Singh, with the air of a man apologising for a luxury, "because he informs us he is highly connected. His father, so he says, is a mandarin, and personally acquainted with his Excellency Twang-hi; and though we have no proof of this we are willing to take his honourable word. He gives us also to understand that his fees will be forthcoming, but in the meantime, as we have not seen the colour of his money, he is detained here—in rather close custody—until his friends can be communicated with."

"And yet he is not accused of any crime," observed Conway.

"Certainly not," answered the other coolly. "He has no right here, as you say, at all; and therefore it is all the more necessary that he should pay for his lodging. At present he is quite comfortable, but in an hour or two he will feel the desirability of a change of posture, and begin to wish his friends would discharge his debts."

By this time Conway perceived that the unfortunate "commander," as Fu-chow was called, or called himself, was by no means lying at his ease. He was stretched on a level slab of wood through which little boards came up at right angles which confined his neck, wrists, and ankles. Thus pegged down—for they fitted very closely—he was of course unable to move a hair's-breadth, and became conscious of Conway's presence only when he had reached his bed and stood immediately beside him.

"I am sorry to see you in so ill a plight, Fu-chow," observed he, gravely, "though indeed you have deserved little pity at my hands."

"You catch your fish, and throw away the net," said the prisoner, speaking slowly and with diffidence.

"If you mean I have been ungrateful," returned Conway, "what shall be said of you, who have eaten your master's bread and have betrayed him?"

"He and I are now quits," resumed the other, sullenly; "but as for you, why are you free to come and go? Why are you not lying here, as I am, or being squeezed as he is? Would it not have been as easy to witness against both of you, as against

one? Yet for my daughter's sake, and because you were kind to me, I remembered you for good when I remembered him for evil."

"Well, so far as I am concerned, Fu-chow, I am obliged to you, and I hope to show it. And as for Mr. Pennicuck, since you say that you are quits with him, there is no need for further bitterness on either side. From henceforth let us help one another. What is the sum in which you are indebted to this man for fees?"

"Two taels of silver," interposed the gaoler, laconically. Then seeing Conway putting his hand into his pocket, he added hastily, "and half a tael for the extra accommodation."

"Oh, for the bed! I see. Well, here's the money; so unloose him."

A few strokes of the huge key knocked out the wedges that confined Fu-chow to his pillowless couch; but though free, it was by no means an easy matter for him to rise. Even that hour or so of excessive constraint had stiffened every joint, and planted an ache in every bone. Yet, but for Conway's interference, he would have been doomed to lie upon that bare board, already become a rack of agony, for days and nights.

"Perhaps, my friend, as I wish to have some private talk with Fu-chow," observed Conway to the gaoler, "you will leave us alone together."

"It is not usual to grant such an indulgence," answered Sheer Singh, with a doubtful air; but the next moment he had left the cell, with a similar swelling in his left cheek to that which had interfered with the lines of beauty in his right. Conway had learnt by this time the one efficacious treatment for all Chinese scruples.

"Well, Fu-chow, you feel better now?"

"Yes, I feel better; but yonder fellow," pointing to the door which had just closed upon the gaoler, "will presently feel much worse. All the time I was lying there, I have been thinking of what will fit him best; and it shall be the shirt."

"The shirt!" exclaimed Conway, wondering that the man should think of clothing his enemy, though indeed he stood much in need of garments.

"Yes, the wire shirt; it fits quite closely, you see: you pull it, and the skin comes through, and then a razor is run over the outside. That shall be Sheer Singh's suit, when my father, the mandarin, comes to hear of what has been done to his son."

The expression of Fu-chow's face was absolutely fiendish in its fury; his words, too, were all the more malignant from the tardy and unctuous tone in which they were delivered. Above all, he had an air of insulted nobility beneath which Conway hardly recognised the prompt attendant, who had served him on board the boat, and showed no sign of pride save in his fancied proficiency in the English tongue. His sense of dignity had been

offended by Pennicuck, but it was plain that it had been outraged infinitely more by his treatment at the hand of his fellow-countryman.

"Look you, because 'I am poor,' he continued, wetting his dry lips with his tongue, in a manner very suggestive of a serpent's flicker, "they have dared to treat me in this manner. They do not understand that, though my father has been discontented with my conduct, he has not disowned me. They do not believe a man who wears the three-eyed feather can have a son who is poor."

"It is no longer necessary for him to be poor, if he will only be obliging," observed Conway, with significance. "I know one who will give five thousand taels of silver for an act of good service, and yet not think he has paid too much for it."

"Five thousand taels!" repeated Fu-chow, slowly. "That tastes very nice."

"Yes, and you shall have it in your own mouth, Fu-chow, like that scoundrel yonder, if you will accomplish what I am about to ask of you."

"I will do anything for you that lies in my power," answered Fu-chow, simply, "and that chop-chop, even without the five thousand taels."

A childish smile had replaced the scowl upon his pasty face, and Conway felt that he could believe him.

"Well, my friend's interests are my interests just now, Fu-chow, and in advancing them you will be obliging me."

Fu-chow shook his head; the sentiment was too subtle for him; and as for its practical application, that was altogether outside his experience. Conway was compelled to put the case in a more material form.

"If I were in my friend's position, you would do your best for me, would you not? Well; do it for him instead of me, and while he pays you with money, I will pay you with thanks from my very heart." Conway laid his hands upon that organ. If Pennicuck had been by, he would have said, "There is nothing like pantomime for your savages;" and, indeed, gesture helped out the halting words.

"Good master," said the Chinaman, but without a touch of softness, "all this care of yours is labour in vain. The decree for 'Ling-chih' will come to-morrow or next day, as sure as the sun. Not I, nor my father (though he wears the three-eyed feather), nor Twang-hi, nor the lord of the province, no, nor the Emperor, the Son of Heaven himself, could save this man, since he has committed sacrilege. Though, indeed," he added, dropping his voice, "money can do something."

"That is what I want to come to," said Conway, eagerly. "What can it do, and how can it be applied?"

"Well, a good sum must be given to the executioner, who will then strike a vital part with the

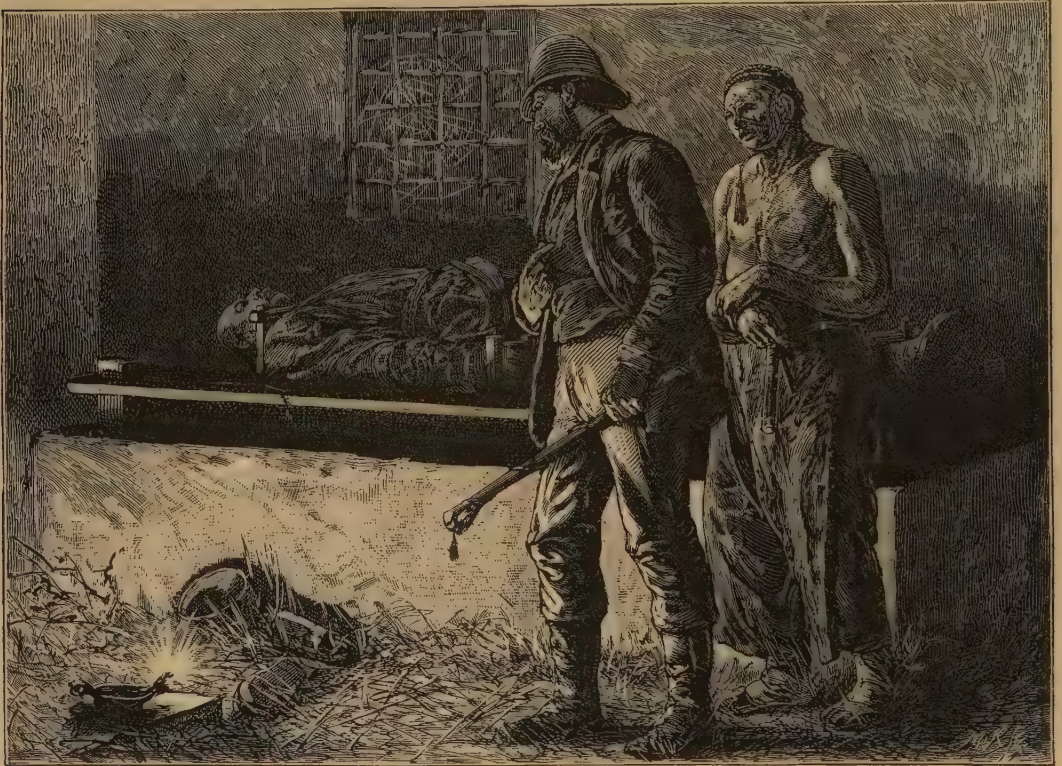
first blow, and kill your friend at once; he will be put out of his misery on the instant, instead of being cut to pieces alive. If he had been a warrior, like yourself, his gall-bladder would have been afterwards sold for a charm, for it gives courage; but being what he is, why, that operation will be dispensed with."

It was plain by the unctuous manner in which he lingered over these details, that Pennicuck's impending fate was even yet by no means dis-

In this country, I know, it is not difficult to buy it, if the temptation is great enough. In short" (and here Conway felt the colour rising in his cheek in spite of himself), "the proposition of my friend is, that he should purchase a substitute."

"The punishment of 'Ling-chih' is no ordinary death," observed the Chinaman, immediately.

"Nor would the bribe be an ordinary one," put in Conway; "the executioner would of course be fee'd in the manner you suggested. When I



"THE UNFORTUNATE COMMANDER . . WAS BY NO MEANS LYING AT HIS EASE." (Drawn by J. Bell.)

trekking to him to contemplate, and it was with difficulty that Conway could restrain his disgust. What pained him, however, still more, was the confidence with which Fu-chow spoke of the sentence being carried out, and of the impossibility of its being interfered with. He could not but remember that the mandarin Twang-hi had expressed himself to the same effect, and almost in the same words. As for the mitigation hinted at, the victim would have a better resource in the bottle of laudanum than in the humanity of the executioner. "My friend is as brave a man as ever drew breath, Fu-chow," said he gravely, "though he does not chance to wear a sword. But life is dearer to us Englishmen, than it is held in China.

mentioned five thousand taels, that would be your reward alone for bringing this matter to a satisfactory issue. There would be more money forthcoming for other services."

"It is an offer that makes one's mouth water," said Fu-chow, with a tender sigh. "But, unhappily, it can benefit nobody."

"Do you mean to say that no substitute could be found?"

"Not at all; I could get you fifty for a few taels a head, without looking beyond these walls. But then they would be all Chinese. The execution must take place in public. Do you suppose that any fellow-countryman of mine could be made to look like an Englishman! Even if you

could bribe everybody all round, from the lord of the province downwards, which in truth would not be impossible, you could not deceive 20,000 spectators. No one would run the risk of trying to do it. If there was an Englishman in gaol here, why, then everything could be managed nicely; even if he did not voluntarily consent to it, he could be gagged and 'Ling-chihed' in the place of your friend, and the public would be none

the wiser. But as it is, the plan is valueless. By this time every worshipper in the temple has heard of the sacrilege that has been committed, and has resolved to witness its expiation. When one is in the oven, it is useless to kick; there is nothing left for your friend, I do assure you, but resignation. When all is over, Twang-hi will no doubt permit you to put up some memorial to him, which will be a comfort to his family."

THE MERMAID.

[By JOHN LEYDEN.]



N Jura's heath how
sweetly swell
The murmurs of the
mountain bee!
How softly mourns
the wreathèd shell
Of Jura's shore, its
parent sea!
But softer, floating
o'er the deep,
The mermaid's
sweet sea-sooth-
ing lay,
That charmed the
dancing waves to
sleep,

Before the barque of Colonsay.

Aloft the purple pennons wave,
As, parting gay from Crinan's shore,
From Morven's wars the seamen brave
Their gallant chieftain homeward bore.

In youth's gay bloom, the brave Macphail
Still blamed the lingering barque's delay:
For her he chid the flagging sail,
The lovely maid of Colonsay.

"And raise," he cried, "the song of love
The maiden sung with tearful smile,
When first o'er Jura's hills to rove,
We left afar the lonely isle!"

"When on this ring of ruby red
Shall die," she said, "the crimson hue,
Know that thy favourite fair is dead,
Or proves to thee and love untrue."

Now, lightly poised, the rising oar
Disperses wide the foamy spray,
And echoing far o'er Crinan's shore,
Resounds the song of Colonsay.

"Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail!
Soothe to rest the furrowy seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale!"

"Where the wave is tinged with red,
And the russet sea-leaves grow,
Mariners with prudent dread
Shun the shelving reefs below.

"As you pass through Jura's sound,
Bend your course by Scarba's shore;
Shun, oh, shun, the gulf profound,
Where Corrievreckin's surges roar!"

"Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail!
Soothe to rest the furrowed seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale!"

Thus, all to soothe the chieftain's woe,
Far from the maid he loved so dear,
The song arose so soft and slow,
He seemed her parting sigh to hear.

The lonely deck he paces o'er,
Impatient for the rising day,
And still from Crinan's moonlit shore,
He turns his eyes to Colonsay.

The moonbeams crisp the curling surge,
That streaks with foam the ocean green;—
While forward still the rowers urge
Their course, a female form was seen.

That sea-maid's form of pearly light,
Was whiter than the downy spray,
And round her bosom, heaving bright,
Her glossy yellow ringlets play.

Borne on a foamy-crested wave,
 She reached amain the bounding prow,
 Then, clasping fast the chieftain brave,
 She, plunging, sought the deep below.

Ah ! long beside thy feignèd bier
 The monks the prayer of death shall say,
 And long for thee the fruitless tear
 Shall weep the maid of Colonsay !

But downward, like a powerless corse,
 The eddying waves the chieftain bear ;
 He only heard the moaning hoarse
 Of waters murmuring in his ear.

The murmurs sink by slow degrees.
 No more the waters round him rave ;
 Lulled by the music of the seas,
 He lies within a coral cave.

In dreamy mood reclines he long,
 Nor dares his trancèd eyes unclose,
 Till, warbling wild, the sea-maid's song
 Far in the crystal cavern rose—

Soft as the harp's unseen control,
 In morning dreams which lovers hear,
 Whose strains steal sweetly o'er the soul,
 But never reach the waking ear.

As sunbeams through the tepid air,
 When clouds dissolve the dews unseen,
 Smile on the flowers that bloom more fair,
 And fields that glow with livelier green—

So melting soft the music fell ;
 It seemed to soothe the fluttering spray—
 " Say, heardst thou not these wild notes swell ?
 Ah ! 'tis the song of Colonsay."

Like one that from a fearful dream
 Awakes, the morning light to view,
 And joys to see the purple beam,
 Yet fears to find the vision true,

He heard that strain, so wildly sweet,
 Which bade his torpid languor fly ;
 He feared some spell had bound his feet ;
 And hardly dared his limbs to try.

" This yellow sand, this sparry cave,
 Shall bend thy soul to beauty's sway ;
 Canst thou the maiden of the wave
 Compare to her of Colonsay ?

Roused by that voice of silver sound,
 From the paved floor he lightly sprung,

And, glancing wild his eyes around
 Where the fair nymph her tresses wrung.

No form he saw of mortal mould ;
 It shone like ocean's snowy foam ;
 Her ringlets waved in living gold,
 Her mirror crystal, pearl the comb.

Her pearly comb the syren took,
 And careless bound her tresses wild ;
 Still o'er the mirror stole her look,
 As on the wondering youth she smiled.

Like music from the greenwood tree,
 Again she raised the melting lay :
 " Fair warrior, wilt thou dwell with me,
 And leave the maid of Colonsay ?

" Fair is the crystal hall for me,
 With rubies and with emeralds set ;
 And sweet the music of the sea
 Shall sing when we for love are met.

" Through the green meads beneath the sea,
 Enamoured, we shall fondly stray ;
 Then, gentle warrior, dwell with me,
 And leave the maid of Colonsay !"

" Though bright thy locks of glistening gold,
 Fair maiden of the foamy main,
 Thy life-blood is the water cold,
 While mine beats high in every vein :

" If I, beneath thy sparry cave,
 Should in thy snowy arms recline,
 Inconstant as the restless wave,
 My heart would grow as cold as thine.

" These sparkling eyes, so wild and gay,
 They swim not in the light of love ;
 The beauteous maid of Colonsay,
 Her eyes are milder than the dove !

" E'en now, within the lonely isle,
 Her eyes are dim with tears for me ;
 And canst thou think that syren smile
 Can lure my soul to dwell with thee ?"

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread,
 Unfolds in length her scaly train ;
 She tossed in proud disdain her head,
 And lashed with webbed fin the main.

" Dwell here alone !" the mermaid cried,
 " And view far off the sea-nymphs play ;
 The prison wall, the azure tide,
 Shall bar thy steps from Colonsay.

"Whene'er like ocean's scaly brood,
I cleave with rapid fin the wave,
Far from the daughter of the flood,
Conceal thee in this coral cave.

"I feel my former soul return :
It kindles at thy cold disdain ;
And has a mortal dared to spurn
A daughter of the foamy main ?"

She fled ; around the crystal cave
The rolling waves resume their road ;
On the broad portal idly rave,
But enter not the nymph's abode.

And many a weary night went by,
As in the lonely cave he lay ;
And many a sun rolled through the sky,
And poured its beams on Colonsay.

But still the ring of ruby red
Retained its vivid crimson hue,
And each despairing accent fled,
To find his gentle love so true.

When seven long lonely months were gone,
The mermaid to his cavern came,
No more misshapen from the zone,
But like a maid of mortal frame.

"Oh, give to me that ruby ring
That on thy finger glances gay,
And thou shalt hear the mermaid sing
The song thou lov'st of Colonsay."

"This ruby ring of crimson grain
Shall on thy finger glitter gay,
If thou wilt bear me through the main
Again to visit Colonsay."

"Except thou quit thy former love,
Content to dwell for aye with me,
Thy scorn my finny frame might move
To tear thy limbs amid the sea."

"Then bear me swift along the main,
The lonely isle again to see,
And when I here return again,
I plight my faith to dwell with thee."

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread,
While slow unfolds her scaly train ;
With gluey fangs her hands were clad ;
She lashed with webbed feet the main.

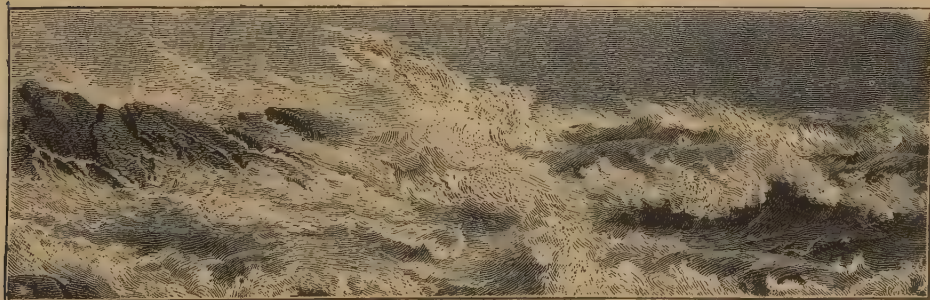
He grasps the mermaid's scaly sides,
As with broad fins she oars her way ;
Beneath the silent moon she glides,
That sweetly sleeps on Colonsay.

Proud swells her heart ! She deems at last
To lure him with her silver tongue ;
And, as the shelving rocks she passed,
She raised her voice and sweetly sung.

In softer sweeter strains she sung,
Slow gliding o'er the moonlight bay,
When light to land the chieftain sprung,
To hail the maid of Colonsay.

Oh ! sad the mermaid's gay notes fell,
And sadly sink remote at sea ;
So sadly mourns the wreathed shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea.

And ever as the year returns,
The charm-bound sailors know the day,
For sadly still the mermaid mourns
The lovely chief of Colonsay.



MR. RABBIT, MR. FOX, AND MR. BUZZARD.*

[From "Uncle Remus." By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.]



NE evening when the little boy whose nights with Uncle Remus are as entertaining as those Arabian ones of blessed memory, had finished supper and hurried out to sit with his venerable patron, he found the old man in great glee. Indeed, Uncle Remus was talking and laughing to himself at such a rate that the little boy was afraid he had company. The truth is, Uncle Remus had heard the child coming, and when the rosy-cheeked chap put his head in at the door, was engaged in a monologue, the burden of which seemed to be—

"Ole Molly Har',
W'at you doin' dar,
Settin' in de cornder
Smokin' yo' seegyar?"

As a matter of course this vague allusion reminded the little boy of the fact that the wicked Fox was still in pursuit of the Rabbit, and he immediately put his curiosity in the shape of a question.

"Uncle Remus, did the Rabbit have to go clean away when he got loose from the Tar-Baby?"

"Bless grashus, honey, dat he didn't. Who? Him? You dunno nuthin' 'tall 'bout Brer Rabbit ef dat's de way you puttin' 'im down. W'at he gwine 'way fer? He mouter stayed sorter close twel the pitch rub off'n his ha'r, but twern't menny days 'fo' he wuz loping up en down de naberhood same ez ever, en I dunno ef he wern't mo' sassier dan befo'.

"Seem like dat de tale 'bout how he got mixt up wid de Tar-Baby got 'roun' mongst de nabers. Leas'ways, Miss Meadows en de girls got win' un' it, en de nex' time Brer Babbit paid um a visit, Miss Meadows tackled 'im 'bout it, en de gals sot up a monstus gigglement. Brer Rabbit, he sot up des ez cool ez a cowcumber, he did, en let 'em run on."

"Who was Miss Meadows, Uncle Remus?" inquired the little boy.

"Don't ax me, honey. She wuz in de tale, Miss Meadows en de gals wuz, en de tale I give you like hi't wer' gun ter me. Brer Rabbit, he sot dar, he did, sorter lam' like, en den bimeby he cross his legs, he did, and wink his eye slow, en up en say, sezee :

"'Ladies, Brer Fox wuz my daddy's ridin'-hoss fer thirty year ; maybe mo', but thirty year dat I knows un,' sezee ; en den he paid um his specks, en tip his beaver, en march off, he did, des ez stiff en ez stuck up ez a fire-stick.

"Nex' day, Brer Fox cum a callin', and w'en he gun fer to laff 'bout Brer Rabbit, Miss Meadows en de gals, dey ups en tells im 'bout w'at Brer

Rabbit say. Den Brer Fox grit his toof sho' nuff, he did, en he look mighty dumpy, but when he riz fer to go he up en say, sezee :

"'Ladies, I ain't 'sputing w'at you say, but I'll make Brer Rabbit chaw up his words en spit um out right yer whar you kin see 'im,' sezee, en wid dat off Brer Fox marcht.

"En w'en he got in de big road, he shuck de dew off'n his tail, en made a straight shoot fer Brer Rabbit's house. W'en he got dar, Brer Rabbit wuz spectin' un him, en de do' wuz shut fas'. Brer Fox knock. Nobody ain't ans'er. Brer Fox knock. Nobody ans'er. Den he knock agin—blam ! blam ! Den Brer Rabbit holler out, mighty weak :

"'Is dat you, Brer Fox? I want you ter run en fetch de doctor. Dat bit er parsley w'at I e't dis mawnin' is gittin' 'way wid me. Do, please, Brer Fox, run quick,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"'I come atter you, Brer Rabbit,' sez Brer Fox, sezee. 'Dere's gwinter be a party up at Miss Meadows's,' sezee. 'All de gals 'll be dere, en I promus' dat I'd fetch you. De gals, dey 'lowed dat hit wouldn't be no party 'ceppin I fotch you,' sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"Den Brer Rabbit say he wuz too sick, en Brer Fox say he wuzzent, en dar dey had it up and down sputin' en contendin'. Brer Rabbit say he can't walk. Brer Fox say he tote 'im. Brer Rabbit say how? Brer Fox say in his arms. Brer Rabbit say he drap 'im. Brer Fox 'low he won't. Bimeby Brer Rabbit say he go ef Brer Fox tote 'im on his back. Brer Fox say he would. Brer Rabbit say he can't ride widout a saddle. Brer Fox say he git de saddle. Brer Rabbit say he can't set in saddle less he have a bridle fer ter hol' by. Brer Fox say he git de bridle. Brer Rabbit say he can't ride widout bline bridle, kaze Brer Fox be shyin' at stumps 'long de road, en fling 'im off. Brer Fox say he git bline bridle. Den Brer Rabbit say he go. Den Brer Fox say he ride Brer Rabbit mos' up ter Miss Meadows's, en den he could git down en walk de balance ob de way. Brer Rabbit 'greed, en den Brer Fox lipt out atter de saddle en de bridle.

Co'se Brer Rabbit know de game dat Brer Fox wuz fixin' fer ter play, en he 'termin' fer ter out-do 'im ; en by de time he koam his h'ar en twis' his mustarsh, en sorter rig up, yer come Brer Fox, saddle and bridle on, en lookin' ez peart ez a circus pony. He trot up ter de do' en stan' dar pawin' de ground en chompin' de bit same like sho' nuff hos, en Brer Rabbit he mount, he did, en dey amble off. Brer Fox can't see behime wid de bline bridle on, but bimeby he feel Brer Rabbit raise one er his foots.

* By permission of Messrs. George Routledge and Sons.

" 'W'at you doin' now, Brer Rabbit ? ' sezee.

" 'Short'nin' de lef stir'p, Brer Fox,' sezee.

" Bimeby Brer Rabbit raise de udder foot.

" 'W'at you doin' now, Brer Rabbit ? ' sezee.

" 'Pullin' down my pants, Brer Fox,' sezee.

" All de time, bless grashus, honey, Brer Rabbit wer puttin' on his spurrers, en w'en dey got close to Miss Meadows's, whar Brer Rabbit wuz to git off en Brer Fox made a motion for ter stan' still, Brer Rabbit slap the spurrers inter Brer Fox flanks, en you better b'lieve he got over groun'. W'en dey got ter de house, Miss Meadows en all de girls wuz settin' on de peazzer, en stidder stoppin' at de gate Brer Rabbit rid on by, he did, en den come gallopin' down de road en up ter de hoss-rack, w'ich he hitch Brer Fox at, en den he santer inter de

" 'I ain't tellin' no tales ter bad chilluns," said Uncle Remus curtly.

" But, Uncle Remus, I ain't bad," said the little boy plaintively.

" Who dat chunkin' dem chickens dis mawnin' ? Who dat knockin' out fokes's eyes wid dat Yaller-bammer sling des 'fo' dinner ? Who dat sickin' dat pinter puppy atter my pig ? Who dat scatterin' my ingun sets ? Who dat flingin' rocks on top er my house, w'ich a little mo' en one un em would er drap spang on my head ? "

" Well, now, Uncle Remus, I didn't go to do it. I won't do so any more. Please, Uncle Remus, if you will tell me, I'll run to the house, and bring you some tea-cakes. "

" 'Seein' um's better'n hearin' tell un um," re-



" BRER RABBIT HE MOUNT, HE DID." (Drawn by Ernest Grisct.)

house, he did, en shake han's wid de gals, en set dar, smokin' his seegyar same ez a town man. Bimeby he draw in long puff, en den let hit out in a cloud, en squar hisse'f back, en holler out, he did :

" 'Ladies, ain't I done tell you Brer Fox wuz de ridin' hoss fer our fambly ? He sorter losin' his gait now, but I speck I kin fetch 'im all right in a mont' or so,' sezee.

" En den Brer Rabbit sorter grin, he did, en de gals giggle, en Miss Meadows, she praise up de pony, en dar wuz Brer Fox hitch fas' ter de rack, en couldn't he'p hisse'f."

" Is that all, Uncle Remus ? " asked the little boy, as the old man paused.

" Dat ain't all, honey, but 'twont do fer to give out too much cloff fer ter cut one pa'r pants," replied the old man sententiously.

When "Miss Sally's" little boy went to Uncle Remus the next night, he found the old man in a bad humour.

plied the old man, the severity of his countenance relaxing somewhat ; but the little boy darted out, and in a few minutes came running back with his pockets full and his hands full.

" I lay yo' mammy 'll 'spishun dat de rats' stum-mucks is widenin' in dis naberhood w'en she come fer ter count up 'er cakes," said Uncle Remus, with a chuckle.

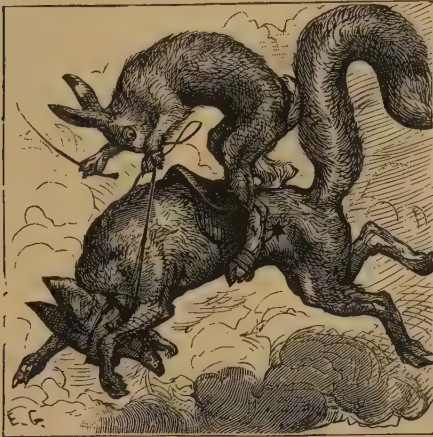
" Lemme see. I mos' dis'member wharbouts Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit wuz."

" The rabbit rode the Fox to Miss Meadows's, and hitched him to the horse-rack," said the little boy.

" W'y co'se he did," said Uncle Remus. " Co'se he did. Well, Brer Rabbit rid Brer Fox up, he did, en tied 'im to de rack, en den sot out in the peazzer wid de gals a smokin' er his seegyar wid mo' proudness dan w'at you mos' ever see. Dey talk, en dey sing, en dey play on de peanner, de gals did, twel bimeby hit come time fer Brer Rabbit fer to be gwine, en he tell um all good-by, en strut

out to de hoss-rack same's ef he was de king er der patter-rollers, en den he mount Brer Fox en ride off.

"Brer Fox ain't sayin' nuthin' 'tall. He des rack off, he did, en keep his mouf shet, en Brer



"HE WUZ TRYIN' FER TER FLING BRER RABBIT OFF'N HIS BACK."

Rabbit know'd der wuz bizness cookin' up fer him, en he feel monstous skittish. Brer Fox amble on twel he git in de long lane, outer sight er Miss Meadows's house, en den he tu'n loose, he did. He rip en he r'ar, en he cuss en he swar; he snort en he cavort."

"What was he doing that for, Uncle Remus?" the little boy inquired.

"He wuz tryin' fer ter fling Brer Rabbit off'n his back, bless yo' soul! But he des might ez well er rastle wid his own shadder. Every time he hump hisse'f Brer Rabbit slap de spurs in 'im, en dar dey had it up en down. Brer Fox fa'rlly to' up de groun', he did, en he jump so high en he jump so quick, dat he mighty nigh snatch his own tail off. Dey kep' on gwine on dis way twel bimeby Brer Fox lay down en roll over, he did, en dis sorter onsettler Brer Rabbit, but by de time Brer Fox got en his footses agin, Brer Rabbit wuz gwine thoo de underbresh mo' samer dan a race-hoss. Brer Fox, he lit out atter 'im, he did, en he push Brer Rabbit so close, dat it wuz 'bout all he could do fer ter git in a holler tree. Hole too little fer Brer Fox fer ter git in, en he hatter lay down en res' en gedder his mine tergedder.

"While he wuz layin' dar, Mr. Buzzard come floppin' long, en seein' Brer Fox stretch out on the groun', he lit en view the premusses. Den Mr. Buzzard sorter shake his wing, en put his head on one side, en say to hisse'f like, sezee:

"'Brer Fox dead, en I so sorry,' sezee.

"'No I ain't dead, nudder,' sez Brer Fox, sezee. 'I got ole man Rabbit pent up in yer,' sezee, 'en I'm gwineter git 'im dis time, ef it take twel Chris'mus,' sezee.

"Den, atter some mo' palaver, Brer Fox make a bargain dat Mr. Buzzard wuz ter watch de hole, en keep Brer Rabbit dar wiles Brer Fox went atter his axe. Den Brer Fox, he lope off, he did, en Mr. Buzzard, he tuck up his stan' at de hole. Bimeby, w'en all get still, Brer Rabbit sorter scramble down close ter de hole, he did, en holler out:

"'Brer Fox! Oh! Brer Fox!'

"'Brer Fox done gone, en nobody say nuthin'. Den Brer Rabbit squall out like he wuz mad:

"'You needn't talk less you wanten,' sezee; 'I knows youer dar, an I ain't keerin,' sezee. 'I des wanten tell you dat I wish mighty bad Brer Tukkey Buzzard was here,' sezee.

"Den Mr. Buzzard try to talk like Brer Fox:

"'W'at you want wid Mr. Buzzard?' sezee.

"'Oh, nuthin' in 'tickler,' cep' dere's de fattes' gray squir'l in yer dat ever I see,' sezee, 'en ef Brer Tukkey Buzzard was 'roun' he'd be mighty glad fer ter git 'im,' sezee.

"'How Mr. Buzzard gwine ter git him?' sez de Buzzard, sezee.

"'Well, dar's a little hole, roun' on de udder side er de tree,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'en ef Brer Tukkey Buzzard was here so he could take up his stan' dar, sezee, 'I'd drive dat squir'l out,' sezee.

"'Drive 'im out, den,' sez Mr. Buzzard, sezee, 'en I'll see dat Brer Tukkey Buzzard gits im,' sezee.

"Den Brer Rabbit kick up a racket, like he wer' drivin' sumpin' out, en Mr. Buzzard he rush 'roun' fer ter ketch de squir'l, en Brer Rabbit, he dash out, he did, en he des fly fer home.

"Well, Mr. Buzzard he feel mighty lonesome, he did, but he done prommust Brer Fox dat he'd stay,



"BRER FOX, HE LAMMED AWAY AT DAT HOLLER TREE."

en he termin' fer ter sorter hang 'roun' en jine in de joke. En he ain't hatter wait long, nudder, kase bimeby yer come Brer Fox gallopin' thoo de woods wid his axe on his shoulder.

"How you speck Brer Rabbit gittin' on, Brer Buzzard?" sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"Oh, he in dar," sez Brer Buzzard, sezee. "He mighty still, dough. I speck he takin' a nap," sezee.

"Den I'm des in time fer ter wake 'im up," sez Brer Fox, sezee. En wid dat he fling off his coat, en spit in his han's, en grab de axe. Den he draw back en come down on de tree—pow! En eve'y time he come down wid de axe—pow!—Mr. Buzzard, he step high, he did, en hollar out:

"Oh, he in dar, Brer Fox. He in dar, sho."

"En eve'y time a chip ud fly off, Mr. Buzzard,

right down ter de groun'. Den Mr. Buzzard squall out, sezee:

"Lemme 'lone, Brer Fox. Tu'n me loose,' sezee; 'Brer Rabbit'll git out. Youer gittin' close at 'im,' sezee, 'en leb'm mo' licks'll fetch 'im,' sezee.

"I'm nigher ter you, Brer Buzzard," sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'dan I'll be ter Brer Rabbit dis day,' sezee. 'W'at you fool me fer?' sezee.

"Lemme 'lone, Brer Fox," sez Mr. Buzzard, sezee; 'my ole 'oman waitin' fer me. Brer Rabbit in dar,' sezee.

"Dar's a bunch er his fur on dat black-be'y



"DE TAIL FEDDERS COME OUT." (Drawn by Ernest Griset.)

he'd jump, en dodge, en hole his head sideways, he would, en holler:

"He in dar, Brer Fox. I done heerd 'im. He in dar, sho."

"En Brer Fox, he lammed away at dat holler tree, he did, like a man maulin' rails, twel bimeby atter he done got de tree mos' cut thoo, he stop fer ketch his bref, en he seed Mr. Buzzard laffin' behime his back, he did, en right den en dar, widout gwine enny fudder, Brer Fox he smelt a rat. But Mr. Buzzard, he keep on holler'n:

"He in dar, Brer Fox. He in dar, sho. I done seed 'im."

"Den Brer Fox, he make like he peepin' up de holler, en he say, sezee:

"Run yer, Brer Buzzard, en look ef dis ain't Brer Rabbit's foot hanging down yer."

"En Mr. Buzzard, he come steppin' up, he did, same ez ef he were treddin' on kurkle-burrs, en he stick his head in de hole; en no sooner did he done dat dan Brer Fox grab 'im. Mr. Buzzard flap his wings, en scramble roun' right smartually, he did, but 'twant no use. Brer Fox had de 'vantage er de grip, he did, en he hilt 'im

bush,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'en dat ain't de way he come,' sezee.

"Den Mr. Buzzard up'n tell Brer Fox how 'twuz, en he low'd, Mr. Buzzard did, dat Brer Rabbit wuz de low-downest w'atsizname wa't he ever run up wid. Den Brer Fox say, sezee:

"Dat's needer here ner dar, Brer Buzzard,' sezee. 'I lef' you yer fer ter watch dish yer hole en I lef' Brer Rabbit in dar. I comes back en I fines you at de hole, en Brer Rabbit ain't in dar,' sezee. 'I'm gwinter make you pay fer't. I done bin tampered wid twel plum' down ter de sap sucker'll set on a log en sassy me. I'm gwinter fling you in a bresh-heap en burn you up,' sezee.

"Ef you fling me on der fier, Brer Fox, I'll fly 'way,' sez Mr. Buzzard, sezee.

"Well, den, I'll settle yo' hash right now," sez Brer Fox, sezee, en wid dat he grab Mr. Buzzard by de tail, he did, en make fer ter dash 'im 'gin de groun', but des 'bout dat time de tail fedders come out, en Mr. Buzzard sail off like wunner dese yer berloons, en ez he riz, he holler back:

"You gimme good start, Brer Fox," sezee, en Brer Fox sot dar en watch 'im fly outer sight."

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

[By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.]

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed.

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,

Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

ROBERT FALCONER'S FIDDLE.*

[From "Robert Falconer." By GEORGE MACDONALD.]



TOWARDS the end of the week, Robert, after seeing Shargar disposed of for the night, proceeded to carry out a project which had grown in his brain within the last two days, in consequence of an occurrence with which his relation to Shargar had had something to do. It was this:

The housing of Shargar in the garret had led Robert to make a close acquaintance with the place. He was familiar with all the outs and ins of the little room which he considered his own, for that was a civilised—being plastered, ceiled, and comparatively well-lighted—little room, but not with the other, which was three times its size, very badly lighted, and showing the naked couples from roof-tree to floor. Besides, it contained no end of dark corners, with which his childish imagination had associated undefined horrors, assuming now one shape, now another. Also there were several closets in it, constructed in the angles of the place, and several chests—two of which he had ventured to peep into. But although he had found them filled,

not with bones, as he had expected, but one with papers, and one with garments, he had yet dared to carry his researches no further. One evening, however, when Betty was out, and he had got hold of her candle, and gone up to keep Shargar company for a few minutes, a sudden impulse seized him to have a peep into all the closets. One of them he knew a little about, as containing, amongst other things, his father's coat with the gilt buttons, and his great-grandfather's kilt, as well as other garments useful to Shargar: now he would see what was in the rest. He did not find anything very interesting, however, till he arrived at the last. Out of it he drew a long queer-shaped box into the light of Betty's dip.

"Luik here, Shargar!" he said, under his breath, for they never dared to speak aloud in these precincts—"luik here! What can there be in this box? Is 't a bairnie's coffin, duv ye think? Luik at it."

In this case Shargar, having roamed the country a good deal more than Robert, and having been present at some merrymakings with his mother, of which there were comparatively few in that countryside, was better informed than his friend.

"Eh! Bob, duvna ye ken what that is? I thoct ye kent a' thing. That's a fiddle."

* By permission of the Proprietors of Dr. George MacDonald's works.

"That's buff an' styte [stuff and nonsense], Shargar. Do ye think I dinna ken a fiddle whan I see ane, wi' its guts outside o' 'ts wame, an' the thoomacks to screw them up wi' an' gar't skirl?"

"Buff an' styte yersel'!" cried Shargar, in indignation, from the bed. "Gie's a haud o' 't."

Robert handed him the case. Shargar undid the hooks in a moment, and revealed the creature lying in its shell like a boiled bivalve.

can play the fiddle fine. An' I'll play 't too, or the de'il s' be in't."

"Eh, man, that'll be gran'!" cried Shargar, incapable of jealousy. "We can gang to a' the markets thegither and gaither baubees."

To this anticipation Robert returned no reply, for, hearing Betty come in, he judged it time to restore the violin to its case, and Betty's candle to the kitchen, lest she should invade the upper regions



"SHE'S A STRADDLE VAWRIOUS AT LEAST." (Drawn by Frank Dadd.)

"I tellt ye sae!" he exclaimed, triumphantly. "Maybe ye'll lippen to me [trust me] neist time."

"An' I tellt *you*," retorted Robert, with an equivocation altogether unworthy of his growing honesty. "I was cocksure that cudna be a fiddle. There's the fiddle i' the hert o' 't! Losh! I min' noo. It maun be my grandfather's fiddle 'at I hae heard tell o'."

"No to ken a fiddle-case!" reflected Shargar, with as much of contempt as it was possible for him to show.

"I tell ye what, Shargar," returned Robert, indignantly; "ye may ken the box o' a fiddle better nor I do, but de'il hae me gin I dinna ken the fiddle itsel' rather better nor ye do in a fortnicht frae this time. I s' tak it to Dooble Sanny; he

in search of it. But that very night he managed to have an interview with Dooble Sanny, the shoe-maker, and it was arranged between them that Robert should bring his violin on the evening at which my story has now arrived.

Whatever motive he had for seeking to commence the study of music, it holds even in more important matters that, if the thing pursued be good, there is a hope of the pursuit purifying the motive. And Robert no sooner heard the fiddle utter a few mournful sounds in the hands of the soutar, who was no contemptible performer, than he longed to establish such a relation between himself and the strange instrument, that, dumb and deaf as it had been to him hitherto, it would respond to his touch also, and tell him the secrets of its queerly-twisted

skull, full of sweet sounds instead of brains. From that moment he would be a musician for music's own sake, and forgot utterly what had appeared to him, though I doubt if it was, the sole motive of his desire to learn—namely, the necessity of retaining his superiority over Shargar.

What added considerably to the excitement of his feelings on the occasion, was the expression of reverence, almost of awe, with which the shoemaker took the instrument from its case, and the tenderness with which he handled it. The fact was that he had not had a violin in his hands for nearly a year, having been compelled to pawn his own in order to alleviate the sickness brought on his wife by his own ill-treatment of her, once that he came home drunk from a wedding. It was strange to think that such dirty hands should be able to bring such sounds out of the instrument the moment he got it safely cuddled under his cheek. So dirty were they, that it was said Dooble Sanny never required to carry any rosin with him for fiddler's need, his own fingers having always enough upon them for one bow at least. Yet the points of these fingers never lost the delicacy of their touch. Some people thought this was in virtue of their being washed only once a week—a custom Alexander justified on the ground that, in a trade like his, it was of no use to wash oftener, for he would be just as dirty again before night.

The moment he began to play, the face of the soutar grew ecstatic. He stopped at the very first note, notwithstanding, let fall his arms, the one with the bow, the other with the violin, at his sides, and said, with deep-drawn respiration and lengthened utterance: "Eh!"

Then after a pause, during which he stood motionless:

"The crater maun be a Cry Moany! Hear till her!" he added, drawing another long note.

Then, after another pause:

"She's a Straddle Vawrious at least! Hear till her! I never had sic a combination o' timmer and catgut atween my cleuks [claws] afore."

As to its being a Stradivarius, or even a Cremona at all, the testimony of Dooble Sanny was not worth much on the point. But the shoemaker's admiration roused in the boy's mind a reverence for the individual instrument, which he never lost.

From that day the two were friends.

Suddenly the soutar started off at full speed in a strathspey, which was soon lost in the wail of a Highland psalm-tune, giving place in its turn to "Sic a wife as Willie had!" And on he went without pause, till Robert dared not stop any longer. The fiddle had bewitched the fiddler.

"Come as often 's ye like, Robert, gin ye fess this leddy wi' ye," said the soutar.

And he stroked the back of the violin tenderly with his open palm.

"But wad ye hae any objection to lat it lie aside ye, and lat me come whan I can?"

"Objection, laddie? I wad as sune object to lattin my ain wife lie aside me."

"Ay," said Robert, seized with some anxiety about the violin as he remembered the fate of the wife, "but ye ken Elspet comes aff a' the waur sometimes."

Softened by the proximity of the wonderful violin, and stung afresh by the boy's words as his conscience had often stung him before, for he loved his wife dearly save when the demon of drink possessed him, the tears rose in Elshender's eyes. He held out the violin to Robert, saying, with unsteady voice:

"Hae, tak her awa'. I dinna deserve to hae sic a thing i' my hoose. But hear me, Robert, and lat hearin' be believin'. I never was sae drunk but I cud tune my fiddle. Mair by token, ance they fand me lyin' o' my back i' the Corrie, an' the watter, they say, was ower a' but the mou' o' me; but I was haudin' my fiddle up abune my heid, and de'il a spark o' watter was upo' her."

"It's a pity yer wife wasna yer fiddle, than, Sanny," said Robert, with more presumption than wit.

"Deed ye're i' the richt, there, Robert. Hae, tak yer fiddle."

"Deed no," returned Robert. "I maun just lippen [trust] to ye, Sanders. I canna bide langer the nicht; but maybe ye'll tell me hoo to haud her the neist time 'at I come—will ye?"

"That I *will*, Robert, come whan ye like. An' gin ye come o' ane 'at cud play this fiddle as this fiddle deserves to be playt, ye'll do me credit."

"Ye min' what that sump Lumley said to me the ither nicht, Sanders, aboot my grandfather?"

"Ay, weel eneuch. A dish o' drucken havers!"

"It was true eneuch aboot my great-grandfather, though."

"No! Was't raily?"

"Ay. He was the best piper in 's regiment at Culloden. Gin they had a' fouchten as he pipit, there wad hae been anither tale to tell. And he was toon-piper forby, jist like you, Sanders, efter they took frae him a' 'at he had."

"Na! heard ye ever the like o' that! Weel, wha wad hae thocht it? Faith! we maun hae you fiddle as weel as yer lucky-daiddy pipit.—But here's the King o' Bashan comin' efter his butes, an' them no half dune yet!" exclaimed Dooble Sanny, settling in haste to his awl and his *lingel* (Fr. *lignoul*). "He'll be roarin' mair like a bull o' the country than the king o' 't."

As Robert departed, Peter Ogg came in, and as he passed the window, he heard the shoemaker averring: "I haena risen frae my stule sin' ane o'clock; but there's a sicht to be dune to them, Mr. Ogg."

* * * * *

One evening, resolved to make a confidant of Mr. Lammie, and indeed to cast himself upon the kindness of the household generally, Robert went up to his room to release his violin from its prison of brown paper. What was his dismay to find—not his bonny leddy, but her poor cousin, the soutar's auld wife! It was too bad. *Dooble Sanny* indeed!

He first stared, then went into a rage, and then came out of it to go into a resolution. He replaced the unwelcome fiddle in the parcel, and came down stairs gloomy and still wrathful, but silent. The evening passed over, and the inhabitants of the farmhouse went early to bed. Robert tossed about fuming on his. He had not undressed.

About eleven o'clock, after all had been still for more than an hour, he took his shoes in one hand and the brown parcel in the other, and descending the stairs like a thief, undid the quiet wooden bar that secured the door, and let himself out. All was darkness, for the moon was not yet up, and he felt a strange sensation of ghostliness in himself—awake and out of doors, when he ought to be asleep and unconscious in bed. He had never been out so late before, and felt as if walking in the region of the dead, existing when and where he had no business to exist. For it was the time Nature kept for her own quiet, and having once put her children to bed—hidden them away with the world wiped out of them—enclosed them in her ebony box, as George Herbert says—she did not expect to have her hours of undress and meditation intruded upon by a venturesome school-boy. Yet she let him pass. He put on his shoes and hurried to the road. He heard a horse stamp in the stable, and saw a cat dart across the corn-yard as he went through. Those were all the signs of life about the place.

It was a cloudy night and still. Nothing was to be heard but his own footsteps. The cattle in the fields were all asleep. The larch and spruce-trees on the top of the hill by the foot of which his road wound were still as clouds. He could just see the sky through their stems. It was washed with the faintest of light, for the moon, far below, was yet climbing towards the horizon. A star or two sparkled where the clouds broke, but so little light was there, that, until he had passed the moorland on the hill, he could not get the horror of moss-holes, and deep springs covered with treacherous green, out of his head. But he never thought of turning. When the fears of the way at length fell back and allowed his own thoughts to rise, the sense of a presence, or of something that might grow to a presence, was the first to awake in him. The stillness seemed to be thinking all around his head. But the way grew so dark, where it lay through a corner of the pine-wood, that he had to feel the edge of the road with his foot to make sure

that he was keeping upon it, and the sense of the silence vanished. Then he passed a farm, and the motions of horses came through the dark, and a doubtful crow from a young inexperienced cock, who did not yet know the moon from the sun. Then a sleepy low in his ear startled him, and made him quicken his pace involuntarily.

By the time he reached Rothieden all the lights were out, and this was just what he wanted.

The economy of *Dooble Sanny's* abode was this: the outer door was always left on the latch at night, because several families lived in the house; the soutar's workshop opened from the passage, close to the outer door, therefore its door was locked; but the key hung on a nail just inside the soutar's bedroom. All this Robert knew.

Arrived at the house, he lifted the latch, closed the door behind him, took off his shoes once more, like a housebreaker, as indeed he was, although a righteous one, and felt his way to and up the stair to the bed-room. There was a sound of snoring within. The door was a little ajar. He reached the key and descended, his heart beating more and more wildly as he approached the realisation of his hopes. Gently as he could he turned it in the lock. In a moment more he had his hands on the spot where the shoemaker always laid his violin. But his heart sank within him: there was no violin there. A blank of dismay held him both motionless and thoughtless; nor had he recovered his senses before he heard footsteps, which he well knew, approaching in the street. He slunk at once into a corner. Elshender entered, feeling his way carefully, and muttering at his wife. He was tipsy, most likely, but that had never yet interfered with the safety of his fiddle: Robert heard its faint echo as he laid it gently down. Nor was he too tipsy to lock the door behind him, leaving Robert incarcerated amongst the old boots and leather and rosin.

For one moment only did the boy's heart fail him. The next he was in action, for a happy thought had already struck him. Hastily, that he might forestall sleep in the brain of the soutar, he undid his parcel, and after carefully enveloping his own violin in the paper, took the old wife of the soutar, and proceeded to perform upon her a trick which in a merry moment his master had taught him, and which, not without some feeling of irreverence, he had occasionally practised upon his own bonny lady.

The shoemaker's room was overhead; its thin floor of planks was the ceiling of the workshop. Ere *Dooble Sanny* was well laid by the side of his sleeping wife, he heard a frightful sound from below, as of some one tearing his beloved violin to pieces. No sound of rending coffin-planks or rising dead would have been so horrible in the ears of the soutar. He sprang from his bed with

a haste that shook the crazy tenement to its foundation.

The moment Robert heard that, he put the violin in its place, and took his station by the *door-cheek*. The souter came tumbling down the stair, and rushed at the door, but found that he had to go back for the key. When, with uncertain hand, he had opened at length, he went straight to the nest of his treasure, and Robert slipping out noiselessly, was in the next street before Dooble Sanny, having

found the fiddle uninjured, and not discovering the substitution, had finished concluding that the whisky and his imagination had played him a very discourteous trick between them, and retired once more to bed. And not till Robert had cut his foot badly with a piece of glass, did he discover that he had left his shoes behind him. He tied it up with his handkerchief, and limped home the three miles, too happy to think of consequences.

THE LITTLE MARCHIONESS.

[From "The Old Curiosity Shop." By CHARLES DICKENS.]



WHILE these acts and deeds were in progress in and out of the office of Sampson Brass, Richard Swiveller, being often left alone therein, began to find the time hang heavy on his hands. For the better preservation of his cheerfulness, therefore, and to prevent his faculties from rusting, he provided himself with a cribbage-board and packed of cards, and accustomed himself to play cribbage, with a dummy, for twenty, thirty, or sometimes even fifty thousand pounds a side, besides many hazardous bets to a considerable amount.

As these games were very silently conducted, notwithstanding the magnitude of the interests involved, Mr. Swiveller began to think that on those evenings when Mr. and Miss Brass were out (and they often went out now) he heard a kind of snorting or hard-breathing sound in the direction of the door, which, it occurred to him, after some reflection, must proceed from the small servant, who always had a cold from damp living. Looking intently that way one night, he plainly distinguished an eye gleaming and glistening at the keyhole; and, having now no doubt that his suspicions were correct, he stole softly to the door, and pounced upon her before she was aware of his approach.

"Oh! I didn't mean any harm indeed, upon my word I didn't," cried the small servant, struggling like a much larger one. "It's so very dull downstairs. Please don't you tell upon me, please don't."

"Tell upon you!" said Dick. "Do you mean to say you were looking through the keyhole for company?"

"Yes, upon my word I was," replied the small servant.

"How long have you been cooling your eye there?" said Dick.

"Oh, ever since you first began to play them cards, and long before!"

Vague recollections of several fantastic exercises with which he had refreshed himself after the fatigues of business, and to all of which, no doubt, the small servant was a party, rather disconcerted Mr. Swiveller; but he was not very sensitive on such points, and recovered himself speedily.

"Well—come in," he said, after a little consideration. "Here—sit down and I'll teach you how to play."

"Oh! I durstn't do it," rejoined the small servant; "Miss Sally 'ud kill me if she knowed I come up here."

"Have you got a fire downstairs?" said Dick.

"A very little one," replied the small servant.

"Miss Sally couldn't kill me if she knowed I went down there, so I'll come," said Richard, putting the cards into his pocket. "Why, how thin you are! What do you mean by it?"

"It ain't my fault."

"Could you eat any bread and meat?" said Dick, taking down his hat. "Yes? Ah! I thought so. Did you ever taste beer?"

"I had a sip of it once," said the small servant.

"Here's a state of things!" cried Mr. Swiveller, raising his eyes to the ceiling. "She *never* tasted it—it can't be tasted in a sip! Why, how old are you?"

"I don't know."

Mr. Swiveller opened his eyes very wide, and appeared thoughtful for a moment; then, bidding the child mind the door until he came back, vanished straightway.

Presently he returned, followed by the boy from the public-house, who bore in one hand a plate of bread and beef, and in the other a great pot, filled with some very fragrant compound, which sent forth a grateful steam, and was indeed choice

purl, made after a particular recipe which Mr. Swiveller had imparted to the landlord at a period when he was deep in his books, and desirous to conciliate his friendship. Relieving the boy of his burden at the door, and charging

know, for you're not used to it. Well, is it good?"

"Oh! isn't it?" said the small servant.

Mr. Swiveller appeared gratified beyond all expression by this reply, and took a long draught



"THE SMALL SERVANT NEEDED NO SECOND BIDDING." (Drawn by Gordon Browne.)

his little companion to fasten it to prevent surprise, Mr. Swiveller followed her into the kitchen.

"There!" said Richard, putting the plate before her. "First of all, clear that off, and then you'll see what's next."

The small servant needed no second bidding, and the plate was soon empty.

"Next," said Dick, handing the purl, "take a pull of that; but moderate your transports, you

himself, steadfastly regarding his companion while he did so. These preliminaries disposed of, he applied himself to teaching her the game, which she soon learned tolerably well, being both sharpwitted and cunning.

"Now," said Swiveller, putting two sixpences into a saucer, and trimming the wretched candle, when the cards had been cut and dealt, "those are the stakes. If you win, you get 'em all. If I win, I get 'em. To make it seem more real and

pleasant, I shall call you the Marchioness, do you hear?"

The small servant nodded.

"Then, Marchioness," said Mr. Swiveller, "fire away!"

The Marchioness, holding her cards very tight in both hands, considered which to play, and Mr. Swiveller, assuming the gay and fashionable air which such society required, took another pull at the tankard, and waited for her lead.

Mr. Swiveller and his partner played several rubbers with varying success, until the loss of three sixpences, the gradual sinking of the purl, and the striking of ten o'clock combined to render that gentleman mindful of the flight of Time, and the expediency of withdrawing before Mr. Sampson and Miss Sally Brass returned.

"With which object in view, Marchioness," said Mr. Swiveller gravely, "I shall ask your ladyship's permission to put the board in my pocket, and to retire from the presence when I have finished this tankard; merely observing, Marchioness, that since life like a river is flowing, I care not how fast it rolls on, while such purl on the bank still is growing, and such eyes light the waves as they run. Marchioness, your health. You will excuse my wearing my hat, but the palace is damp, and the marble floor is—if I may be allowed the expression—sloppy."

As a precaution against this latter inconvenience, Mr. Swiveller had been sitting for some time with his feet on the hob, in which attitude he now gave utterance to these apologetic observations, and slowly sipped the last choice drops of nectar.

"The Baron Sampson Brasso and his fair sister are (you tell me) at the Play?" said Mr. Swiveller, leaning his left arm heavily upon the table, and raising his voice and his right leg after the manner of a theatrical bandit.

The Marchioness nodded.

"Ha!" said Mr. Swiveller, with a portentous frown. "'Tis well. Marchioness!—But no matter. Some wine there. Ho!" He illustrated these melodramatic morsels by handing the tankard to himself with great humility, receiving it haughtily, drinking from it thirstily, and smacking his lips fiercely.

The small servant, who was not so well acquainted with theatrical conventionalities as Mr. Swiveller (having indeed never seen a play, or heard one spoken of, except by chance through chinks of doors and in other forbidden places), was rather alarmed by demonstrations so novel in their nature, and showed her concern so plainly in her looks, that Mr. Swiveller felt it necessary to discharge his brigand manner for one more suitable to private life, as he asked:

"Do they often go where glory waits 'em, and leave you here?"

"Oh yes; I believe you they do!" returned the small servant. "Miss Sally's such a one-er for that, she is."

"Such a what?" said Dick.

"Such a one-er," returned the Marchioness.

After a moment's reflection, Mr. Swiveller determined to forego his responsible duty of setting her right, and to suffer her to talk on; as it was evident that her tongue was loosened by the purl, and her opportunities for conversation were not so frequent as to render a momentary check of little consequence.

"They sometimes go to see Mr. Quilp," said the small servant with a shrewd look; "they go to a many places, bless you!"

"Is Mr. Brass a winner?" said Dick.

"Not half what Miss Sally is, he isn't," replied the small servant, shaking her head. "Bless you, he'd never do anything without her."

"Oh! he wouldn't, wouldn't he?" said Dick.

"Miss Sally keeps him in such order," said the small servant; "he always asks her advice, he does; and he catches it sometimes. Bless you, you wouldn't believe how much he catches it."

"I suppose," said Dick, "that they consult together a good deal, and talk about a great many people—about me, for instance, sometimes, eh, Marchioness?"

The Marchioness nodded amazingly.

"Complimentary?" said Mr. Swiveller.

The Marchioness changed the motion of her head, which had not yet left off nodding, and suddenly began to shake it from side to side with a vehemence which threatened to dislocate her neck.

"Humph!" Dick muttered. "Would it be any breach of confidence, Marchioness, to relate what they say of the humble individual who has now the honour to—"

"Miss Sally says you're a funny chap," replied his friend.

"Well, Marchioness," said Mr. Swiveller, "that's not uncomplimentary. Merriment, Marchioness, is not a bad or a degrading quality. Old King Cole was himself a merry old soul, if we may put any faith in the pages of history."

"But she says," pursued his companion, "that you ain't to be trusted."

"Why, really, Marchioness," said Mr. Swiveller thoughtfully; "several ladies and gentlemen—not exactly professional persons, but tradespeople, ma'am, tradespeople—have made the same remark. The obscure citizen who keeps the hotel over the way inclined strongly to that opinion to-night when I ordered him to prepare the banquet. It's a popular prejudice, Marchioness; and yet I am sure I don't know why, for I have been trusted in

my time to a considerable amount, and I can safely say that I never forsook my trust until it deserted me—never. Mr. Brass is of the same opinion, I suppose?”

His friend nodded again, with a cunning look which seemed to hint that Mr. Brass held stronger opinions on the subject than his sister; and seeming to recollect herself, added imploringly, “but don’t you ever tell upon me, or I shall be beat to death.”

“Marchioness,” said Mr. Swiveller, rising, “the word of a gentleman is as good as his bond—sometimes better, as in the present case, where his bond might prove but a doubtful sort of security. I am your friend, and I hope we shall play many more rubbers together in this same saloon. But Marchioness,” added Richard, stopping in his way to the door, and wheeling slowly round upon the small servant, who was following with the candle; “it occurs to me that you must be in the constant habit of airing you eye at keyholes, to know all this.”

“I only wanted,” replied the trembling Marchioness, “to know where the key of the safe was hid; that was all; and I wouldn’t have taken much, if I had found it—only enough to quench my hunger.”

“You didn’t find it, then?” said Dick. “But of course you didn’t, or you’d be plumper. Good night, Marchioness. Fare thee well, and if for ever, then for ever, fare thee well—and put up the chain, Marchioness, in case of accidents.”

With this parting injunction, Mr. Swiveller emerged from the house, and feeling that by this time he had taken as much to drink as promised to be good for his constitution (purl being a rather strong and heady compound), wisely resolved to betake himself to his lodgings and to bed at once. Homeward he went, therefore; and his apartments (for he still retained the plural fiction) being at no great distance from the office, he was soon seated in his own bedchamber, where, having pulled off one boot and forgotten the other, he fell into deep cogitation.

“This Marchioness,” said Mr. Swiveller, folding his arms, “is a very extraordinary person—surrounded by mysteries, ignorant of the taste of beer, unacquainted with her own name (which is less remarkable), and taking a limited view of society through the keyholes of doors. Can these things be her destiny, or has some unknown person started an opposition to the decrees of fate? It is a most inscrutable and unmitigated staggerer!”



MADELINE, M.P.

[By H. SAVILE CLARKE.]

MISS Madeline's lissom and slender,
Her eyes are the truthfulest grey,
Her voice as the twilight is tender,
Her heart is as open as day;
She has rank and position and riches,
And ne'er knows a toil or a task,
Whoe'er she comes near she bewitches,—
What more can she ask?

How strange are the visions of twenty,
She writes on the virginal page!
She has lovers and pleasures in plenty,
And not one her heart can engage.
But this is her dream for the minute,
To this her devotion is paid,
She has joined, and her whole heart is in it,
A woman's crusade.

She tells me she's never strong-minded,
In feminine work she delights,
But owns that she isn't so blinded
As not to see women have rights.

And chiefest of these, she'll explain, is,
With swell of her eloquent throat,
The franchise, and what she must gain is
The right to a vote.

She vows that a vote is a blessing,
That women have taxes to pay;
She warms to her subject, addressing
An auditor patient for aye.
To keep the girls out is disgraceful,
Why shouldn't she choose her M.P.?
I sit and I hear with a face full
Of penitent glee.

She quotes the most long-winded speeches,
Declaiming the points with a will,
Another Hypatia teaches
Philosophy studied from Mill.
With sweet oratorical thunder,
'Gainst tyrannous men she will rave;
Do I seem a tyrant, I wonder,
I, who am her slave?

She prates of the dawn of new eras
 When men shall stand humbly aloof;
 She honours Carlyle's mad Megæras,
 That howled 'neath the Jacobin roof.
 Her poor brains, how much she must task 'em
 If this work goes on every day!
 Just like "the fair pupil of Ascham,"
 The Lady Jane Grey.

Ah! Madeline mine, who supposes
 You wouldn't the Commons make bright?
 Yet waiting for "Ayes" and for "Noes" is
 A wearisome business each night.
 Political life's but a juggle,
 A game with a thimble and pea;
 Yet win, if you will, in the struggle,
 And then vote for me.

A RUN ON THE BANK.

[From "John Halifax, Gentleman."]



GREAT, eager, but doggedly-quiet crowd, of which each had his or her—for it was half women—individual terror to hide, his or her individual interest to fight for, and cared not a straw for that of any one else.

It was market-day, and this crowd was collected and collecting every minute, before the bank at Norton Bury. It included all classes, from the stout farmer's wife or market woman, to the pale, frightened lady of "limited income," who

had never been in such a throng before; from the aproned mechanic to the gentleman who sat in his carriage at the street corner, confident that whatever poor chance there was, his would be the best.

Everybody was, as I have said, extremely quiet. You heard none of the jokes that always rise in and circulate through a crowd; none of the loud outcries of a mob. All were intent on themselves and their own business; on that fast-bolted red-baize door, and on the green blind of the windows, which informed them that it was "open from ten till four."

The Abbey clock struck three quarters. Then there was a slight stirring, a rustling here and there of paper, as some one drew out and examined his bank notes; openly, with small fear of theft—they were not worth stealing.

I noticed this latter fact to John.

"Yes, I was sure it would be so. Jessop's bank has such a number of small depositors and issues so many small notes. He cannot cash above half of them without some notice. If there comes a run, he may have to stop payment this very day; and then, how wide the misery could spread among the poor, God knows."

His eye wandered pitifully over the heaving

mass of anxious faces blue with cold, and growing more and more despondent as every minute they turned with a common impulse from the closed bank door to the Abbey clock, glittering far up in the sunshiny atmosphere of morning.

Its finger touched the one heel of the great striding X—glided on the other—the ten strokes fell leisurely and regularly upon the clear frosty air; then the chimes—Norton Bury was proud of its Abbey chimes—burst out in the tune of "Life let us Cherish."

The bells went through all the tune, to the very last note—then ensued silence. The crowd were silent too—almost breathless with intent listening—but, alas! not to the merry Abbey chimes.

The bank door remained closed—not a rattle at the bolts, not a clerk's face peering out above the blind. The house was as shut-up and desolate as if it were entirely empty.

Five whole minutes—by the Abbey clock—did that poor patient crowd wait on the pavement. Then a murmur arose. One or two men hammered at the door; some frightened women, jostled in the press, began to scream.

John could bear it no longer. "Come along with me," he said, hurriedly. "I must see Jessop—we can get in at the garden door."

It was a dull, dusty room, of which the only lively object was a large fire, the under half of which had burnt itself away unstirred into black dingy caverns. Before it, with breakfast untasted, sat Josiah Jessop—his feet on the fender, his elbows on his knees, the picture of despair.

"Mr. Jessop, my good friend!"

"No, I haven't a friend in the world, or shall not have an hour hence. Oh! it's you, Mr. Halifax?—You have not an account to close? You don't hold any notes of mine, do you?"

John put his hand on the old man's shoulder, and repeated that he only came as a friend.

"Not the first 'friend' I have received this morning. I knew I should be early honoured with visitors;" and the banker attempted a

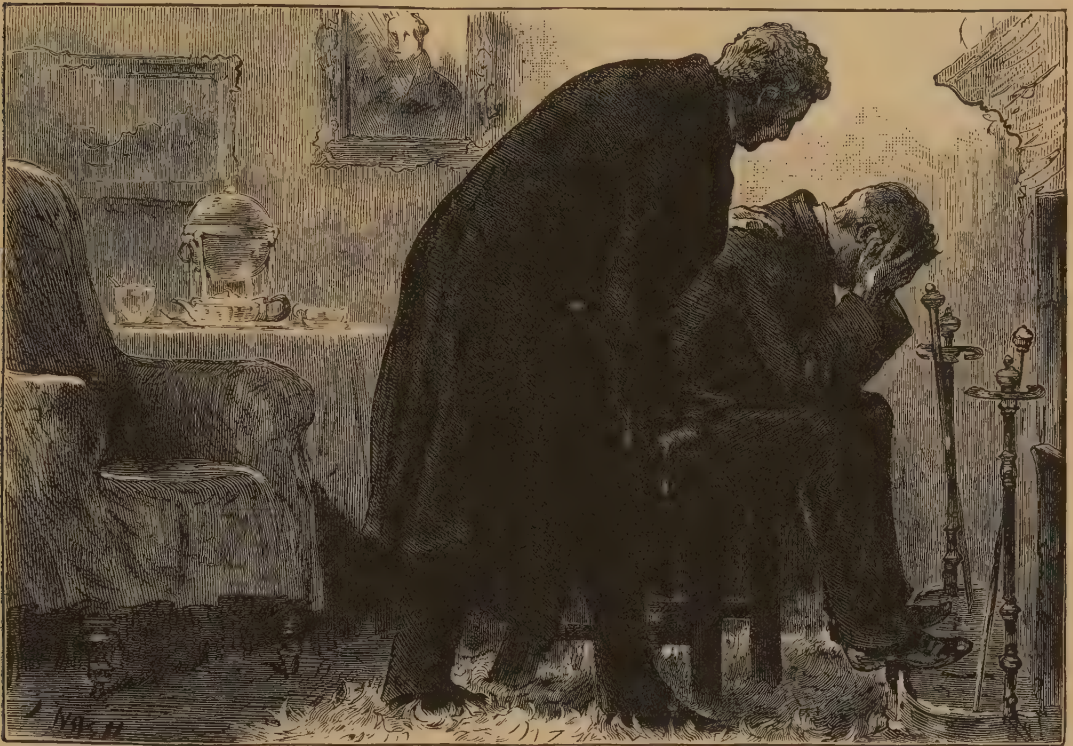
dreary smile. "Sir Herbert and half a dozen more are waiting for me up-stairs. The biggest fish must have the first bite—eh, you know?"

"I know," said John, gloomily.

"Hark! those people outside will hammer my door down!—Speak to them, Mr. Halifax—tell them I'm an old man—that I was always an honest man—always. If only they would give me time—hark!—just hark! Heaven help me! do they want to tear me in pieces?"

petty tradespeople, and such like, if only both classes of customers would give him time to pay them.

"But they will not. There will be a run upon the bank and then all's over with me. It's a hard case—solvent as I am—ready and able to pay every farthing—if only I had a week's time. As it is, I must stop payment to-day. Hark! they are at the door again! Mr. Halifax, for God's sake quiet them!"



"JOHN PUT HIS HAND ON THE OLD MAN'S SHOULDER." (Drawn by J. Nash.)

John went out for a few moments, then came back and sat down beside Mr. Jessop.

"Compose yourself"—the old man was shaking like an aspen leaf. "Tell me, if you have no objection to give me this confidence, exactly how your affairs stand."

With a gasp of helpless thankfulness, looking up in John's face, while his own quivered like a frightened child's—the banker obeyed. It seemed that great as was his loss by W——'s failure, it was not absolute ruin to him. In effect, he was at this moment perfectly solvent, and by calling in mortgages, &c., could meet both the accounts of the gentry who banked with him, together with all his own notes now afloat in the country, principally among the humbler ranks,

"I will; only tell me first what sum, added to the cash you have available, would keep the bank open—just for a day or two."

At once guided and calmed, the old man's business faculties seemed to return. He began to calculate, and soon stated the sum he needed: I think it was three or four thousand pounds.

"Very well; I have thought of a plan. But first—those poor fellows outside.—Thank heaven, I am a rich man, and everybody knows it. Phineas, that inkstand, please."

He sat down and wrote: curiously the attitude and manner reminded me of his sitting down and writing at my father's table, after the bread riot—years and years ago. Soon a notice, signed by Josiah Jessop, and afterwards by himself, to the

effect that the bank would open "without fail," at one o'clock this day—was given by John to the astonished clerk, to be posted in the window.

A responsive cheer outside showed how readily those outside had caught at even this gleam of hope. Also—how implicitly they trusted in the mere name of a gentleman who all over the country was known for "his word being as good as his bond"—John Halifax.

The banker breathed freer; but his respite was short: an imperative message came from the gentlemen above-stairs desiring his presence. With a kind of blind dependence, he looked towards John.

"Let me go in your stead. You can trust me to manage matters to the best of my power?"

The banker overwhelmed him with gratitude.

"Nay, that ought to be my word, standing in this house, and remembering"—His eyes turned to the two portraits—grimly coloured daubs, yet with a certain apology of likeness too, which broadly smiled at one another from opposite walls—the only memorials now remaining of the good doctor and his cheery little old wife. "Come, Mr. Jessop, leave the matter with me; believe me, it is not only a pleasure, but a duty."

The old man melted into senile tears.

I do not know how John managed the provincial magnates, who were sitting in council considering how best to save, first themselves, then the bank, lastly—If the poor public outside had been made acquainted with that ominous "lastly!" Or if to the respectable conclave above-stairs, who would have recoiled indignantly at the vulgar word "jobbing," had been hinted a phrase—which ran oddly in and out of the nooks of my brain, keeping time to the murmur in the street, "*Vox populi, vox Dei*"—truly, I should have got little credit for my Latinity.

John came out in about half an hour, with a cheerful countenance; told me he was going over to Coltham for an hour or two—would I wait his return?

"And all is settled?" I asked.

"Will be soon, I trust. I can't stay to tell you more now. Good-bye."

As it neared one o'clock, I could see my ancient friend the Abbey clock with not a wrinkle in his old face, staring at me through the bare Abbey trees. I began to feel rather anxious. I went into the deserted office; and thence, none forbidding, ensconced myself behind the sheltering bank blinds.

The crowd had scarcely moved; a very honest, patient, weary crowd, dense in the centre, thinning towards the edges. On its extremest verge, waiting in a curricie, was a gentleman, who seemed observing it with a lazy curiosity. I, having like

himself apparently nothing better to do, observed this gentleman.

But the gentleman soon retired from my observation under his furs! for the sky had gloomed over, and snow began to fall. Those on the pavement shook it drearily off, and kept turning every minute to the Abbey clock—I feared it would take the patience of Job to enable them to hold out another quarter of an hour.

At length some determined hand again battered at the door. I fancied I heard a clerk speaking out of the first floor window.

"Gentlemen"—how tremblingly polite the voice was!—"Gentlemen, in five minutes—positively five minutes—the bank will—"

The rest of the speech was drowned and lost. Dashing round the street corner, the horses all in a foam, came our Beechwood carriage. Mr. Halifax leaped out.

Well might the crowd divide for him—well might they cheer him. For he carried a canvas bag—a great, ugly, grimy-coloured bag—a precious, precious bag, with the consolation—perhaps the life—of hundreds in it!

I knew, almost by intuition, what he had done—what, in one or two instances, was afterwards done by other rich and generous Englishmen, during the crisis of this year.

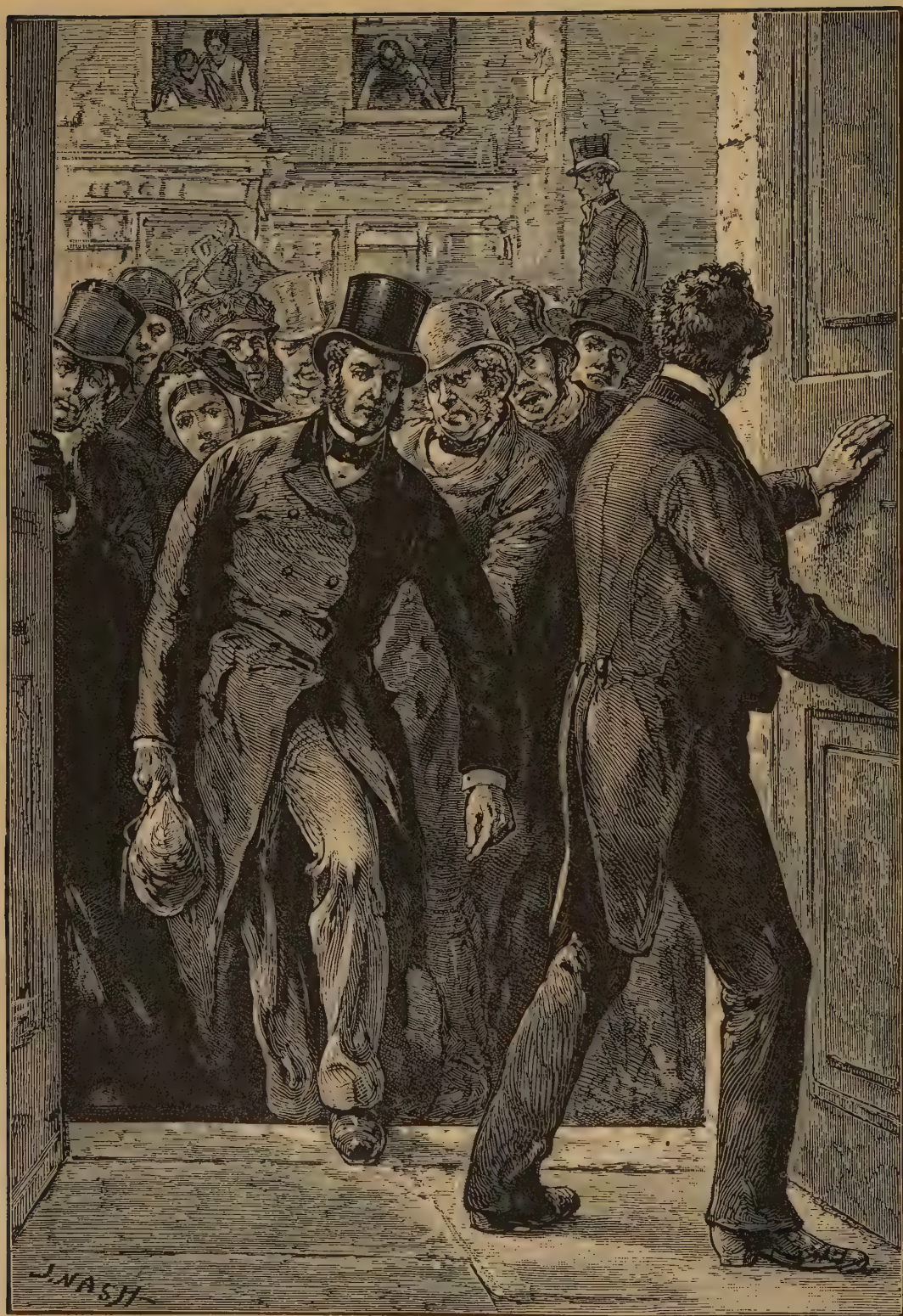
The bank door flew open like magic. The crowd came pushing in; but when John called out to them, "Good people, pray let me pass!" they yielded and suffered him to go in first. He went right up to the desk, behind which, flanked by a tolerable array of similar canvas bags, full of gold—but nevertheless waiting in mortal fear, and as white as his own neckcloth—the old banker stood.

"Mr. Jessop," John said, in a loud, distinct voice, that all might hear him, "I have the pleasure to open an account with you. I feel satisfied that in these dangerous times no credit is more safe than yours. Allow me to pay in to-day the sum of five thousand pounds."

"Five thousand pounds!"

The rumour of it was repeated from mouth to mouth. In a small provincial bank, such a sum seemed unlimited. It gave universal confidence. Many who had been scrambling, swearing, almost fighting to reach the counter and receive gold for their notes, put them again into their pockets, uncashed. Others, chiefly women, got them cashed with a trembling hand—nay, with tears of joy. A few who had come to close accounts changed their minds, and even paid money in. All were satisfied—the run upon the bank ceased.

Mr. Halifax stood aside, looking on. After the first murmur of surprise and pleasure no one seemed to take any notice of him, or of what he



"THE BANK DOOR FLEW OPEN LIKE MAGIC." (Drawn by J. Nash.)

had done. Only one old widow woman, as she slipped three bright guineas under the lid of her market-basket, dropped him a curtsy in passing by.

"It's your doing, Mr. Halifax. The Lord reward you, sir."

"Thank you," he said, and shook her by the hand. I thought to myself, watching the many that came and went, unmindful, "*only this Samaritan!*"

No—one person more, standing by, addressed him by name. "This is indeed your doing, and an act of benevolence which I believe no man alive would have done, except Mr. Halifax."

And the gentleman who spoke—the same I had seen outside in his curricie—held out a friendly hand.

"I see you do not remember me. My name is Ravenel."

"Lord Ravenel!"

We drove home. Lord Ravenel muffled himself up in his furs, complaining bitterly of the snow and sleet.

"Yes, the winter is setting in sharply," John replied, as he reined in his horses at the turn-pike gate. "This will be a hard Christmas for many."

"Ay, indeed, sir," said the gate-keeper, touching his hat.

"And if I might make so bold—it's a dark night and the road's lonely—" he added in a mysterious whisper.

"Thank you, my friend. I am aware of all that." But as John drove on, he remained for some time very silent.

On, across the bleak country, with the snow pelting in our faces—along roads so deserted, that our carriage-wheels made the only sound audible, and that might have been heard distinctly for miles.

All of a sudden, the horses were pulled up. Three or four ill-looking figures had started out of a ditch-bank, and caught hold of the reins.

"Halloa there!—What do you want?"

"Money."

"Let go my horses!, They're spirited beasts. You'll get trampled on."

"Who cares?"

This brief colloquy passed in less than a minute. It showed at once our position—miles away from any house—on this desolate moor; showed plainly our danger—John's danger.

He himself did not seem to recognise it. He stood upright on the box-seat, the whip in his hand.

"Get away, you fellows, or I must drive over you!"

"Thee'd better!" With a yell, one of the men leaped up and clung to the neck of the plunging

mare—then was dashed to the ground between her feet. The poor wretch uttered one groan and no more. John sprang out of his carriage, caught the mare's head, and backed her.

"Hold off!—the poor fellow is killed, or may be in a minute. Hold off, I say."

If ever these men, planning perhaps their first ill deed, were struck dumb with astonishment, it was to see the gentleman they were intending to rob take up their comrade in his arms, drag him towards the carriage-lamps, rub snow on his face, and chafe his heavy hands. But all in vain. The blood trickled down from a wound in the temples—the head, with its open mouth dropping, fell back upon John's knee.

"He is quite dead."

The others gathered round in silence, watching Mr. Halifax, as he still knelt, with the dead man's head leaning against him, mournfully regarding it.

"I think I know him. Where does his wife live?"

Some one pointed across the moor, to a light, faint as a glow-worm. "Take that rug out of my carriage—wrap him in it." The order was at once obeyed. "Now carry him home. I will follow presently."

"Surely not," expostulated Lord Ravenel, who had got out of the carriage and stood shivering and much shocked beside Mr. Halifax. "You would not surely put yourself in the power of these scoundrels? What brutes they are—the lower orders!"

"Not altogether—when you know them. Phineas, will you drive Lord Ravenel on to Beechwood?"

"Excuse me—certainly not," said Lord Ravenel, with dignity. "We will stay to see the result of the affair. What a singular man Mr. Halifax is and always was," he added, thoughtfully, as he muffled himself up again in his furs, and relapsed into silence.

Soon, following the track of those black figures across the snow, we came to a cluster of peat huts, alongside of the moorland road. John took one of the carriage-lamps in his hand, and went in without saying a word. To my surprise Lord Ravenel presently dismounted and followed him. I was left with the reins in my hand, and two or three of those ill-visaged men hovered about the carriage; but no one attempted to do me any harm. Nay, when John reappeared, after a lapse of some minutes, one of them civilly picked up the whip and put it into his hand.

"Thank you. Now, my men, tell me what did you want with me just now?"

"Money," cried one. "Work," shouted another.

"And a likely way you went about to get it! Stopping me in the dark, on a lonely road, just like

common robbers. I did not think any Enderley men would have done a thing so cowardly."

"We bean't cowards," was the surly answer.

"Thee carries pistols, Mr. Halifax."

"You forced me to do it. My life is as precious

'crownner's 'quest—you and this gentleman here. You won't put us in jail, for taking to the road, Mr. Halifax?"

"No;—unless you attack me again. But I am not afraid—I'll trust you. Look here!" He took



"HE . . . FIRED ITS TWO BARRELS HARMLESSLY INTO THE AIR." (Drawn by J. Nash.)

to my wife and children as—as that poor fellow's to his."—John stopped. "God help us, my men! it's a hard world for us all sometimes. Why did you not know me better? Why not come to my house and ask honestly for a dinner and a half-crown?—you should have had both, any day."

"Thank'ee, sir," was the general cry. "And, sir," begged one old man, "you'll hush up the

the pistol out of his breast-pocket, cocked it, and fired its two barrels harmlessly into the air. "Now, good night; and if ever I carry fire-arms again, it will be your fault, not mine."

So saying, he held the carriage-door open for Lord Ravenel, who took his place with a subdued and thoughtful air: then mounting the box-seat John drove, in somewhat melancholy silence, across the snowy, starlit moors to Beechwood.

THE LEPER.

[By NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.]

"ROOM for the leper! room!"—And, as he came,
The cry passed on—"Room for the leper! room!"—

Sunrise was slanting on the city's gates,
Rosy and beautiful; and from the hills
The early risen poor were coming in,
Duly and cheerfully to their toil; and up
Rose the sharp hammer's clink, and the far hum
Of moving wheels, and multitudes a-stir,
And all that in a city-murmur swells,—
Unheard but by the watcher's weary ear,
Aching with night's dull silence; or the sick,
Hailing the welcome light and sounds, that chase
The death-like images of the dark away.
"Room for the leper!" And aside they stood—
Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood,—all
Who met him on his way,—and let him pass.
And onward through the open gate he came,
A Leper with the ashes on his brow,
Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip
A covering,—stepping painfully and slow:
And with a difficult utterance, like one
Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,
Crying, "Unclean! Unclean!"

'Twas now the first
Of the Judean autumn; and the leaves
Whose shadows lay so still upon his path,
Had put their beauty forth beneath the eye
Of Judah's loftiest noble. He was young,
And eminently beautiful; and life
Mantled in elegant fulness on his lip,
And sparkled in his glance: and in his mien
There was a gracious pride that every eye
Followed with benisons;—*and this was he!*

With the soft airs of summer there had come
A torpor on his frame, which not the speed
Of his best barb, nor music, nor the blast
Of the bold huntsman's horn, nor aught that stirs
The spirit to its bent, might drive away.
The blood beat not as wont within his veins;
Dimness crept o'er his eye: a drowsy sloth
Fettered his limbs like palsy, and his mien,
With all its loftiness, seemed struck with eld.
Even his voice was changed; a languid moan
Taking the place of the clear silver key;
And brain and sense grew faint, as if the light
And very air were steeped in sluggishness.
He strove with it awhile, as manhood will,
Ever too proud for weakness, till the rein
Slackened within his grasp, and in its poise
The arrowy jereed like an aspen shook.

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Day after day he lay, as if in sleep.
His skin grew dry and bloodless, and white scales,
Circled with livid purple, covered him.
And then his nails grew black, and fell away
From the dull flesh about them, and the hues
Deepened beneath the hard unmoistened scales,
And from their edges grew the rank white hair—
And Helon was a leper!

Day was breaking,
When at the altar of the temple stood
The holy priest of God. The incense lamp
Burned with a struggling light, and a low chant
Swelled through the hollow arches of the roof
Like an articulate wail, and there, alone,
Wasted to ghastly thinness, Helon knelt
The echoes of the melancholy strain
Died in the distant aisles, and he rose up,
Struggling with weakness, and bowed down his
head
Unto the sprinkled ashes, and put off
His costly raiment for the leper's garb:
And with the sackcloth round him, and his lip
Hid in a loathsome covering, stood still,
Waiting to hear his doom:—

Depart! depart, O child
Of Israel, from the temple of thy God!
For He has smote thee with His chastening rod;
And to the desert wild,
From all thou lovest away, thy feet must flee,
That from thy plague His people may be free.

Depart! and come not near
The busy mart, the crowded city, more;
Nor set thy foot a human threshold o'er,
And stay thou not to hear
Voices that call thee in the way; and fly
From all who in the wilderness pass by.

Wet not thy burning lip
In streams that to a human dwelling glide;
Nor rest thee where the covert fountains hide;
Nor kneel thee down to dip
The water where the pilgrim bends to drink,
By desert well or river's grassy brink;

And pass thou not between
The weary traveller and the cooling breeze;
And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees
Where human tracks are seen;
Nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain,
Nor pluck the standing corn or yellow grain.

And now, depart! and when
Thy heart is heavy, and thine eyes are dim,
Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to Him
Who, from the tribes of men,
Selected thee to feel His chastening rod.
Depart! O Leper! and forget not God!

And he went forth—alone! Not one of all
The many whom he loved, nor she whose name
Was woven in the fibres of his heart
Breaking within him now to come and speak
Comfort unto him. Yea, he went his way,
Sick, and heart-broken, and alone—to die!
For God had cursed the leper!

It was noon,
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched
The loathsome water to his fevered lips;
Praying that he might be so blest—to die!
—Footsteps approached; and, with no strength to
flee,
He drew the covering closer on his lip,
Crying “Unclean! Unclean!” and, in the folds
Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
Nearer the stranger came, and bending o’er
The leper’s prostrate form, pronounced his name,
“Helon!”—The voice was like the master-tone
Of a rich instrument,—most strangely sweet;
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,

And, for a moment, beat beneath the hot
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill!—
“Helon! Arise!”—and he forgot his curse
And rose and stood before him.

Love and awe
Mingled in the regard of Helon’s eye,
As he beheld the Stranger.—He was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on his brow
The symbol of a princely lineage wore;
No followers at his back,—nor in his hand
Buckler, or sword, or spear;—yet, if he smiled,
A kingly condescension graced his lips,
A lion would have crouched-to in his lair.
His garb was simple, and his sandals worn;
His stature modelled with a perfect grace;
His countenance the impress of a God,
Touched with the opening innocence of a child;
His eye was blue and calm as is the sky
In the serenest noon; his hair unshorn
Fell to his shoulders; and his curling beard
The fulness of perfected manhood bore.
—He looked on Helon earnestly awhile,
As if his heart were moved; and, stooping down,
He took a little water in his hand,
And laid it on his brow and said, “Be clean!”
And lo! the scales fell from him: and his blood
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins;
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow
The dewy softness of an infant’s stole:
His leprosy was cleansed; and he fell down
Prostrate at Jesus’ feet, and worshipped Him.

THE GALLOPING HESSIAN.

[By WASHINGTON IRVING.]



HE revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their waggons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads, and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favourite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter until they gradually died away—and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a *tête-à-tête* with the heiress, fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for in fact I do not know. Something, however, I fear me, must have gone wrong, for he certainly sallied forth, after no very great

interval, with an air quite desolate and chap-fallen. Oh these women! these women! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks? Was her encouragement of the poor pedagogue all a mere sham to secure her conquest of his rival? Heaven only knows, not I! Let it suffice to say, Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a hen-roost, rather than a fair lady’s heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks, roused his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains of corn and oats, and whole valleys of timothy and clover.

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crest-fallen, pursued his travels homewards, along the sides of the lofty

hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him the Tappan Zee spread its dusk and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight he could even hear the barking of the watch-dog from the opposite shore of the Hudson ; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farmhouse away among the hills—but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bull-frog, from a neighbouring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker, the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the centre of the road stood an enormous tulip-tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighbourhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by ; and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights and doleful lamentations told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle ; he thought his whistle was answered ; it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree—he paused and ceased whistling ; but on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan—his teeth chattered, and his knees smote against the saddle ; it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly-wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's Swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grape-vines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the schoolboy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream, his heart began to thump ; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge ; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot : it was all in vain ; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder-bushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffing and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveller.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done ? To turn and fly was now too late ; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind ? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents—"Who are you ?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervour into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown

might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the Galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed, in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind—the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavoured to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion, that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveller in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck on perceiving that he was headless!—but his horror was still more increased on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of the saddle; his terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping by a sudden movement to give his companion the slip—but the spectre started full jump with him. Away then they dashed, through thick and thin; stones flying and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down the hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story, and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskilful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got half-way through the hollow the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavoured to hold it firm, but in vain; and he had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by

his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind—for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears; the goblin was hard on his haunches; and (unskilful rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain his seat; sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on the other, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's back-bone, with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

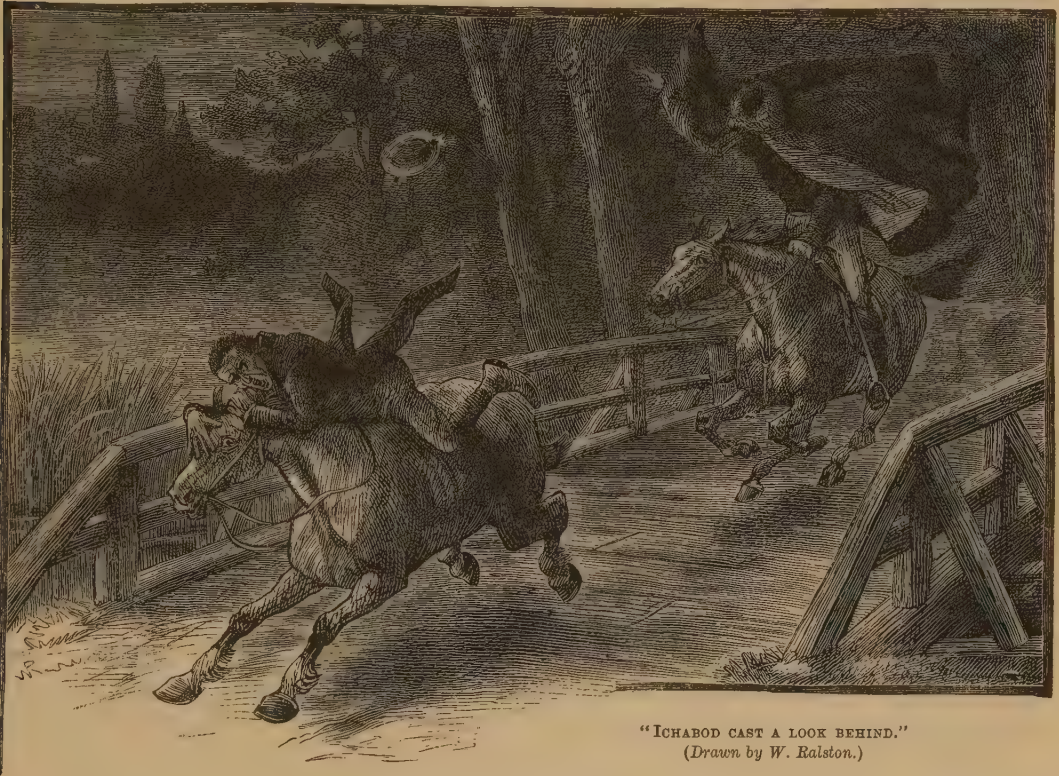
An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones' ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavoured to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash—he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast—dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled in the school-house, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook; but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor of his estate, examined the bundle, which contained all his worldly

effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half ; two stocks for the neck ; a pair or two of worsted stockings ; an old pair of corduroy smallclothes ; a rusty razor ; a book of psalm tunes, full of dog's ears ; and a broken pitch-pipe. As to the books and furniture of the school-house, they belonged to the community, excepting Cotton Mather's History of Witchcraft, a New England Almanac, and a book of dreams and fortune-telling : in which last was a sheet of foolscap much scribbled and blotted in several fruitless attempts to make

of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others, were called to mind ; and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the Galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him, the school was removed to a different part of the Hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.



"ICHABOD CAST A LOOK BEHIND."
(Drawn by W. Ralston.)

a copy of verses in honour of the heiress of Van Tassel. These magic books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper ; who from that time forward determined to send his children no more to school, observing, that he never knew any good come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the schoolmaster possessed, and he had received his quarter's pay but a day or two before, he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories

It is true an old farmer, who had been down to New York on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive ; that he had left the neighbourhood, partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper, and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress : that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country ; had kept school and studied law at the same time ; had been admitted to the bar, turned politician, electioneered, written for the newspapers, and finally had been made a justice of the Ten-pound Court. Brom Bones, too, who shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the blooming Katrina

in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh

at the mention of the pumpkin; which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING A WOMAN.

[By C. J. DUNPHIE.]

IT has been said that lookers-on know more about a battle than do the soldiers engaged in the strife. With parity of reasoning, it may be argued that in very right of his manhood, a man is better qualified than a woman to pronounce an opinion upon the advantages specially appertaining to the female sex. Being a man, I deem myself *ipso facto* qualified to discourse authoritatively upon the gain and glory of being a woman. Before doing so, however, I must say a word in explanation of my motive, lest, peradventure, it should be misunderstood by those of whose good report in my regard I would on no account be unmindful. Let it not be supposed that I am envious of the splendid privileges enjoyed by the ladies, or would abridge their priceless prerogatives. Perish the ignoble thought! I would enlarge those privileges and multiply those prerogatives one hundred-fold, were it possible to do so. All I propose is, to show how much more enviable than the lot of man is that of woman, and, in one emphatic word, to prove that the next dearest blessing that can befall a human being, after not having been born at all, is to have been born a woman.

The physical advantages of being a woman are many and various. The gift of Beauty, with all its concomitant delights, belongs to woman, and to her alone. There never was, and it may be safely predicted that there never will be, on earth any such creature as an ugly woman. Nobody ever heard of such a phenomenon. To be a woman is to be beautiful, and so far is she from diminishing in personal attraction, that we are every day assured upon the most disinterested authority that "loveliness is on the increase." It stands to reason that it must be so, for women are on the increase; and woman and loveliness are convertible terms. I have travelled in many lands and mingled with all classes, but I have never yet seen either an ugly woman or a handsome man. One man may possibly be a shade—just a shade—less hideous than another, but no man makes a nearer approach to beauty than that. All men are of necessity ill-shaped and ill-favoured, whereas all women are, by a law no less inflexible, symmetrical in form and fair to look upon. Some of them, doubtless, are more symmetrical and fairer than others, but all are symmetrical and fair. When a sword is

put into a man's hand, and he is told to go forth and fly at some other man's throat, for the dear sake of "England, home, and *beauty*," no one is so foolish as to imagine that he is thereby enjoined to do battle for his own miserable sex. Nothing of the kind. England is a lady. Look at her figure on our coins. Who ever saw Britannia in trousers and a chimney-pot? "Home" there is none without a woman. "Beauty" merely means the sex female. Not alone are women beautiful themselves, but they have an instinctive love of the beautiful wherever it is to be found. "Women," observes a lady, "have a much nicer sense of the beautiful than men. They are by far the safer umpires in the matters of propriety and grace. A mere school-girl will be thinking and writing about the beauty of birds and flowers, while her brother is robbing the nests and destroying the roses." Then, again, consider the physical bother and irritation you escape by the simple expedient of being a woman. A man either wears a beard, in which case he must brush, comb, and oil it, at a great cost of time and trouble daily, or he wears none, in which event he has to submit himself once every four-and-twenty hours to the horrible operation of shaving. No woman has to suffer either of these vile alternatives. A lady may sip soup with a dainty grace, whereas a gentleman, do what he may, is compromised in the most distressing manner by his moustache. Furthermore, Nature, who has given to woman the prize of Beauty, and withheld from her the penalty of a Beard, has also bestowed upon her length of days. It is notorious that, all the world over, women as a sex live longer than men similarly classed. Extreme old age is rarely, very rarely, attained by men, whereas you can hardly take up a newspaper without finding mention of some one lady who is well on for her hundredth year, or some other lady who has just died at that mature age. Moreover, in this country, at all events, women are numerically immensely in excess of men, and so have all the power and prestige of majority. So that, view it as we may, whether with reference to beauty of feature, grace of form, length of life, or numerical ascendancy, the advantage is still with women.

But if the physical advantages of being a woman are great, who can estimate the social at their due

value? *Place aux dames!* make way for the ladies! is the law of civilised society, from the equator to either pole. "Will any gentleman oblige a lady!" asks the omnibus-conductor, in his blandest of tones; and no sooner said than done. Out rushes a gentleman in soaking rain and cutting blasts, to oblige a lady (that is to say, to save her the expense of a shilling cab), whom he had never seen before and will probably never see again. Who ever yet heard of a lady getting out to oblige a gentleman? The notion is monstrous. The man who would suggest such a thing would deserve to be hanged on the nearest lamp-post. But men were only made to do homage to women. Everywhere and always the same golden rule obtains. For whom are the tit-bits reserved at every feast?—who gets sugar and spice and all things nice?—who is served first, and has the best seat at breakfast, dinner, and supper?—who polishes off the Neapolitan ices at opera and play?—woman, woman, lovely woman! Who pays for them? Man, the wretch! Who stands by patiently while they are being consumed?—man, hollow-eyed, famine-stricken man! Who comes in for all the kisses of fortune?—woman; and who for all her kicks?—man, man, ugly man, the most unfortunate of created beings! "The lapse of ages changes all things—time, language, the earth, the bounds of the sea, the stars of the sky, and everything about, around, and underneath man, except man himself, who has always been and always will be an unlucky rascal." So spake Lord Byron, and words of truer wisdom were never spoken. But as for Woman, she is the empress of creation, the world is her garden, and man her menial—nothing more. Falling an easy victim to her enchantments, man indulges in a little innocent flirtation. He loves and he rides away. Woman brings her action for breach of promise, and gets swinging damages. Woman loves and *she* rides away. Man brings his action for breach of promise. He is hooted out of court. Woman is privileged to dress in the costliest and most fanciful fashion. Silks, satins, velvets, the most curious fabrics of the loom, feathers, furs, laces, whatsoever things are beauteous, whatsoever things are rare and splendid, are at her disposal, to equip herself out withal, and make her irresistible. Even the innocent little dicky-birds are impressed into her service, and surrender their lives that woman's hat may look the sprucer for their plumage. In her cause the robin red-breast lays down his melodious life; and justly so, since a bird in her hat is worth two in the bush. The little bow-wow dogs give up their brass collars that they may shine upon her snowy neck. She goeth forth conquering and to conquer. Man—poor fellow!—is restricted to the same cut of clothes from generation to generation. What

with his odious chimney-pot hat, and his horrid trowsers, and his never-changing coats—always made of the same material, the wool of the congenial sheep—he is a mere collection of cylinders, and his garments seem to be contrived for the express purpose of enhancing his native ugliness and making him still more ridiculous. In all particulars, both ceremonial and sumptuary, therefore, he is doomed to ignominious inferiority, and must not dare to emulate the splendour of the angelic sex.

So much for what may be termed "externals," but in affairs of graver import, splendid, indeed, are the advantages of being a woman. Who toils? who suffers all hardships? who endures all inclemencies of weather? who bears the burden and the heat of the day? who the rigour and the darkness of the night? Man—the unlucky rascal, man. Who is the last to leave the blazing house? Man. Who stands upon the bridge of the sinking ship and goes down with her into the abysses of the ocean, never, never to be seen again? Man; still man. And when war breaks forth, who fights? who bleeds? who dies? Who should it be but man, the unluckiest of rascals. Meanwhile, woman, bless her sweet heart! remains at her cosy fireside, safe, warm, and comfortable. Thus let it ever be, for our arms should be her protection, and her arms our reward. Only I want to show what a grand and blessed thing it is to be a woman, and what cause for gratitude that human being has who is thus sublimely privileged. Nor is it in times of danger alone that she has the advantage. Whether in war or peace, she has still, as the homely phrase goes, "the longer end of the stick." What can be more irksome, duller, more monotonous than the life of a man? What gayer, brighter, more delightful than that of a woman? A man goes out in the morning, and it may be for six, eight, or ten hours afterwards, he is immured within four walls. It signifies nothing by what name you may dignify his prison, whether as study, studio, shop, office, law-chamber, library, or counting-house, it is to all intents and purposes a prison, and his gaoler's name is "Business." There he toils and moils all day long in inexorable captivity. But no sooner has he left his house after breakfast than his wife is at liberty to wander where she pleases. She gives, with a sweet smile, an order or two to her servants, and for the rest of the day she is queen of herself, that heritage of joy. She sallies forth on her butterfly career to see the shops, to spend her husband's money, to run about upon castors like a table, to visit her friends, and "each change of many-coloured life" to view. Moreover, she may let her hair grow to the length of her waist. We must have ours cut once a month. Oh! who would not be a woman!

Yet another privilege belongs to the sex, and to them alone, the priceless privilege of Weeping. When any trial, real or imaginary, arises to warp their temper, they can have "a good cry," and all is over. This celestial solace is denied to man. His heart may be bleeding at every pore. There let it! He must not dare to shed a tear. If he do, the finger of derision is pointed at him, and he never more may call himself a man. "Women," says Saville, "have more strength in their looks than we have in our laws, and more power by their tears than we have by our arguments." Let the tear but rise to woman's eye, and all is over with "that other animal, man." Be his cause how-

ever righteous, he has nothing for it but to lick the dust :—

"Oh! too convincing—dangerously dear,
In woman's eye the unanswerable tear!
That weapon of her weakness, she can wield
To save, subdue—at once her spear and shield.
Avoid it! Virtue ebbs, and wisdom errs,
Too fondly gazing on that grief of hers!
What lost a world, and made a hero fly?
The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye."

These are but a few of the splendid advantages of being a Woman. The best of everything, their own way, and the last word in every argument—such are the rights of Woman. For my own part, I have never ceased to regret that I am not one.



"WELCOME, BRAVE CORDS!" CRIED HE."

J A F F A R.

[By LEIGH HUNT.]

J A F F A R, the Barmecide, the good Vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,
Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust;
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good, and e'en the bad might say,
Ordnained that no man living from that day
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.
All Araby and Persia held their breath.
All but the brave Mondeer—he, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And facing death for very scorn and grief
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),
Stood forth in Bagdad daily, in the square

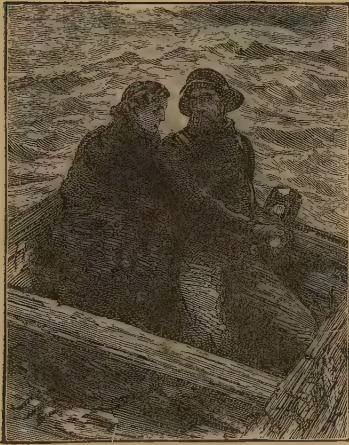
Where once had stood a happy house, and there
Haranged the tremblers at the scymitar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.
"Bring me this man," the caliph cried: the man
Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began
To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords!"
cried he;
"From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me;
From wants, from shames, from loveless household
fears;
Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;
Restored me, loved me, put me on a par
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar?"

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate
Might smile upon another half as great,
And said, "Let worth grow frenzied if it will ;
The caliph's judgment shall be master still.
Go, and since gifts so move thee, take this gem,

The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit."
"Gifts !" cried the friend. He took ; and hold-
ing it
High towards the heavens, as though to meet his
star,
Exclaimed, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar."

A NIGHT RIDE.

[From "Love me Little, Love me Long." By CHARLES READE.]



THE sun
went down
red and angry.
The night
came on dark
and howling.
No moon. A
murky sky
like a black
bellying cur-
tain above,
and huge
ebony waves
that, in the ap-
palling black-
ness, seemed
all crested
with devour-

ing fire, hemmed in the tossing boat, and growled and snarled and raged above, below, and around her.

Then, in that awful hour, Lucy Fountain felt her littleness and the littleness of man. She cowered and trembled.

The sailors, rough but tender nurses, wrapped shawls round her one above the other, "to make her snug for the night," they said. They seemed to her to be mocking her. "Snug? Who could hope to outlive such a fearful night? and what did it matter whether she was drowned in one shawl or a dozen?"

David being amidships, baling the boat out, and Jack at the helm, she took the opportunity, and got very close to the latter, and said in his ear—

"Mr. Jack, we are in danger."

"Not exactly in danger, Miss; but, of course, we must mind our eye; but I have often been where I have had to mind my eye, and hope to be again."

"Mr. Jack," said Lucy, shivering; "what is our danger? Tell me the nature of it, then I shall not be so cowardly: will the boat break?"

"Bless you, no."

"Will it upset?"

"No fear of that."

"Will not the sea swallow us?"

"No, Miss. How can the sea swallow us? She rides like a cork; and there is the skipper baling her out to make her lighter still. No; I'll tell you, Miss: all we have got to mind is two things, we must not let her broach-to, and we must not get pooped."

"But why mustn't we?"

"Why? Because we mustn't."

"But I mean what would be the consequence of broaching-to?"

Jack opened his eyes in astonishment.

"Why the sea would run over her quarter, and swamp her."

"Oh! And if we get pooped?"

"We shall go to Davy Jones, like a bullet."

"Who is Davy Jones?"

"The old one, you know—down below. Leastways, you won't go there, Miss; you will go aloft, and perhaps the skipper; but Davy will have me, so I won't give him a chance if I can help it."

Lucy cried.

"Where are we, Mr. Jack?"

"British Channel."

"I know that; but whereabouts?"

"Heaven knows; and no doubt the skipper, he knows; but I don't. I am only a common sailor. Shall I hail the skipper; he will tell you."

"No! no! no! He is so angry if we speak."

"He won't be angry if you speak to him, Miss," said Jack, with a sly grin, that brought a faint colour into Lucy's cheek; "you should have seen him, how anxious he was about you before we came alongside; and the moment that lubber went forward to dip the lug, says he, 'Jack, there will be mischief; up mainsel and run down to them. I have no confidence in that tall boy.' (He do seem a long, weedy, useless sort of lubber.) Lord bless you, Miss, we luffed, and were running down to you long before you made the signal of distress with your little white flag." Lucy's cheeks got redder. "No, Miss; if the skipper speaks severe to you, Jack Painter is blind with one eye, and can't see with t'other."

Lucy's cheeks were carnation ; but the next moment they were white, for a terrible event interrupted this chat ; two huge waves rolled one behind the other—an occurrence which luckily is not frequent ; the boat, descending into the valley of the sea, had the wind taken out of her sails by the high wave that was coming ; her sails flapped, she lost her speed, and as she rose again the second wave was a moment too quick for her, and its combing crest caught her. The first thing Lucy saw was Jack running from the helm with a loud cry of fear, followed by what looked an arch of fire, but sounded like a lion rushing growling on its prey, and directly her feet and ankles were in a pool of water.

David bounded aft, swearing and splashing through it, and it turned into sparks of white fire flying this way and that : he seized the helm and discharged a loud volley of curses at Jack.

"Fling out ballast, ye cowardly, useless lubber !" cried he ; and while Jack, who had recoiled into his normal state of nerves with almost ridiculous rapidity, was heaving out ballast David discharged another rolling volley at him.

"Oh, pray don't !" cried Lucy, trembling like an aspen leaf. "Oh, think ! we shall soon be in the presence of our Maker—of Him whose name you—"

"Not we," cried David, with broad, cheerful incredulity ; "we have lots more mischief to do—that lubber and I. And if he thinks he is going there, let him end like a man, not like a skulking lubber, running from the helm and letting the craft come up in the wind."

"No ! no ! It was the sea he ran from. Who would not ?"

"The lubber ! If it had been a tiger or a bear, I'd say nothing ; but what is the use of trying to run from the sea ? Should have stuck to his post and set that thundering back of his up—it's broad enough—and kept the sea out of your boots. The sea indeed ! I have seen the sea come on board me, and clear the deck fore and aft, but it didn't come in the shape of a cupful o' water and a spoonful o' foam." Here David's wrath and contempt were interrupted by Jack singing waggishly at his work :

"Cease—rude Boreas—blustering—railer !"

At which sly hit David was pleased, and burst into a loud boisterous laugh.

Lucy put her hands to her ears.

"Oh don't ! don't ! this is worse than your blasphemies : laughing on the brink of eternity. These are not men, they are devils."

"Do you hear that, Jack ? Come, you behave !" roared David.

A faint snarl from Talboys : the water had penetrated him, and roused him from a state of

sick torpor : he lay in a tidy little pool some eight inches deep.

The boat was baled and lightened ; but Lucy's fears were not set at rest. What was to hinder the recurrence of the same danger, and with more fatal effect ? She timidly asked David's permission to let her keep the sea out. Instead of snubbing her as she expected, David consented with a sort of paternal benevolence tinged with incredulity. She then developed her plan ; it was that David, Jack, and she, should sit in a triangle, and hold the tarpaulin out to windward, and fence the ocean out. Jack, being summoned aft to council, burst into a hoarse laugh, but David checked him.

"There is more in it than you see, Jack ; more than she sees, perhaps. My only doubt is whether it is possible ; but you can try."

Lucy and Jack then tried to get the tarpaulin out to windward : instead of which it carried them to leeward, by the force of the wind. The mast brought them up, or heaven knows where their new invention would have carried them. With infinite difficulty they got it down and kneeled upon it, and even then it struggled. But Lucy would not be defeated ; she made Jack gather it up in the middle, and roll it first to the right and then to the left, till it became a solid roll with two narrow open edges. They then carried it abaft, and lowered it vertically over the stern port ; then suddenly turned it round, and sat down. Crack ! the wind opened it, and wrapped it round the boat and the trio.

"Hallo !" cried David, "it is foul of the rudder," and he whipped out his knife and made a slit in the stuff. It now clung like a blister.

"There, Mr. Dodd, will not that keep the sea out ?" asked Lucy triumphantly.

"At any rate, it may help to keep us ahead of the sea. Why, Jack ! I seem to feel it lift her : it's as good as a mizen."

"But, oh ! Mr. Dodd, there is another danger. We may broach-to."

"How can she broach-to when I am at the helm ? here is the arm that won't let her broach-to."

"Then I feel safe."

"You are as safe as on your own sofa. It is the discomfort you are put to that worries me."

"Don't think so meanly of me, Mr. Dodd. If it was not for my cowardice, I should enjoy this voyage far more than the luxurious ease you think so dear to me ; I despise it."

"Mr. Dodd, now I am no longer afraid, I am—oh, so sleepy !"

"No wonder ; go to sleep. It is the best you can do."

"Thank you, sir. I am aware my conversation is not very interesting."

Having administered this sudden bloodless scratch, to show that at sea, or ashore, in fair weather or foul, she retained her sex, Lucy disposed herself to sleep. David, steering the boat with his left hand, arranged the cushion with his right. She settled herself to sleep, for an irresistible drowsiness had followed the many hours of excitement she had gone through. Twice the heavy plunging sea brought her into light contact with David; she instantly woke and apologised to him with gentle dismay, for taking so audacious a liberty with that great man, commander of the vessel; the third time she said nothing, a sure sign she was unconscious.

Then David, for fear she might hurt herself, curled his arm round her, and let her head decline upon his shoulder. Her bonnet fell off; he put it reverently on the other side of the helm. The air now cleared, but the gale increased rather than diminished. And now the moon rose large and bright. The boat and masts stood out like white stonework against the flint-coloured sky, and the silver light played on Lucy's face. There she lay all unconscious of her posture, on the man's shoulder who loved her, and whom she had refused: her head thrown back in sweet helplessness; her rich hair streaming over David's shoulder; her eyes closed, but the long lovely lashes meeting so that the double fringe was as speaking as most eyes, and her lips half open in an innocent smile. The storm was no storm to her now. She slept the sleep of childhood, of innocence, and peace; and David gazed and gazed on her, and joy and tenderness almost more than human thrilled through him, and the storm was no storm to him either. He forgot the past, defied the future, and in the delirium of his joy, blessed the sea and the wind, and wished for nothing but, instead of the Channel, a boundless ocean, and to sail upon it thus—her bosom tenderly grazing him, and her lovely head resting on his shoulder—for ever, and ever, and ever.

Thus they sailed on for two hours and more, and Jack now began to nod. All of a sudden Lucy awoke, and, opening her eyes, surprised David gazing at her with tenderness unspeakable. Awaking possessed with the notion that she was sleeping at home on a bed of down, she looked dumbfounded an instant; but David's eyes soon sent the blood into her cheek. Her whole supple person turned eel-like, and she glided quickly but not the least brusquely from him; the latter might have seemed discourteous.

"Oh! Mr. Dodd," she cried, "what am I doing?"

"You have been getting a nice sleep, thank heaven!"

"Yes, and making use of you, even in my sleep; but we all impose on your goodness!"

"Why did you awake? you were happy. You felt no care; and I was happy seeing you so."

Lucy's eyes filled. "Kind, true friend," she murmured; "how can I ever thank you as I ought? I little deserved that you should watch over my safety as you have done, and, alas! risk your own. Any other but you would have borne me malice, and let me perish, and said, 'It serves her right.'"

"Malice! Miss Lucy. What for, in heaven's name?"

"For—for the affront I put upon you: for the—honour I declined."

"Hate cannot lie alongside love in a true heart."

"I see it cannot in a noble one. And then you are so generous. You have never once recurred to that unfortunate topic, yet you have gained a right to request me—to re-consider—Mr. Dodd, you have saved my life!"

"What, do you praise me because I don't take a mean advantage? That would not be behaving like a man."

"I don't know that. You over-rate your sex—and mine. We don't deserve such generosity. The proof is, we reward those who are not so—delicate."

"I don't trouble my head about your sex. They are nothing to me, and never will be. If you think I have done my duty like a man, and as much like a gentleman as my homely education permits, that is enough for me, and I shall sail for China as happy as anything on earth can make me now."

Lucy answered this by crying gently, silently, tenderly.

"Don't ye cry! Have I said something to vex you?"

"Oh, no! no!"

"Are you alarmed still?"

"Oh, no! I have such faith in you."

"Then go to sleep again, like a lamb."

"I will: then I shall not tease you with my conversation."

"Now, there is a way to put it."

"Forgive me!"

"That I will, if you will take some repose. There, I will lash you to my arm with this handkerchief, then you can lie the other way, and hold on by the handkerchief—there."

She closed her eyes, and fell apparently to sleep, but really to thinking. Then David nudged Jack and waked him.

"Speak low now, Jack."

"What is it, sir?"

"Land ahead!"

Jack looked out, and there was a mountain of jet rising out of the sea, and, to a landsman's eye, within a stone's throw of them.

"Is it the French coast, sir? I must have been asleep."

"French coast? no; Channel Island—smallest of the lot."

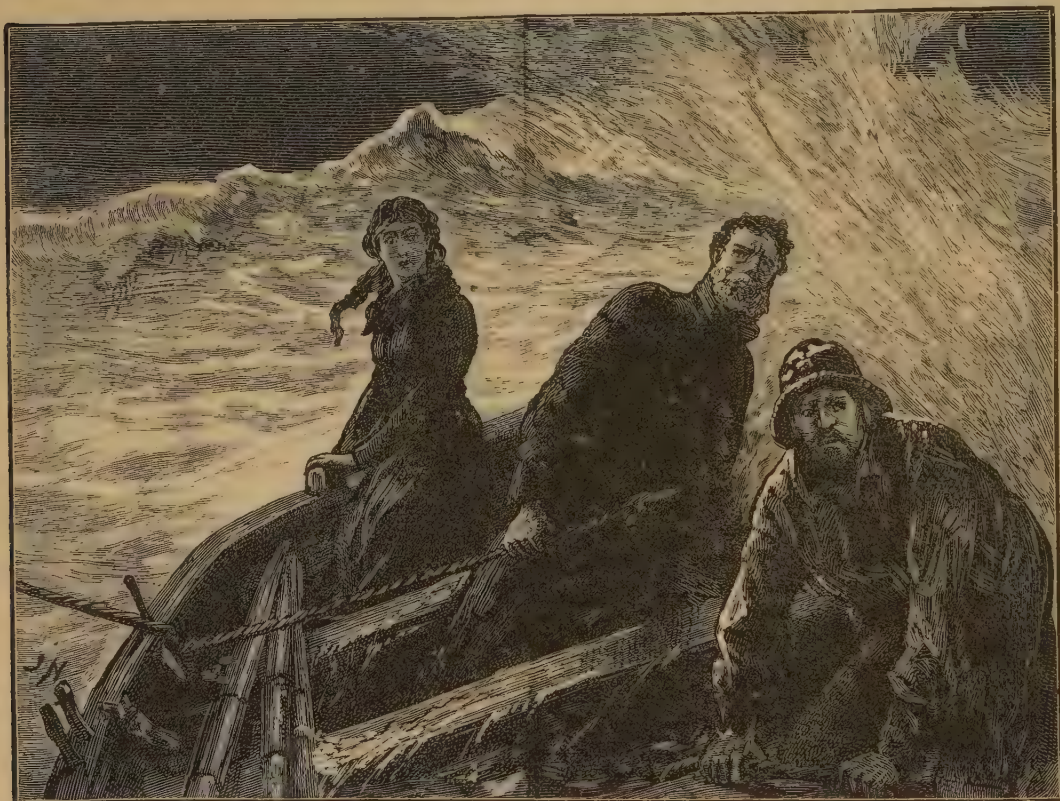
"Better give it a wide berth, sir. We shall go smash like a teacup if we run on to one of them rocky islands."

"Why, Jack," said David, reproachfully, "am I the man to run upon a lee-shore; and such a night as this?"

little of it goes a long way. I don't know much myself, but I do know the soundings of the British Channel. I have made them my study. On the south side of this rocky point there is forty fathom water close to the shore, and good anchorage-ground."

"Then I wish we could jump over the thundering island, and drop on to the lee-side of it; but as we can't, what's the use?"

"We may be able to round the point."



"THE BOAT . . . DARTED AMONG THE BREAKERS." (Drawn by J. Nash.)

"Not likely; you will keep her head for Cherbourg, or St. Malo, sir; it is our only chance."

"It is not our only chance, nor our best. We have been running a little ahead of this gale, Jack; there is worse in store for us: the sea is rolling mountains high on the French coast this morning, I know. We are like enough to be pooped before we get there, or swamped on some harbour-bar at last."

"Well, sir, we must take our chance."

"Take our chance? what with heads on our shoulders, and an angel on board that heaven has given us charge of. No! I shan't take my chance. I shall try all I know, and hang on to life by my eyelids. Listen to me. Knowledge is gold: a

"There will be an awful sea running off that point, sir."

"Of course there will. I mean to try it, for all that."

"So be it, sir; that is what I like to hear. I do hate palaver. Let one give his orders, and the rest obey them. We are not above half a mile from it now."

"You had better wake the landsman. We must have a third hand for this."

"No," said a woman's voice, sweet, but clear and unwavering. "I shall be the third hand."

"Curse it!" cried David; "she has heard us."

"Every word. And I have no confidence in Mr. Talboys: and, believe me, I am more to be

trusted than he is. See, my cowardice is all worn out. Do but trust me, and you shall find I want neither courage nor intelligence.

David eyed her keenly, and full in the face. She met his glance calmly, with fine nostril slightly expanding, and her compressed lip curving proudly.

"It is all right, Jack. It is not a flash in the pan. She is as steady as a rock;" he then addressed her rapidly and business-like, but with deference.

"You will stand by the helm on this side, and the moment I run forward, you will take the helm and hold it in this position. That will require all your strength. Come, try it—well done!"

"How the sea struggles with me! But I am strong, you see," cried Lucy, her brow flushed with the battle.

"Very good! you are strong, and, what is better, resolute. Now, observe me; this is port, this is starboard, and this is amidships."

"I see; but how am I to know which to do?"

"I shall give you the word of command"

"And all I have to do is to obey it."

"That is all. But you will find it enough, because the sea will seem to fight with you. It will shake the boat to make you let go; and will perhaps dash in your face to make you let go."

"Forewarned, forearmed, Mr. Dodd. I will not leave go. I will hold on by my eyelids—sooner than add to your danger."

"Jack, she is on fire; she gives me double heart."

"So she does me. She makes it a pleasure."

They were now near enough the point to judge what they had to do, and the appearance of the sea was truly terrible; the waves were all broken, and a surge of devouring fire seemed to rage and roar round the point, and oppose an impassable barrier between them and the inky pool beyond, where safety lay under the lee of the high rocks.

"I don't like it," said David. "It looks to me like going through a strip of hell-fire."

"But it is narrow," said Lucy.

"That is our chance: and the tide is coming. We will try it. She will drench us, but I don't much think she will swamp us. Are you ready, all hands?"

"Oh! please wait a minute, till I do up my hair!"

"Take a minute, but no more."

"There, it is done: Mr. Dodd, one word; if all should fail, and death be inevitable, tell me so—just before we perish, and I shall have something to say to you. Now, I am ready."

"Jump forward, Jack."

"Yes, sir."

"Stand by to jibe the foresail."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"See our sweeps all clear."

"Ay."

David now handled the mainsheet, and at the same time looked earnestly at Lucy, who met his eye with a look of eager attention.

"Starboard a little. That will do. Steady; steady as you go."

As the boat yielded to the helm, Jack gathered in on the sheet, took two turns round the cleat, and eased away till the sail drew its best; so far so good. Both sails were now on the same side of the boat, the wind on her port quarter: but now came the dangerous operation of coming to the wind in a rough and broken sea, among the eddies of wind and tide so prevalent off headlands. David with the mainsheet in his right hand, directed Lucy with his left as well as his voice.

"Starboard the helm, starboard yet—now meet her,—so," and as she rounded-to, Jack and he kept hauling the sheets aft, and the boat, her course and trim altered, darted among the breakers like a brave man attacking danger. After the first plunge she went up and down like a pickaxe, coming down almost where she went up; but she held her course, with the waves roaring round her like a pack of hell-hounds. More than half the terrible strip was passed.

"Starboard yet," cried David; and she headed towards the high mainland, under whose lee was calm and safety.

Alas! at this moment a snorter of a sea broke under her broadside, and hove her to leeward like a cork, and a tide eddy catching her under the counter, she came to more than two points, and her canvas, thus emptied, shook enough to tear the masts out of her by the board.

"Port your helm—port! port!" roared David, in a voice like the roar of a wounded lion, and in his anxiety he bounded to the helm himself; but Lucy obeyed orders at half a word, and David, seeing this, sprang forward to help Jack flatten in the foresheet. The boat, which all through answered the helm beautifully, fell off the moment Lucy ported the helm, and thus they escaped the impending and terrible danger of her making stern way.

"Helm amidships!" and all drew again; the black water was in sight. But will they ever reach it? she tosses like a cork. Bang! a breaker caught her bows, and drenched David and Jack to the very bone. She quivered like an aspen-leaf—but held on.

"Starboard one point," cried David, sitting down and lifting an oar out from the boat; but just as Lucy, in obeying the order, leaned a little over the lee gunwale with the tiller, a breaker broke like a shell upon the boat's broadside abaft, stove in her upper plank, and filled her with water: some

flew and slapped Lucy in the face like an open hand. She screamed, but clung to the gunwale, and gripped the helm; her arm seemed iron, and her heart was steel. While she clung thus to her work, blinded by the spray, and expecting death, she heard oars splash into the water and mellow stentorian voices burst out singing.

In amazement she turned, squeezed the brine out of her eyes, and looked all round: and, lo, the boat was in a trifling bubble of a sea, and close astern was the surge of fire raging and growling and blazing in vain; and the two sailors were pulling the boat, with superhuman strength and inspiration, into a monster millpool that now lay right ahead, black as ink and smooth as oil, singing loudly as they rowed:

“Cheerily oh, oh! (pull) cheerily oh, oh! (pull),
To port we go, oh (pull), to port we go (pull).”

Flare! a great flaming eye opened on them in the centre of the universal blackness.

“Look! look!” cried Lucy, “a fire in the mountain.”

It was the lantern of a French sloop anchored close to the shore. The crew had heard the sailors’ voices. At sight of it David and Jack cheered so lustily, that Talboys crawled out of the water, and glared vaguely. The sailors pulled under the sloop’s lee quarter, a couple of ropes were instantly lowered, the lantern held aloft, ruby heads and hands clustered at the gangway, and in another minute the boat’s party were all up on deck under a hailstorm of French, and the boat fast to her stern.

CONTENTMENT.

[By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.]

“Man wants but little here below.”

LITTLE I ask; my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone
(A very plain brown stone will do)
That I may call my own;
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;
Three courses are as good as ten;
If nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three—Amen!
I always thought cold victual nice—
My choice would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land;
Give me a mortgage here and there;
Some good bank-stock, some note of hand,
Or trifling railroad share—
I only ask that Fortune send
A little more than I shall spend.

Honours are silly toys, I know,
And titles are but empty names;
I would, perhaps, be Plenipo—
But only near St. James;
I’m very sure I should not care
To fill our Gubernator’s chair.

Jewels are baubles; ’tis a sin
To care for such unfruitful things—
One good-sized diamond in a pin,
Some, not so large, in rings,
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,
Will do for me—I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire
(Good, heavy silks are never dear);
I own perhaps I *might* desire
Some shawls of true Cashmere—
Some narrowy crapes of China silk,
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

Wealth’s wasteful tricks I will not learn
Nor ape the glitt’ring upstart fool;
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
But all must be of Buhl?
Give grasping pomp its double care—
I ask but one recumbent chair

Thus humble let me live and die,
Nor long for Midas’ golden touch;
If Heaven more gen’rous gifts deny,
I shall not miss them much—
Too grateful for the blessing lent
Of simple tastes and mind content!



THE VAPOUR BATH.

[From "More Happy Thoughts." By F. C. BURNAND.]



MR. CASPAR has just called in late at night, and finding me at my notes (above) on my new theory, has ordered me not to write any more for a day or two, and to go to bed at once. Caspar is an excellent fellow, and

really takes a personal friendly interest in a patient. He is much struck with my theory of "moulds," and says he will call in and talk it over in the morning. In the meantime (that is, between this and breakfast) I am to go in for a hotter bath up to 28° Réaumur, be very careful in diet, rely upon *Friedrichshaller-bitterwasser*, and not write a line about this new theory till he gives me permission. Should like to telegraph to my wife and tell her. Have sent to Popwood and Groolly a telegram to this effect:—

"New theory. Moulds. Upset everything. Great Idea. Write again. Will you publish?"

Dr. Caspar insists on seeing me into bed. He says "the sulphur is doing its work well." Something is coming out of me. What?

Dyngwell looks in. "Well, old Cockalorum, got the papsylalls, after all, eh? Doctor given you something golopshus. Rub it in." This is his general idea of a prescription. "Good night."

Dr. Caspar prescribes douche and vapour baths. It'll be all out of me, whatever it is, in another week or so. I ask him if I may employ my leisure in writing *Typical Developments* and the *Theory of Origination*, for Popgood and Groolly.

He says "No, decidedly not." That instead I must devote myself to *Kagelspiel*—*Kagelspiel* is skittles. I remember that Dr. Whately used to relax his mind by swinging on the chains of the post in front of the archiepiscopal palace. Caspar is right. He is, I find, invariably right; being a thoroughly scientific doctor, without a grain of humbug. Baths in the morning, dinner mid-day, *Kagelspiel* in the afternoon; tea in the evening, and attendance at a concert or any musical meeting.

Plenty of music in Aix. I have now been here long enough to observe that my first impressions were remarkably superficial.

I note down that for recovery of health, and generally for getting anything out of you, there is no better place, I should imagine, than Aachen.

Happy Thought.—To write to Milburd and forestall him in the joke which I know he will make when I return about leaving my Aches (Aix) behind me.

Second Happy Thought on Same Subject.—Set the idea to music, "*The Girl I left Behind Me*," i.e., "*The Aches I left Behind Me*." Say to Milburd in my letter,—

"If you see any one who asks for me,
And doesn't know where to find me;
You may say that I've gone across the sea,
And left my Aix behind me."

Copy this into three letters to other people, including one to Friddy. The other people don't know Milburd, so it will be all right.

The Vapour Bath.—Shown into a bed-room at the *Neubad*, whitewashed walls and window near the ceiling. *Idea.* Prisoner's dormitory, still on the Silent System. Bath-man presently returns, looking warmer than usual, and says something that sounds like *Der Damp Shift is fertish*, which I am right in taking to mean that the Vapour Bath is ready. I follow him, in what I may term, delicately, my popular character of *Unfallen Adam*, across a paved passage, cell-doors on either side (from which I imagine people suddenly looking out and saying "Hallo!" as Milburd would, if he were here) to a small jam-closet without any shelves, but with a skylight above.

In this closet is the case of, as it were, a small quaint old-fashioned piano, only without the works and key-board. This is the Vapour Bath. The Bath-man opens it: I see at once that I am to step in. I step in. I see that I am to sit down over where the steam is coming up. I do, nervously. The Bath-man then boxes me in by closing the front, and putting up a sort of slanting shutter, which only leaves my head out of a hole at the top, like some sort of Chinese punishment of which I remember a picture. I fancy the Bath-man rather enjoys this, as his only chance of a practical joke. Hope he won't think it fun, or do something stupid. He hangs my watch on a nail opposite me and says, "fifteen minuten in der bad."

Happy Thought.—"Nein. Fünf."

He won't hear of such a thing. I don't like being left alone. He smiles and nods, "Nice varm?" he asks, and shuts the door on me. It is varm, but it

is *not* nice. How horribly slow the time passes. Yes, it *is* like a Chinese punishment. I try to distract my mind. Let me see what can I think about? Odd, I can't think of anything except the



"FIFTEEN MINUTEN IN DER BAD." (Drawn by Harry Furniss.)

time and the bath. Yes, one thing, "Can any one see through this skylight?" No—ground glass. Suddenly I become aware of myriads of little insects on the wall by my watch. Ants. They are nowhere else.—They are very busy. Suppose they were to forsake the wall, and run all over my face and hair? I can't do anything. What is Ant in German? I will complain when Bath-man re-appears.

He does re-appear on the instant—that is, his head re-appears smilingly, and asks "Nice varm?" I reply "*Jah*." He adds, "Time, no?" and retires.

I have forgotten the Ants. Who was it, Bruce or Wallace who became King of Scotland by watching a spider? Galileo made a scientific discovery about the pendulum while watching a church-lamp during a stupid sermon. These Ants might lead me to turn my attention to natural history, if I stay here long enough.

Odd: the Vapour Bath doesn't seem to be taking anything out of me. I thought it would be something fearful, and that I should yell, half suffocated and parboiled, for help.

Bath-man's head again, "Nice varm? Time, no?" and disappears.

At the expiration of a quarter of an hour he enters with a warm linen mantle. He unpacks the box (I could have travelled from here to London in this case, labelled "with care," and "this side uppermost") and I come out, like a character in a pantomime, when a watch-box or something is struck by harlequin's wand and out steps a boy dressed like Napoleon (only I'm dressed like

Nobody and *in* nothing), and am immediately clothed in the warm garment.

Then I follow Bath-man back to bed-room.

Here I am tumbled into a hot bed at once. Bath-man savagely tucks me up. "Nice varm?" he asks again. "*Heiss*," I reply. "*So ist goot*," he answers. He surveys me in bed. I am helpless. "*Der andere Mann*," he informs me, "take damp bad to-day."

He says this in an encouraging tone, as much as to impress upon me that in all matters connected with the baths I can't do better than follow the example of *Der andere Mann*.

I feel that I *ought* to be dreadfully, unbearably hot, but I'm not. There seems, as I lie on my back, bound down by sheets under a huge feather bed or two, to be a sort of infernal jingle of a rhyme in my head.

I ought to be hot,
But I'm not, I'm not.
I will if I can,
Like *Der andere Mann*.

Who *is* this *Andere Mann*? I've never seen him. Perhaps he is in the next cell to me. Wish I could sleep. Should like to, but mustn't; at least Caspar says it's bad to do so. Must stay in for forty minutes. Impossible to read, even if one had a book. Why don't they invent some plan of fixing up a book before you? Wish Friddy were here: she'd read to me. Devoted wife, reading to vapour-bathed husband. I am *not* very warm. Wonder if it's doing me good? or harm?



"HE IS MORE DISGUSTED WITH ME THAN EVER." (Drawn by Harry Furniss.)

Bath-man looks in. He takes a towel, and wipes my forehead: apparently without any satisfactory result, as he is more disgusted with me than ever.

"*Nein*," he says, "*nix varm*." Then in a tone

of expostulation, "*Der andere Mann much varm: sweat der andere Mann.*"

I am getting angry: I feel it. I am annoyed. What do I care about *Der andere Mann's* state of heat? I wish I knew the German for "comparisons are odious," I'd say it. All I do is to restrain my impatience, and merely say, "Oh, very odd. Twenty minutes," by which I mean that in that time leave this bed, whatever happens, "much I will varm" or not. Begin to think I've had enough of it.

Ten Minutes after the above.—Interval of thinking of nothing, except trying to recollect poetry, and failing. Bath-man enters. He is puzzled by my comparative frigidity.

"*Der andere Mann,*" he begins again, "*much varm: sweat, der andere Mann, much sweat.*" This in a loud tone, and as if at a loss to find terms to make me comprehend the admirable conduct of this infernal *Andere Mann*; "but," he goes on, more in sorrow than in anger at my utter failure, "*you, nix varm, nix sweat; nutting,*" and he consequently comes with towels rather before his time, having decided upon giving me up as a bad job. He shakes his head dejectedly, as he goes through the mere formality of wrapping me up, and rubbing me down, to preserve me from sudden chill, and soon leaves me as unworthy of further attention, probably to report my extraordinary conduct to the *Andere Mann*, and to praise him in fulsome language for his exemplary bearing in and out of the vapour bath.

"Try again another day," I say to Bath-man as I leave. But he has no reply for me: he is dejected. There are only two men, who, now the season is over, come to these baths. One is myself, and the other is *Der andere Mann*, and the first is, in the Bath-man's opinion, beneath contempt as a "Dampfshifter."

English party here, small by degrees, and beautifully less; which quotation also applies to the gouts, and rheumatisms, and other ills the flesh is heir to, under Dr. Caspar's treatment and application of sulphur waters.

System in my case undergoes a change. Besides the vapour bath, where after several ineffectual attempts I never can come up to the temperature of *Der Andere Mann*, I am now *douched*.

The Douche.—The *Doucheman*, I mean the man who gives you the *douche*, appears dressed in a sort of nightgown and nightcap. I get out of his way at first, under the impression that he is an elderly lady, who has mistaken her compartment in the bath. He beckons me, I hesitate under the above-mentioned impression, naturally. He smiles, and beckons me again.

Happy Thought.—Not unlike *Hamlet's Father's Ghost*. "His custom always of an afternoon."

Another Happy Thought in the same line.—"Lead on, I follow." He *does* lead on, and I do follow. To a cell with bath, similar to the others, only with a large water-pipe in it, coming down the back wall, above where your head would be if you sat under it.

We are both silent. He shuts the door. There is something unpleasantly mysterious in these movements. Feel that I must be on the defensive. (Nervous system a little out of order, or else why be afraid of a *Doucheman*, who, I know, will not do me any harm? Shall refer this to Caspar, who will feel my pulse, which of itself is an operation that disturbs me considerably until the Doctor speaks, when I invariably feel relieved, whatever he says.) *Doucheman* suddenly takes off his bathing-gown and appears something like an acrobat who is going to support another acrobat on a pole. I am the other acrobat. Wish I knew the German for "acrobat." He speaks French, so I try "*Acrobar.*" I say, "We are two Acrobars," pleasantly. He nods (he is now standing in the bath, doing something with the mouth of the pipe), smiles, and turns the water on to himself, just to see how *he* likes it before he tries it on *me*.

He is satisfied with the waterworks, and again imitates the *Ghost* in "*Hamlet.*" I descend the steps. "Speak! I'll go no farther."

He speaks; "*plus bas,*" he says, whereupon, after thinking for a few seconds what he means, I take up my position one step lower. I can imagine a very nervous man being thoroughly frightened by the next proceeding, which is to take you, quite unawares, by the leg. Somehow it's the last thing any one would think of. It seems to me that the *Doucheman* has no settled plan, but that after considering the patients for a few minutes, he is suddenly seized by a—

Happy Thought.—"Take him by the left leg" (*vide* poem about the infidel Longlegs) and pummel his foot.

The noise of the water rushing through the pipe on to my leg prevents conversation (it is *Niagara* in miniature), otherwise I should like to talk to him about the art of douching, and what is *his* idea of the particular benefit to the subject. In a moment's pause, that is, before he gets hold of my other leg, I collect myself for a question in French, "Why do you do this?" It sounds piteous, I fancy, as if I had added, "I never did anything unkind to you!"

He answers that it is "*pour faire rouler le sang,*" and begins kneading my instep.

Happy Thought.—A kneaded friend is a friend indeed, or, a friend who kneads is a friend indeed.

Think it out, and put it down to Sydney Smith. Douche on my hands, arms, chest, everywhere.

Happy Thought.—All round my hat. Happier thought, on expanding my chest to the full force of the water, "All round my heart." Niagara on my back. Squirt, rush, whizz, sky-rockets of water at me. I am catching it heavily over the shoulders.

Happy Thought.—Should like to turn round suddenly, and see if the Doucheman is laughing. I daresay it's very good fun for *him*. Sort of perpetual practical joke. Capital employment for Milburd if he ever wants a situation.

In twenty minutes it is all over.

Happy Thought.—Write a description of it all in some cheap form. Call it "Twenty minutes

with a Doucheman." Telegraph the idea to Popgood and Groolly. They haven't replied to my other telegram.

Fresh sulphur water is turned on up to 30° Réaumur, and I sit calmly meditating on the stirring events of the last half-hour in the tranquillity of the ordinary bath, the Doucheman having resumed his nightgown and wished me *bon jour*.

Happy Thought.— "Oh that a Doucheman's draught should be," &c. Sing it myself. Stop on remembering that if Der andere Mann is in the building, this will encourage him to begin his operatic selections.

THE CIGARETTE.

[By H. SAVILE CLARKE.]

PHILIPPE DE MORTEMAR, a French gentleman—aged about fifty years or more, said those who professed to be knowing in such matters—lived in the village of Mayford and taught his language to the pupils that fortune brought him. Why and when Monsieur de Mortemar came to Mayford none seemed to know, though many people suspected that he had once been in the train of a certain very High Personage who had dwelt for a time at Lulworth, in the adjoining county. Thus, then, Philippe de Mortemar had that social mint-mark which is all important in dear England, and he could indeed have had far more pupils than he chose to take. Margaret Plowden was no relation to the family of that name, or the *fleur de lis* on her paternal coat of arms might have matched the lilies of France which had so often shone before the eyes of her tutor. Indeed, her father, Isaac Plowden the ironmaster, would have positively resented the suggestion that he came of an old family. He was a self-made man, with the usual admiration of such a person for the man who made him, and he only cared for two things in the world—his money and his daughter.

Margaret Plowden in no respect resembled her father, who was a stout, stolid man, with much jewellery hung about him, like a gilt dumpling, but she was "a daughter of the gods, divinely tall," with chestnut hair and the creamy complexion that so often goes with it, dark eyes with long lashes, and a figure that was simply perfect: people wondered how so lovely an offshoot could come of the very rugged family tree of Plowden. She was, moreover, very romantic, and hence it came about that she had not long been the pupil of De Mortemar when she began to see in the

grave and interesting Frenchman her ideal of all that was chivalrous, the hero of many a dream dangerous to maidenhood. Such conduct was reprehensible, and that for two reasons. In the first place our heroine was as good as engaged to young Smithson, the son of another millionaire, whose lands matched with her father's. It was a family arrangement made by the two old men over their port, and up to this time the young people had apparently acquiesced in it. Margaret had no mother in whom to confide, and her father had taken her consent for granted, while he would have gone well-nigh mad at the idea of her marrying the penniless Frenchman. Young Smithson, for his part, was quite willing to wed so charming a girl, and in the intervals of his soldiering—for he was a cornet in a cavalry regiment—he was duly attentive to Margaret. The girl herself—for she was only seventeen—liked Tom Smithson well enough, for he was a fine young fellow, though a little rough and self-assertive; and she would have gone on doing so had she never known Philippe de Mortemar, with the grave smile that told of a man who had a history, and the charm of manner which vouched for a life spent among the stately ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain. But a perilous intimacy resulted from the lessons in French, and, as Margaret thought that no language had ever sounded so enchanting as that she studied under such a teacher, the idea of marrying Tom Smithson became exceedingly distasteful to her; and that young man, which was certainly hard upon him, appeared as a sort of bogey in her eyes.

And Philippe de Mortemar—how fared it with him? He had years ago experienced the emotions which seemed so new and strange to Margaret:

he had lived and had loved, and, far away in that fair country which he might never revisit, the tender little heart was laid at rest that when living had pulsed only for him. The page of his life whereon the word love had been written had long since been turned over, and now in this quiet English village was the stir and stress of passion to agitate him again, the ardour of youth to be revived in a breast which he had believed dead to all such emotions! He argued within himself that it could not be; he thought of his age and Margaret's youth, and was quite certain that he was right in fancying that he did not love her; he recalled to his memory that grave amidst the cypresses, and brought his arguments to a sound logical conclusion—he, Philippe de Mortemar, could not by any means be in love with Margaret Plowden. A man who begins arguing with himself as to whether he is in love or not, may make up his mind that the affirmative is the true answer.

Next morning he came to his senses—that is to say, he recognised the position and made up his mind what to do—fly from the temptation which he felt would prove too strong for him if he remained at Mayford, and seek some other place, where it was to be hoped there would be no pupil with such fatal fascinations.

And he must tell her! He could hardly go away without doing so, though of course he could write; but he felt strong, and would tell her himself—that, at all events, would soften the blow for her, and it should be done. It befell in this wise. Margaret was going to ride over that morning to take away a book he had promised to lend her, and he would tell her then. Even as he made the resolve she was at his door.

Margaret Plowden came in looking lovelier than was her wont, in her riding-habit, and he knew he would have to summon up all his resolution to carry through his plan of renunciation.

"I have come for the book, M. de Mortemar," she said gaily, "and John will carry it home for me. How bright your rooms look this morning," she went on; "and what a charming little garden you have."

"Yes, it is pretty," said De Mortemar, watching her as she went to the window with eyes that lost no single graceful curve of her figure, and still wondering how he was to tell her.

"I shall rob you of a rose," said Margaret, plucking one; "you have so many, that you will not miss it."

"You are very welcome," he answered; and then he went on with an effort—"I should be very glad if I could leave all my roses in such good hands, for I must say adieu to them."

Margaret Plowden was coming forward from the window with a bright smile on her face, and

held the rose in one hand as she gathered up her riding-habit with the other. At his words she stopped, as if some venomous insect had suddenly stung her; her eyes opened wide, and her lips parted as if she were gasping for breath, while in a hoarse and unnatural voice she almost whispered—

"Adieu! What do you mean?"

"That I am leaving Mayford!" It was all told now; and as she dropped the flower and pressed her hand upon her bosom as if to still its heaving, he turned away that she might not see the answering emotion which he himself could scarcely conceal.

They stood in that position for a few moments, and, as common things always impress themselves in the strangest fashion on our recollection even in moments of supreme emotion, neither of them ever forgot the scent of the flowers outside, the soft hum of the bees, and the voices of some village children that came to break that terrible silence.

At last she recovered herself, and he too looked up. He was horrified when he did so at the change in her face—it was grey, and drawn; and she looked as if she had just recovered from a severe illness.

With a further palpable effort she at last spoke again, saying in a tolerably firm voice—"This is a sudden resolve, Monsieur de Mortemar. Is it—is it to be put into execution soon?"

"Yes," he said; "I purpose leaving Mayford at once."

"Well, I hope—I hope we shall see you again before you go. You will call and see Papa?" De Mortemar bowed; he could not trust himself to speak in the face of her evident agitation, and she went on—"Now I must leave you. I am to call on a friend in the village."

"But the book; you will take it with you, will you not?" he said, for she was hastily leaving the room. He was met by a hurried "I will send for it;" and then, though the sun still shone as brightly as ever upon his window, and the roses beat against the panes as if in curiosity as to what was passing so near them, the aspect of the room had grown leaden and grey; all the sunshine seemed to have died out of the place, and the flowers looked dark and of evil omen. Then, with an exceeding great cry as of a strong man in his agony, Philippe de Mortemar flung up his arms, and thereafter burying his face in his hands, laid his head on the table, and shed the bitter tears of manhood.

Monsieur de Mortemar was destined to have a still stranger experience, and also another visitor that day; but before we describe them, let us see how it fared with Margaret Plowden.

She loved, or at all events she believed she

loved, Philippe de Mortemar, and she was sure in her own mind also that he cared for her, but that he would not speak on account of his poverty. A glow of passionate feeling swept over her when she thought of that, and she rushed off to a friend's and wrote a letter to him. It was not easy to write without saying more than she wished to say, and yet at the same time to give him a certain amount of encouragement—that is an ugly word to use, but it is the only one that suits the situation—but at last it was done, and despatched to De Mortemar.

Philippe de Mortemar received the letter; and by the intuition love gives us he surmised what was in it, or very nearly so. Had he not known of her affection before, Margaret's evident emotion would have betrayed her; and he was at any rate certain that this letter had some reference to the interview which he would fain have blotted from his memory for ever. So he would spare her and not read it, and he kissed it gently, and then laid it down unopened as tenderly as if it had been a living thing.

Then he had another visitor.

Tom Smithson arrived at Philippe's rooms just after De Mortemar had received Margaret's letter, and was wondering where he would seek the peace that had been denied him in Mayford.

The Frenchman received him with all possible courtesy, and bade him be seated.

"No, Monsieur," said Tom, "I won't sit down; I think I can talk better standing, for I've something to say that won't be pleasant."

"To you, or to me, Monsieur?" said De Mortemar quickly, on his guard in an instant.

"For the matter of that, to both of us," said Tom doggedly. He did not at all like his errand, but was determined to go through with it.

"That is a pity—for both of us," said Philippe; "but I am at your service, Mr. Smithson—what is it about?"

"It is about Miss Plowden."

"About Margaret!" said the other, betrayed by his astonishment into the use of her Christian name.

"I said about Miss Plowden," returned Smithson drily, "and your use of her name in that way confirms me in the suspicions I have to communicate."

"I am listening," said De Mortemar quietly; but there was a steely glint in his eye and a flush on his cheek that might have warned Tom that he was venturing on dangerous ground.

"This is my business, M. de Mortemar; to come to the point at once. You are too intimate—much too intimate—with Miss Plowden."

"Well, sir, and what then?"

"What then?" said Tom, becoming indignant. "Then I have a right to complain. Miss Plowden

is as good as engaged to me, and report says that you are surreptitiously winning her affections, and that, knowing her father's wealth, you would win her for yourself. That is all, and I must say——"

"Stop!" thundered De Mortemar. "You have said enough—some people might think you had said too much. Can you fence?"

"Yes, a little."

"A little," said De Mortemar. "That is enough." He stretched his hand out to the mantelpiece, over which hung a pair of foils, and took them down. "Do me the favour to exchange a few passes with me."

"What do you mean, Monsieur?" said Tom, bewildered; "you are surely not going to fight with those things—with the buttons on, too."

"Fight, bah!" cried De Mortemar scornfully. "I am only going to ask you to exchange a few passes with me, as I said, as if we *were* fighting."

"You are trifling with me," returned Tom sulkily, "and I am in earnest, Monsieur."

"On the word of a gentleman I am not," said De Mortemar. "Cross swords with me, as if we were fighting a duel, and I pledge you my word I will afterwards be as earnest as yourself."

Tom did so, and in a moment they were actively engaged, each man striving as in a real combat. It was soon over. Tom did his best, but he was no match for his antagonist, who was evidently a most accomplished swordsman, and after a few passes he found the foil whirled out of his hands; and De Mortemar, lightly touching him with the button of his own weapon on the breast, threw his own blade down also and stood facing him.

"Now, sir," said De Mortemar, "do me the favour to say what would have happened had we been really fighting—had that been a combat *à outrance*."

"Egad! I suppose you would have killed me," said Tom, looking puzzled, and not too well pleased at his swift and total defeat.

"Just so," returned De Mortemar. "And now, sir, as I listened patiently to you just now, be good enough to listen to me. When your ancestors were scrubbing floors, or tilling fields, mine went forth from palaces as the ambassadors of mighty States, and led the armies of France. When you were a lad at school I lounged in the antechambers of Versailles, and witnessed the pageantry of a Court; my manhood was made illustrious by the friendship of great statesmen and a seat at the council-board of a king. Thus, then, I should degrade the name I bear by meeting you, save that you wear a uniform; but, by Heaven, if we stood on French soil I would fling my glove in your face in return for the insult you have offered me, and then when we took sword in hand I should—as was proved by the passes we exchanged

just now—have written my answer on your heart in blood, and laid you lifeless at my feet.”

Tom Smithson was startled.

“Look here, Monsieur,” he said, “while I am quite willing to apologise for insinuating that you are running after Miss Plowden’s money, surely I

in justice to your affection for her, no word of love for her has ever passed my lips.”

“But she was here just now.”

“She was ; and I then told her that I was going to leave Mayford at once, never”—the word seemed hard to say—“to return to this place any more.”



“I AM GOING TO LIGHT MY CIGARETTE!” (Drawn by T. W. Wilson.)

have a right to defend my claim upon herself, and that right I do not intend to forego.”

“I can understand and I can sympathise with your feelings,” said De Mortemar gravely, “and out of respect for them I will answer you. I am not called upon to explain to you the nature of my regard for Miss Plowden, nor have I any means of knowing how far that lady honours me with her esteem. But this I can say, and I do so

“To leave Mayford?” said Smithson, in astonishment.

“Yes. Now are you satisfied?”

“Perfectly. Forgive me, Monsieur, for wronging you, even in my thoughts.” And Tom held out his hand. As he did so, his eye fell on Margaret’s note. De Mortemar answered the look.

“Yes,” he said ; “since she was here, Miss Plowden has written to me. I have not read her

letter—I do not intend to read it. Now do you understand me? Can you trust me?"

"I can, implicitly," said Tom warmly, honest enthusiasm for the Frenchman's true nobility of heart shining in his eyes; "and I am sorry I ever doubted you." Then the two men shook hands, and Smithson went away.

Shortly afterwards De Mortemar heard horses' hoofs outside, and then the Plowdens' servant asking for the book he had promised to lend to his young lady. He went out, and, looking steadily at Margaret, said, "Will you not honour me by coming in for a moment? I have something to say to you." She dismounted, and they went into the house.

Margaret could hardly control her agitation. Had he received her letter? and if so what was his answer, or would he think evil of her for writing it? He was very grave as they entered his room, and she could not tell from his face whether he had read the letter or not.

"Will you sit down a minute, Miss Plowden. I want to tell you a little incident in the past history of a friend of mine."

"Certainly," said Margaret, wondering what revelation was to come.

"My friend, in that fair land which I shall never see again," said De Mortemar, "cherished a rare and precious flower. He lavished upon it all the affection you might bestow on a human being, but in the end it died. I need not say how he grieved for it, but years afterwards when he came to this country he saw one who possessed, or was shortly about to possess, such a flower as he had tended in other days. My friend would fain have had that rare flower also, but he reflected that he had been so fortunate as to possess one in the time of his youth, that he was not now so skilful in the tendance of such a blossom as he had been in other years, and that it might wither in his hands." He paused, and then added, "So he left it to his rival."

Margaret was silent for a few moments, and

then she said quietly, "If that were a fairy story, the flower would have had a heart."

"And if it had," he answered, "it would have been grateful in after years for my friend's decision, for he did what doubtless cost him a struggle, because he felt himself bound by his honour!"

Margaret Plowden understood the allegory, and, not daring to look at him, said, "Then you are going away?"

"I am," he answered. "This is' farewell!" And stooping down he took her unresisting hand in his own, and kissed it.

Just then steps were heard outside, and Tom Smithson burst into the room.

"I heard you were here," he said, looking at Margaret; and then, turning to De Mortemar, added wrathfully, "So this is the reward of my trust!"

De Mortemar looked at him scornfully. "It is. I was bidding adieu to Miss Plowden when you came in, and I do so again." And once more he took her hand, and pressed it reverently to his lips. "Now may I entrust her to your care?" and as he said that, De Mortemar placed Margaret's almost pulseless hand in Smithson's, and they stood looking at him.

"I have only one thing more to do," he continued. "This letter——" and he took it up.

Margaret Plowden saw that it had never been opened, and marvelled alike at his insight and his generosity. But was he going to read it now? The thought was agony. She rushed forward.

"Have I Mademoiselle's permission to smoke?" said De Mortemar, very calmly, as both his hearers stared in wonder at the question.

"Yes, yes. But what are you going to do with that letter?"

De Mortemar took a match out of a box that was lying on the table, struck it, and set fire to the letter. As it slowly burned away he applied it to the little roll of paper and tobacco which he held in his hand, and said with a grave smile—"Mademoiselle has given me permission to smoke. I am going to light—my cigarette!"

SONGS OF THE SICK ROOM.

[By H. S. LEIGH.]

COD-LIVER OIL.



ON the bleak shore of Norway, I've lately been told,

Large numbers of cod-fish are found,
And the animals' livers are afterwards sold

At so many "pfennigs" per pound;
From which is extracted, with infinite toil,
A villanous fluid called cod-liver oil!

Now, I don't mind a powder, a pill, or a draught—

Though I mingle the former with jam—
And many's the mixture I've cheerfully quaff'd
And the pill I have gulp'd like a lamb;
But then I envelop my pills in tinfoil,
And I can't do the same with my cod-liver oil!

In the course of my lifetime I've swallow'd
enough

To have floated a ship of the line,
And it's purely the fault of this horrible
stuff

That I've ceased to enjoy ginger wine.
For how can you wonder to see me recoil
From a liquor I mix'd with my cod-liver oil ?

There are few deeds of daring from which I
should quail—

There are few things I'd tremble to do—
But there's one kind of tonic that makes me turn
pale,

And quite spoils my appetite, too ;
But, you see, just at present, I've got none to spoil,
So I don't mind alluding to cod-liver oil !

NIGHT AND MORNING.

They brought to my couch (I had not slept a wink,
For brooding all night on my ills)

A neat-looking bottle of something to drink,
And a neat-looking box full of pills.

A neat-looking label attracted my sight,
The neck of the bottle adorning,
Saying, "Please to take two of the pills every
night

And a sixth of the draught in the morning."

After slowly perusing these words once or twice,
In a deeply contemplative way,

I exclaim'd, what a volume of useful advice
Does this one little sentence convey !

My friends, though to-day may seem cloudless
and bright,

Neglect not to-morrow's dark warning ;
And oh ! while you're taking the pills of to-night,
Forget not the draught in the morning !

GENERAL DEBILITY.

My cheeks are pale, mine eyes are weak,
I've cramp in every joint ;
My jaws are toothless, and my beak
Is fractured—near the point.

In youth, by falling from a tree,
I broke my boyish spine ;
And never yet did mortal see
Such hideous legs as mine.

In early life my skull was crack'd,
By tumbling down a drain,
And ever since my head is rack'd
With agonising pain.

But though misfortunes thickly come,
This thought consoles my mind—
If I had not been deaf and dumb,
Perhaps I should be blind.

TO A TIMID LEECH.

Nay, start not from the banquet where the red
wine foams for thee,

Though somewhat thick to perforate this *epidermis*
be ;

'Tis madness, when the bowl invites, to linger at
the brink ;

So haste thee, haste thee, timid one. Drink,
pretty creature, drink !

I tell thee, if these azure veins could boast the
regal wine

Of Tudors or Plantagenets, the draught should
still be thine !

Though round the goblet's beaded brim plebeian
bubbles wink,

'Twill cheer and not inebriate. Drink, pretty
creature, drink !

Perchance, reluctant being, I have placed thee
wrong side up,

And the lips that I am chiding have been farthest
from the cup.

I have waited long and vainly, and I cannot,
cannot think

Thou wouldst spurn the oft-repeated call : Drink,
pretty creature, drink !

While I watch'd thy patient struggles, and
imagined thou wert coy,

'Twas thy tail, and not thy features, that refused
the proffer'd joy.

I will but turn thee tenderly—nay, never, never
shrink—

Now, once again the banquet calls : Drink, pretty
creature, drink !



A DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTROM.

[By EDGAR ALLAN POE.]



WE had now been about ten minutes upon the top of Helseggen, to which we had ascended from the interior of Lofoden, so that we had caught no glimpse of the sea until it had burst upon us from the summit. I became aware of a loud and gradually increasing sound, like the moaning of a vast herd of buffaloes upon an American prairie; and at the same moment I perceived that what seamen term the chopping character of the ocean beneath us was rapidly changing into a current, which set to the eastward.

Suddenly this whirling movement assumed a distinct and definite existence, in a circle of more than a mile in diameter. The edge of the whirl was represented by a broad belt of gleaming spray; but no particle of this slipped into the mouth of the terrific funnel, whose interior, as far as the eye could fathom it, was a smooth, shining, and jet-black wall of water, inclined to the horizon at an angle of some forty-five degrees, speeding dizzily round and round with a swaying and sweltering motion, and sending forth to the winds an appalling voice—half shriek, half roar—such as not even the mighty cataract of Niagara ever lifts up in its agony to heaven.

"You have had a good look at the whirl now," said the old man; "and if you will creep round this crag, so as to get in its lee, and deaden the roar of the water, I will tell you a story that will convince you I ought to know something of the Moskoe-strom."

I placed myself as desired, and he proceeded:—

"Myself and my two brothers once owned a schooner-rigged smack, of about seventy tons burden, with which we were in the habit of fishing among the islands beyond Moskoe, nearly to Vurrgh. In all violent eddies at sea, there is good fishing at proper opportunities, if one has only the courage to attempt it; but among the whole of the Lofoden coastmen, we three were the only ones who made a regular business of going out to the islands, as I tell you.

"It is now within a few days of three years since what I am going to tell you occurred. It was on the 10th day of July, 18—, a day which the people of this part of the world will never forget, for it was one in which blew the most terrible hurricane

that ever came out of the heavens. And yet all the morning, and indeed until late in the afternoon, there was a gentle and steady breeze from the south-west, while the sun shone brightly, so that the oldest seaman among us could not have foreseen what was to follow.

"The three of us—my two brothers and myself—had crossed over to the islands about two o'clock p.m., and had soon nearly loaded the smack with fine fish, which, we all remarked, were more plentiful that day than we had ever known them. It was just seven by my watch when we weighed and started for home, so as to make the worst of the Strom at slack water, which we knew would be at eight.

"Such a hurricane as then blew it is a folly to attempt describing. The oldest seaman in Norway never experienced anything like it. We had let our sails go by the run before it clearly took us; but, at the first puff, both our masts went by the board as if they had been sawn off—the mainmast taking with it my youngest brother, who had lashed himself to it for safety.

"Our boat was the lightest feather of a thing that ever sat upon water. It had a complete flush deck, with only a small hatch near the bow; and this hatch it had always been our custom to batten down when about to cross the Strom, by way of precaution against the chopping seas. But for this circumstance we should have foundered at once, for we lay entirely buried for some moments. How my elder brother escaped destruction I cannot say. For my part, as soon as I had let the foresail run, I threw myself flat on deck, with my feet against the narrow gunwale of the bow, and with my hands grasping a ring-bolt near the foot of the foremast. It was mere instinct that prompted me to do this—which was undoubtedly the very best thing I could have done—for I was too much flurried, to think.

"For some moments we were completely deluged, as I say, and all this time I held my breath and clung to the bolt. When I could stand it no longer, I raised myself upon my knees, still keeping hold with my hands, and thus got my head clear. Presently our little boat gave herself a shake, just as a dog does in coming out of the water, and thus rid herself, in some measure, of the seas. I was now trying to get better of the stupor that had come over me, and to collect my senses so as to see what was to be done, when I felt somebody grasp my arm. It was my elder brother, and my heart leaped for joy, for I had made sure that he was overboard; but the next moment all this joy was

changed to horror, for he put his mouth close to my ear and screamed out the word 'Moskoe-strom!'

"No one ever will know what my feelings were at that moment. I shook from head to foot as if I had had the most violent fit of the ague. I knew what he meant by that one word well enough—I knew what he wished to make me understand. With the wind that now drove us on, we were bound for the whirl of the Strom, and nothing could save us.

my brother; but in some manner which I could not understand, the din had so increased, that I could not make him hear a single word, although I screamed at the top of my voice in his ear. Presently he shook his head, looked as pale as death, and held up one of his fingers, as if to say, 'Listen!'

"At first I could not make out what he meant, but soon a hideous thought flashed upon me. I dragged my watch from its fob. It was not going. I glanced at the face by the moonlight, and then



IN THE WHIRLPOOL. (Drawn by J. Nash.)

"By this time the first fury of the tempest had spent itself, or, perhaps we did not feel it so much as we scudded before it; but, at all events, the seas, which at first had been kept down by the wind, and lay flat and frothing, now got up into absolute mountains. A singular change, too, had come over the heavens; around, in every direction, it was still as black as pitch, but nearly overhead there burst out, all at once, a circular rift of clear sky, as clear as I ever saw, and of a deep bright blue; and through it there blazed forth the full moon, with a lustre that I never before knew her to wear. She lit up everything about us with the greatest distinctness; but, O God! what a scene it was to light up.

"I now made one or two attempts to speak to

burst into tears as I flung it far away into the ocean. It had run down at seven o'clock! We were behind the time of the slack, and the whirl of the strom was in full fury.

"When a boat is well built, properly and not deeply laden, the waves in a strong gale, when she is going high, seem always to slip from beneath her, which appears very strange to a landsman, and this is what is called riding, in sea phrase. Well, so far we had ridden the swells very cleverly; but presently a gigantic sea happened to take us right under the counter, and bore us with it as it rose—up—up—as if into the sky. I would not have believed that any wave could rise so high. And then down we came with a sweep, a slide, and a plunge, that made me feel quite dizzy,

as if I were falling from some lofty mountain top in a dream.

"It could not have been more than two minutes afterwards, when we suddenly felt the waves subside, and were enveloped in foam. The boat made a sharp half-turn to larboard, and then shot off in its new direction like a thunderbolt. We were now in the belt of surf that always surrounds the whirl; and I thought, of course, that another moment we must plunge in the abyss, down which we could only see indistinctly, on account of the amazing velocity with which we were borne along.

"It may appear strange, but now, when we were in the very jaws of the gulf, I felt more composed than when we were only approaching it. Having made up my mind to hope no more, I got rid of a great deal of that terror which unmanned me at first. I suppose it was despair that strung my nerves.

"After a little while I became possessed with the keenest curiosity about the whirl itself. I positively felt a wish to explore its depths, even at the sacrifice I was going to make; and my principal grief was that I should never be able to tell my old companions on shore about the mysteries I should see. These, no doubt, were singular fancies to occupy a man's mind in such extremity, and I have often thought since that the revolutions of the boat around the pool might have rendered me a little light-headed.

"How often we made the circuit of the belt it is impossible to say. We careered round and round for perhaps an hour, flying rather than floating, getting gradually more and more into the middle of the surge, and then nearer and nearer to its horrible inner edge. All this time I had never let go of the ring-bolt. My brother was at the stern, holding on to a small empty water-cask, which had been securely lashed under the coop of the counter, and was the only thing on deck that had not been swept overboard, when the gale first took us. As we approached the brink of the pit, he let go his hold upon this, and made for the ring, from which in the agony of his terror, he endeavoured to force my hands, as it was not large enough to afford us both a secure grasp. I never felt deeper grief than when I saw him attempt this act, although I knew he was a madman when he did it—a raving mania through sheer fright. I did not care, however, to contest the point with him. I knew it could make no difference whether either of us held on at all; so I let him have the bolt, and went astern to the cask. This there was no difficulty in doing, for the smack flew round steadily enough, and upon an even keel, only swaying too and fro with the immense sweeps and swelters of the whirl. Scarcely had I secured myself in my new position when we gave a wild lurch to starboard, and rushed headlong into the abyss. I muttered a hurried prayer to God, and thought all was over.

"As I felt the sickening sweep of the descent, I had instinctively tightened my hold upon the barrel, and closed my eyes. For some seconds I dared not open them, while I expected instant destruction, and wondered that I was not already in my death struggles with the water. But moment after moment elapsed. I still lived. The sense of falling had ceased, and the motion of the vessel seemed much as it had been before, while in the belt of foam, with the exception that she now lay more along. I took courage, and looked once again upon the scene.

"Never shall I forget the sensation of awe, horror, and admiration with which I gazed about me. The boat appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down, upon the interior of a funnel vast in circumference, prodigious in depth, and with perfectly smooth sides that might have been mistaken for ebony, but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun round, and for the gleaming and ghastly radiance they shot forth, as the rays of the full moon, from that circular rift amid the clouds which I have already described, streamed in a flood of golden glory along the black walls, and far away down into the inmost recesses of the abyss.

"At first I was too much confused to observe anything accurately. The general burst of terrific grandeur was all that I beheld. When I recovered myself a little, however, my gaze fell instinctively downward. In this direction I was able to obtain an unobstructed view, from the manner in which the smack hung on the inclined surface of the pool. She was quite upon an even keel—that is to say, her deck lay in a plane parallel with that of the water; but this latter sloped at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, so that we seemed to be lying upon our beam ends. I could not help observing, nevertheless, that I had scarcely more difficulty in maintaining my hold than if we had been upon a dead level; and this, I suppose, was owing to the speed at which we revolved.

"Our first slide into the abyss itself, from the belt of foam above, had carried us a great distance down the slope and our farther progress was by no means proportionate. Round and round we swept, not with any uniform movement, but in dizzying swings and jerks that sent us sometimes only a few hundred yards, sometimes nearly the complete circuit of the whirl. Our progress downward at each revolution was slow, but very perceptible.

"I have already described the unnatural curiosity which had taken the place of my original terror. I now began to watch with a strange interest the numerous things that floated in our company. I must have been delirious; for I even sought amusement in speculating upon the

relative velocities of their several descents toward the foam below. 'This fir-tree,' I found myself at one time saying, 'will certainly be the next thing that takes the awful plunge and disappears;' and then I was disappointed to find that the wreck of a Dutch merchant-ship overtook it, and went down before. At length, after making several guesses of this nature, and being deceived in all, this fact—the fact of my invariable miscalculation—set me upon a train of reflection that made my limbs again tremble, and my heart beat heavily once more.

"It was not a new terror that thus affected me, but the dawn of a more exciting hope. This hope arose partly from memory, and partly from present observation. I called to mind the great variety of buoyant matter that strewed the coast of Lofoden, having been absorbed, and then thrown forth by the Moskoe-strom. By far the greater number of the articles were shattered in the most extraordinary way—so chafed and roughened as to have the appearance of being stuck full of splinters; but then I distinctly recollected that there were some of them which were not disfigured at all. Now, I could not account for this difference, except by supposing that the roughened fragments were the only ones which had been completely absorbed—that the others had entered the whirl at so late a period of the tide, or, for some reason, had descended so slowly after entering, that they did not reach the bottom before the turn of the flood came, or of the ebb, as the case might be. I conceived it possible in either instance that they might thus be whirled up again to the level of the ocean, without undergoing the fate of those which had been drawn in more early, or absorbed more rapidly. I made also three important observations:—The first was that, as a general rule, the larger the bodies were, the more rapid their descent; the second, that, between two masses of equal extent, the one spherical, and the other of any other shape, the superiority in speed of descent was with the sphere; the third, that, between two masses of equal size, the one cylindrical and the other of any other shape, the cylinder was absorbed the more slowly. Since my escape, I have had several conversations on this subject with an old schoolmaster of the district. From him I learned the use of the words 'cylinder' and 'sphere.'

"There was one startling circumstance which went a great way in enforcing these observations, and rendering me anxious to turn them to account, and this was that at every revolution we passed something like a barrel, or else the yard or the mast of a vessel; while many of those things which had been on our level when I first opened my eyes upon the wonders of the whirlpool were now high above us, and seemed to have moved but little from their original station.

"I no longer hesitated what to do. I resolved to lash myself securely to the water-cask upon which I now held, to cut it loose from the counter, and to throw myself with it into the water. I attracted my brother's attention by signs, pointed to the floating barrels that came near us, and did everything in my power to make him understand what I was about to do. I thought at length that he comprehended my design; but, whether this was the case or not, he shook his head despairingly, and refused to move from his station by the ring-bolt. It was impossible to reach him; the emergency admitted of no delay; and so, with a bitter struggle, I resigned him to his fate, fastened myself to the cask by means of the lashings which secured it to the counter, and precipitated myself with it into the sea, without another moment's hesitation.

"The result was precisely what I hoped it might be. As it is myself who now tell you this tale—as you see that I *did* escape—and as you are already in possession of the mode in which this escape was effected, and must therefore anticipate all that I have further to say, I will bring my story quickly to a conclusion. It might have been an hour, or thereabouts, after my quitting the smack, when, having descended to a vast distance beneath me, it made three or four wild gyrations in rapid succession, and, bearing my loved brother with it, plunged headlong, at once and for ever, into the chaos of foam below. The barrel to which I was attached had sunk very little farther than half the distance between the bottom of the gulf and the spot at which I leaped overboard, before a great change took place in the character of the whirlpool. The slope of the sides of the vast funnel became every moment less and less steep. The gyrations of the whirl grew gradually less and less violent. By degrees, the froth and the rainbow disappeared, and the bottom of the gulf seemed slowly to uprise. The sky was clear, the winds had gone down, and the full moon was setting radiantly in the west, when I found myself on the surface of the ocean, in full view of the shores of Lofoden, and above the spot where the pool of the Moskoe-strom had been. It was the hour of the slack; but the sea still heaved in mountainous waves from the effects of the hurricane. I was borne violently into the channel of the Strom, and in a few minutes was hurried down the coast into the 'grounds' of the fishermen. A boat picked me up, exhausted from fatigue, and (now that the danger was removed) speechless from the memory of its horror. Those who drew me on board were my old mates and daily companions; but they knew me no more than they would have known a traveller from the spirit-land. My hair, which had been raven black the day before, was as white as you see it now."

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

[By THOMAS MOORE.]



NE morn a Peri at the gate
 Of Eden stood, disconsolate ;
 And as she listen'd to the springs
 Of Life within, like music flowing,
 And caught the light upon her wings,
 Through the half-open portal glowing,
 She wept to think her recreant race
 Should e'er have lost that glorious place.

"How happy," exclaim'd this child of air,
 "Are the holy spirits that wander there,
 'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall ;
 Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
 And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
 One blossom of heaven outblows them all !

"Though sunny the lake of cool Cashmere,
 With its plane-tree isle reflected clear,
 And sweetly the founts of that valley fall ;
 Though bright are the waters of Sing-Su-Hay,
 And the golden floods that thitherward stray,
 Yet—oh 'tis only the bless'd can say
 How the waters of Heaven outshine them all !

"Go wing thy flight from star to star,
 From world to luminous world, as far
 As the universe spreads its flaming wall ;
 Take all the pleasures of all the spheres.
 And multiply each through endless years—
 One minute of Heaven is worth them all !"

The glorious Angel, who was keeping
 The Gates of Light, beheld her weeping ;
 And as he nearer drew, and listened
 To her sad song, a tear-drop glistened
 Within his eyelids, like the spray
 From Eden's fountain when it lies
 On the blue flower which—Brahmins say—
 Blooms nowhere but in Paradise !
 "Nymph of a fair, but erring line !"
 Gently he said—"One hope is thine.
 'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
*The Peri yet may be forgiven,
 Who brings to this Eternal Gate
 The Gift that is most dear to Heaven !*
 Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin ;—
 'Tis sweet to let the Pardon'd in !"

Rapidly as comets run
 To th' embraces of the sun ;—
 Fleeter than the starry brands,
 Flung at night from angel hands

At those dark and daring sprites
 Who would climb the empyreal heights,
 Down the blue vault the PERI flies,
 And, lighted earthward by a glance
 That just then broke from morning's eyes,
 Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the Spirit go
 To find this gift for heaven ?—"I know
 The wealth," she cries, "of every urn,
 In which unnumber'd rubies burn,
 Beneath the pillars of Chilminar ;
 I know where the Isles of Perfume are,
 Many a fathom down in the sea,
 To the south of sun-bright Araby ;
 I know too where the Genii hid
 The Jewell'd cup of their king Jamshid
 With life's elixir sparkling high—
 But gifts like these are not for the sky.
 Where was there ever a gem that shone
 Like the steps of Alla's wonderful throne ?
 And the Drops of Life—oh ! what would they be
 In the boundless Deep of Eternity ?"

While thus she mused, her pinions fann'd
 The air of that sweet Indian land ;
 Whose air is balm ; whose ocean spreads
 O'er coral rocks and amber beds ;
 Whose mountains pregnant by the beam
 Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem ;
 Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
 Lovely with gold beneath their tides ;
 Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
 Might be a Peri's Paradise !
 But crimson now her rivers ran
 With human blood—the smell of death
 Came reeking from those spicy bowers,
 And man, the sacrifice of man,
 Mingled his taint with every breath
 Upwafted from the innocent flowers !
 Land of the Sun ! what foot invades
 Thy pagods and thy pillar'd shades,
 Thy cavern shrines and idol stones,
 Thy monarchs and their thousand thrones ?
 'Tis he of Gazna,—fierce in wrath
 He comes, and India's diadems
 Lie scattered in his ruinous path.
 His blood-hounds he adorns with gems,
 Torn from the violated necks
 Of many a young and loved Sultana ;—
 Maidens within their pure Zenana,
 Priests in the very fane he slaughters,
 And chokes up with the glittering wrecks
 Of golden shrines the sacred waters !

Downward the Peri turns her gaze ;
And, through the war-field's bloody haze,
Beholds a youthful warrior stand,
Alone, beside his native river,—
The red blade broken in his hand,
And the last arrow in his quiver.
"Live," said the conqueror, "live to share
The trophies and the crowns I bear!"
Silent that youthful warrior stood—
Silent he pointed to the flood
All crimson with his country's blood,

For liberty shed, so holy is,
It would not stain the purest rill
That sparkles among the bowers of bliss !
Oh ! if there be, on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her
cause !"

"Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave
The gift into his radiant hand,



"THE RED BLADE BROKEN IN HIS HAND." (Drawn by W. J. Morgan.)

Then sent his last remaining dart,
For answer, to th' invader's heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well ;
The tyrant lived, the hero fell !—
Yet mark'd the Peri where he lay ;

And when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray

Of morning light, she caught the last—
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
Before its free-born spirit fled !

"Be this," she cried, as she winged her flight,
"My welcome gift at the Gates of Light ;
Though foul are the drops that oft distil
On the field of warfare, blood like this,

"Sweet is our welcome of the brave,
Who die thus for their native land.
But see—alas !—the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not—holier far
Than even this drop the boon must be,
That opes the gate of Heaven for thee !"

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
Now among Afric's lunar mountains,
Far to the south, the PERI lighted ;
And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains
Of that Egyptian tide,—whose birth
Is hidden from the sons of earth,
Deep in those solitary woods
Where oft the Genii of the Floods

Dance round the cradle of the Nile,
 And hail the new-born Giant's smile !
 Thence over Egypt's palmy groves,
 Her grotts and sepulchres of kings,
 The exiled Spirit sighing roves ;
 And now hangs listening to the doves
 In warm Rosetta's vale—now loves
 To watch the moonlight on the wings
 Of the white pelicans that break
 The azure calm of Mœris' lake.
 'Twas a fair scene—a land more bright
 Never did mortal eye behold !
 Who could have thought, that saw this night,
 Those valleys and their fruits of gold
 Basking in heaven's serenest light ;—
 Those groups of lovely date-trees bending
 Languidly their leaf-crown'd heads,
 Like youthful maids, when sleep descending,
 Warns them to their silken beds ;
 Those virgin lilies all the night
 Bathing their beauties in the lake,
 That they may rise more fresh and bright,
 When their beloved sun's awake,—
 Those ruin'd shrines and towers that seem
 The relics of a splendid dream ;
 Amid whose fairy loneliness
 Nought but the lapwing's cry is heard,
 Nought seen but (when the shadows flitting,
 Fast from the moon, unsheath its gleam)
 Some purple-wing'd sultana sitting
 Upon a column motionless,
 And glittering like an idol bird !—
 Who could have thought that there, even
 there,
 Amid those scenes so still and fair,
 The Demon of the Plague hath cast
 From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
 More mortal far than ever came
 From the red desert's sands of flame
 So quick that every living thing
 Of human shape, touch'd by his wing,
 Like plants, where the Simoom hath pass'd,
 At once falls black and withering !

The sun went down on many a brow,
 Which, full of bloom and freshness then,
 Is rankling in the pest-house now,
 And ne'er will feel that sun again !
 And oh ! to see the unburied heaps
 On which the lonely moonlight sleeps—
 The very vultures turn away,
 And sicken at so foul a prey !
 Only the fiercer hyæna stalks
 Throughout the city's desolate walks
 At midnight, and his carnage plies—
 Woe to the half-dead wretch who meets
 The glaring of those large blue eyes
 Amid the darkness of the streets !

"Poor race of men !" said the pitying Spirit,
 "Dearly ye pay for your primal fall ;
 Some flow'rets of Eden ye still inherit,
 But the trail of the serpent is over them all !"
 She wept—the air grew pure and clear
 Around her, as the bright drops ran,
 For there's a magic in each tear
 Such kindly spirits weep for man !

Just then beneath some orange trees,
 Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
 Were wantoning together, free,
 Like age at play with infancy—
 Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
 Close by the lake she heard the moan
 Of one who at this silent hour,
 Had thither stolen to die alone—
 One who in life where'er he moved,
 Drew after him the hearts of many ;
 Yet, now, as though he ne'er were loved,
 Dies here, unseen, unwept by any !
 None to watch near him—none to slake
 The fire that in his bosom lies,
 With even a sprinkle from that lake
 Which shines so cool before his eyes.
 No voice, well known through many a day,
 To speak the last, the parting word,
 Which, when all other sounds decay,
 Is still like distant music heard.
 That tender farewell on the shore
 Of this rude world when all is o'er,
 Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
 Puts off into the unknown dark.

Deserted youth ! one thought alone
 Shed joy around his soul in death—
 That she, whom he for years had known,
 And lov'd and might have call'd his own,
 Was safe from this foul midnight's breath ;—
 Safe in her father's princely halls,
 Where the cool airs from fountain-falls,
 Freshly perfumed by many a brand
 Of the sweet wood from India's land,
 Were pure as she whose brow they fann'd.

But see,—who yonder comes by stealth,
 This melancholy bower to seek,
 Like a young envoy sent by Health,
 With rosy gifts upon her cheek ?
 'Tis she—far off, through moonlight dim,
 He knew his own betrothed bride,
 She, who would rather die with him,
 Than live to gain the world beside !—
 Her arms are round her lover now,
 His livid cheek to hers she presses,
 And dips, to bind his burning brow,
 In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses.
 Ah ! once how little did he think
 An hour would come, when he should shrink

With horror from that dear embrace,
 Those gentle arms that were to him
 Holy as is the cradling place
 Of Eden's infant cherubim !
 And now he yields—now turns away,
 Shuddering as if the venom lay
 All in those proffer'd lips alone—
 Those lips that, then so fearless grown,
 Never until that instant came
 Near his unask'd or without shame.
 "O let me only breathe the air,
 The blessed air that's breathed by thee,
 And whether on its wings it bear
 Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me !
 There,—drink my tears, while yet they fall,—
 Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
 And well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,
 To give thy brow one minute's calm :
 Nay, turn not from me that dear face—
 Am I not thine—thy own loved bride—
 The one, the chosen one, whose place
 In life or death is by thy side !
 Think'st thou that she, whose only light
 In this dim world from thee hath shone,
 Could bear the long, the cheerless night,
 That must be hers, when thou art gone ?
 That I can live and let thee go,
 Who art my life itself ?—No, no,—
 When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
 Out of its heart must perish too !
 Then turn to me, my own love turn,
 Before like thee I fade and burn ;
 Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
 The last pure life that lingers there !"
 She falls—she sinks—as dies the lamp
 In charnel airs or cavern-damp,
 So quickly do his baleful sighs
 Quench all the sweet light of her eyes :
 One struggle,—and his pain is past.—
 Her lover is no longer living !
 One kiss the maiden gives, one last
 Long kiss, which she expires in giving.

"Sleep !" said the Peri, as softly she stole
 The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
 As true as e'er warm'd a woman's breast—
 "Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,
 In balmier airs than ever yet stirr'd
 Th' enchanted pile of that lonely bird,
 Who sings at the last his own death lay
 And in music and perfume dies away !"

Thus saying, from her lips she spread
 Unearthly breathings through the place,
 And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed
 Such lustre o'er each paly face,
 That like two lovely saints they seem'd
 Upon the eve of doomsday taken

From their dim graves, in odour sleeping ;—
 While that benevolent Peri beam'd
 Like their good angel calmly keeping
 Watch o'er them, till their souls would waken !

But morn is blushing in the sky ;
 Again the Peri soars above,
 Bearing to Heaven that precious sigh
 Of pure, self-sacrificing love.
 High throbb'd her heart, with hope elate,
 The Elysian palm she soon shall win,
 For the bright spirit at the gate
 Smiled as she gave that offering in,
 And she already hears the trees
 Of Eden with their crystal bells,
 Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
 That from the throne of Alla swells ;
 And she can see the starry bowls
 That lie around that lucid lake
 Upon whose banks admitted souls
 Their first sweet draught of glory take !

But ah ! even Peri's hopes are vain—
 Again the fates forbade, again
 The immortal barrier closed—"Not yet,"
 The angel said, as, with regret,
 He shut from her that glimpse of glory—
 "True was the maiden, and her story,
 Written in light o'er Alla's head,
 By seraph eyes shall long be read.
 But, Peri, see—the crystal bar
 Of Eden moves not—holier far
 Than even this sigh the boon must be
 That opes the gate of Heaven for thee."

Now, upon Syria's land of roses
 Softly the light of eve reposes,
 And, like a glory, the broad sun
 Hangs over sainted Lebanon ;
 Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
 And whitens with eternal sleet,
 While summer, in a vale of flowers,
 Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one who look'd from upper air
 O'er all the enchanted regions there,
 How beauteous must have been the glow,
 The life, the sparkling from below !
 Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
 Of golden melons on their banks,
 More golden where the sunlight falls ;
 Gay lizards glittering on the walls
 Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright
 As they were all alive with light ;
 And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
 Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
 With their rich restless wings, that gleam
 Various in the crimson beam
 Of the warm west—as if inlaid

With brilliants from the mine or made
Of tearless rainbows, such as span
The unclouded skies of Peristan !
And then the mingling sounds that come
Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum
Of the wild bees of Palestine,
Banqueting through the flowery vales,
And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
And woods, so full of nightingales !

May teach her where, beneath the moon,
In earth or ocean lies the boon,
The charm that can restore so soon
An erring Spirit to the skies !
Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither ;—
Still laughs the radiant eye of heaven,
Nor have the golden bowers of Even
In the rich West begun to wither ;—
When o'er the vale of Balbec winging



"LISPING TH' ETERNAL NAME OF GOD." (Drawn by W. J. Morgan.)

But nought can charm the luckless Peri ;
Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—
Joyless she sees the sun look down
On that great temple once his own,
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
Flinging their shadows from on high
Like dials, which the wizard, Time,
Had raised to count his ages by !

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd
Beneath those chambers of the sun
Some amulet of gems, anneal'd
In upper fires, some tablet seal'd
With the great name of Solomon,
Which, spell'd by her illumined eyes,

Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they ;
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel-flies
That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,
Like winged flowers or flying gems :—
And, near the boy, who, tired with play,
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount
Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
To the fair child, who fearless sat,

Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd
 Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
 Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
 Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire !
 In which the Peri's eye could read
 Dark tales of many a ruthless deed ;
 'The ruin'd maid—the shrine profaned—
 Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd
 With blood of guests !—there written, all
 Black as the damning drops that fall
 From the denouncing angel's pen,
 Ere Mercy weeps them out again !

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
 (As if the balmy evening time
 Soften'd his spirit), look'd and lay,
 Watching the rosy infant's play :—
 Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
 Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
 Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
 As torches that have burn'd all night
 Through some impure and godless rite,
 Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark ! the vesper-call to prayer,
 As slow the orb of daylight sets,
 Is rising sweetly on the air,
 From Syria's thousand minarets !
 The boy has started from the bed
 Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
 And down upon the fragrant sod
 Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
 Lispering th' eternal name of God
 From purity's own cherub mouth,
 And looking, while his hands and eyes
 Are lifted to the glowing skies,
 Like a stray babe of paradise,
 Just lighted on that flowery plain,
 And seeking for its home again !
 Oh 'twas a sight—that Heaven—that Child—
 A scene, which might have well beguil'd
 Even haughty Eblis of a sigh,
 For glories lost and peace gone by !

And how felt *he*, the wretched man
 Reclining there—while memory ran
 O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
 Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
 Nor found one sunny resting-place,
 Nor brought him back one branch of
 grace ?

"There *was* a time," he said, in mild
 Heart-humbled tones—"thou blessed child !
 When young and haply pure as thou,
 I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now"—
 He hung his head—each nobler aim
 And hope and feeling, which had slept

From boyhood hour, that instant came
 Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept !

Bless'd tears of soul-felt penitence,
 In whose benign, redeeming flow
 Is felt the first, the only sense
 Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

"There's a drop," said the Peri, "that down
 from the moon
 Falls through the withering airs of June
 Upon Egypt's land, of so healing a power
 So balmy a virtue, that even in the hour
 That drop descends, contagion dies,
 And health reanimates earth and skies !—
 Oh ! Is it not thus, thou man of sin,
 The precious tears of repentance fall !
 Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
 One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them all !"
 And now—behold him kneeling there
 By the child's side in humble prayer,
 While the same sunbeam shines upon
 The guilty and the guiltless one,
 And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven
 The triumph of a soul forgiven !

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
 While on their knees they linger'd yet,
 There fell a light, more lovely far
 Than ever came from sun or star,
 Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
 Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek :
 To mortal eye this light might seem
 A northern flash or meteor beam—
 But well the enraptured Peri knew
 'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
 From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear
 Her harbinger of glory near !

"Joy, joy for ever ! my task is done—
 The gates are pass'd, and heaven is won !
 Oh ! am I not happy ? I am, I am—
 To thee, sweet Eden ! how dark and sad
 Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam
 And the fragrant bowers of Amberabad.
 Farewell, ye odours of earth, that die,
 Passing away like a lover's sigh :—
 My feast is now of the Tooba tree,
 Whose scent is the breath of eternity !
 "Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that shone
 In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief,—
 Oh ! what are the brightest that e'er have
 blown
 To the lote-tree, springing by Alla's throne,
 Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf !
 Joy, joy for ever ! my task is done—
 The Gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won !"

JIM PODMORE HAS A DREAM.

[From "London's Heart." By B. L. FARJEON.]

JIM PODMORE, staggering into the one room which formed his Englishman's castle, found his wife and Pollypod fast asleep in bed. Before he went out to his work in the morning, he had told his wife not to sit up for him that night. "You've had precious hard work of it, old woman," he had said, "this last week; so go to bed early and have a long night's rest. I'll find my way up-stairs all right." The precious hard work which Jim Podmore referred to was one of those tasks which poor people—especially women—take upon themselves when occasion requires, with a readiness and cheerfulness which it is beautiful to see. A neighbour's child had been ill, and required constant watching. The mother, worn out with her labour of love, had fallen ill herself. And Mrs. Podmore flew to her aid, and attended to her household duties, and nursed her and the child through their sickness. The cheerfulness with which Mrs. Podmore undertook this task and performed it, as if it were a duty incumbent upon her, cannot be described. The best reward she could receive was hers: the mother and child recovered their health, and were strong enough to attend to themselves. Late in the previous night the doctor had released Mrs. Podmore, and told her—with smiles and good words and with a hand-shake which gratified the simple woman mightily—that now she had best go home and take care of herself; "for we can get about ourselves now," he said, "and shan't want you any more." This accounted for Jim Podmore having to find his way up-stairs by himself, for Mrs. Podmore seldom went to bed before he returned home. He knew, on this night, that his wife was asleep, and in the midst of his drowsiness he took off his boots in the passage, so that he should not disturb her.

Entering the room in his stocking feet, he stepped softly to the bedside, and rested his hand lightly and tenderly on Pollypod's neck. The bed being against the wall, and Pollypod sleeping inside, he could not kiss her without disturbing his wife. The child slept peacefully, and Jim Podmore gazed lovingly at the pretty picture, and leaned forward to feel the sweet breath, pure as an angel's whisper, that came from her parted lips. His supper was laid for him on the table, and he sat down to it, Snap standing at his feet in patient eagerness waiting for such scraps and morsels as he thought fit to give. Jim did not forget his dog; Snap fared well, and when supper was finished the dog stretched himself on the ground, and with half-closed eyes watched his master's face. Snap

blinked and blinked, but although occasionally his eyes were so nearly closed that only the thinnest line of light could be seen, the dog never relaxed his watchful gaze. Jim sat in his chair, pipe in mouth, and smoked and dozed, and thought of Dick Hart and his wife and children, and of his own wife and Pollypod, till they all became mixed up together in the strangest way, and in the phantasmagoria of his fancy changed places and merged one into the other in utter defiance of all probability. Thus, as he leaned forward to catch the sweet breath that came from Pollypod's lips, the child's face became blurred and indistinct, and in her place Dick Hart appeared, crouching upon the railway platform in an agony of despair. The platform itself appeared, with its throng of anxious faces, with its sound of hurried feet and cries of pain, with a light in the air that belonged to neither night nor day, sensitive with a tremor which was felt, but could not be seen or described, and which spoke of hopes for ever crushed out, and of lives of fair promise blighted by the act that lay in one fatal moment's neglect or helplessness. "If I don't go to bed," murmured Jim, with a start, whereat all these things vanished into nothingness, "I shall fall asleep." And still he sat, and murmured, "Poor Dick!"

It was really but the work of a moment. Jim Podmore being on duty, suddenly felt a shock—then heard a crash, followed by screams and shouts, and what seemed to be the muffled sound of a myriad of voices. He knew that an accident had occurred, and he ran forward, and saw carriages overturned on the line, and huge splinters of wood lying about. "Who did it?" he cried. "Dick Hart!" a voice replied; and then he heard Dick's voice crying, "O, my God!" The busy hands were at work clearing the wreck, and the few passengers—happily there were but few—were assisted out. Most of them had escaped with a bruise or a scratch, but one man, they said, looked in a bad state, and at his own entreaty they allowed him to lie still upon the platform until doctors, who had been promptly sent for, had arrived; and one little child was taken into a room, and lay like dead. Jim Podmore was in the room, and he saw Dick Hart brought in between two men. Dick, when his eyes lighted on the piteous sight of the little girl lying like that, trembled as if ague had seized him, and began to sob and cry. "I did it! I did it!" he gasped. "Why don't some one strike me down dead?" As he uttered these words, and as he stood there, with a face whiter than the face

of the child who lay before him, a woman rushed in and cried in a wild tone, "Where's the man that killed my child?" Upon this, with a cry wilder than that to which the poor woman had given vent, Dick Hart wrested himself free from the men, whose hands (in their grief at what had occurred) were only lightly laid upon him, and rushed out of the room like a madman. The men followed him, but he was too quick for them, and before they could lay hands on him again, he had jumped from the platform on to the line, dashing aside the persons who tried to stop him. His mad idea was to run forward on the line until he saw a train coming, and then to throw himself before it and be crushed to pieces. But he was saved from the execution of this piteous design; the men reached him and seized him, and carried him back by main force. When he was in the room again, his passion being spent, he fell upon his knees, and looked round with a scared white face, waiting for what was to come. "Poor Dick!" murmured Jim Podmore. And then the men whispered to each other how Dick Hart had been worked off his legs lately; how the accident was nothing more than was to be expected.

These figures, himself and his wife and child, vanished as suddenly and as strangely as they had appeared, and he found himself on the platform on which his duties were performed. A bewildering sound was in his ears. A thousand engines were screaming furiously, a thousand voices were shouting despairingly, a thousand terrible fears were making themselves heard. The air was filled with clamour and confusion, and starting forward with a wildly beating heart, he awoke.

He had been dreaming. But there was cause for these, his later fancies. The faithful dog Snap was tearing at the door, through the crevices of which Jim saw smoke stealing. He looked towards the bed: Polly and her mother were fast asleep. He ran to the door, and opened it, and a blaze of flame rushed on to him, and almost blinded him. The house was on fire!

Jim Podmore's first feeling after the shock of the discovery was one of deep-felt gratitude, and a muttered "Thank the Lord!" escaped his lips as he saw his wife and child lying asleep in bed. When he started to his feet in a half-conscious state, with the clamour and the roar in his ears, his fear was that there had been an accident on the line, and that Polly and her mother had been hurt; and he was inexpressibly relieved to find that he had been dreaming. So deep and strong was his feeling of relief that he did not instantly realise the real danger which threatened him and those dear to him. It came upon him presently in its full force, and he recognised that a moment's delay might prove fatal. The first thing to find out was the extent of the danger. He had shut

the door directly the fire met his gaze. Now he opened it, and ran down a few steps, on which the fire had not yet seized. He was beaten back by the flames. He fancied he heard cries from the lower part of the house, but he could see nothing for the smoke. There was no escape that way. Snap ran hither and thither in the wildest agitation, barking at the flames to keep them down. As Jim Podmore threw open the window in despair, to see what means of escape that outlet afforded, he saw the forms of persons hurrying to the street, and heard the cries they uttered. Those below could not distinguish his face, for he had closed the door again, and, impelled by some strange process of reasoning, had locked it to keep out the flames. They saw, however, that some one was standing at the window, and they called out to him, but he was too agitated to understand what they said. The front of the house presented a flat surface of brick, and there seemed to be nothing between him and death—not a foothold, nor anything to cling to. The whole of this action had taken place in scarcely more than two or three moments, and within that time Snap had leaped upon the bed, and had aroused Pollypod and her mother. Had they been alone, it is probable that they would have slept on unconscious of their danger, for the smoke, stealing through the crevices of the door, had already somewhat stupefied them, and whatever subtle influence that and the dull roar of voices without might have had upon their dreams, they would not have aroused them to consciousness. Mrs. Podmore, with a scream, jumped out of bed, and looked wildly around; at the same moment she snatched Polly from the bed, and held the child close to shield her from danger.

"Keep cool, old woman," said Jim Podmore; "the house is on fire;" and muttered inly, "I knew that presentiment would come true—didn't I tell Old Wheels so?"

Mrs. Podmore was now standing at the window by Jim's side, with Polly in her arms. Their white night-dresses shone in the midst of the dark surface of brick, and voices reached them, rashly advising them to jump down. But they were on the third floor, and although Jim saw friendly arms held out below, he held his wife tight, lest in her fear she should obey the entreaties of their neighbours.

"There's time enough for that, old woman," he muttered, with thick breath; "perhaps the fire escape 'll come. It'd be almost certain death to take the leap."

Time was too precious to waste in mere words, and he released her from his embrace. She turned to the door, but he cried out to her not to open it, and that their only chance lay in doing their best to keep out the flames.

"There's only one way out for us, old woman ; and that's by the window. Put Polly down, and give me a hand here. Quick ! Don't be frightened, my darling !"

He was tying the bedclothes together, to form a rope by which they might escape through the window, and Mrs. Podmore flew to help him. The door began to crack, and the room to fill with smoke ; little jets of flame appeared.

"God help us !" cried Mrs. Podmore. "We shall be burnt to death !"

Jim said nothing to this, but all the bedclothes being used, he hurriedly fixed the mattress against the door, to gain another moment ; then tied one end of the rope firmly to the foot of the bedstead, and threw the other end out of the window. It reached a little below the second-floor window. As he leaned forward to see how long it was, a ladder was fixed against the wall of the house, and a man, cheered on by the crowd, ran up to the room where Old Wheels slept.

"There's the old man getting out," said Jim, in a suppressed tone ; the father, mother, and child were now together at the window ; "and the man's jumped into the room. Don't look behind you, mother ! Thank God, there's the fire-engine !"

It came tearing up the narrow street, and brave men were at work almost in an instant.

"The man's out on the ladder, mother, with Lily in his arms. Hurrah !" Jim lost sight of his own danger for a moment. "It'll be our turn presently. The Gribbles are getting down now. They've found a rope !"

Indeed, in less time than it takes to describe, all these, happily, were safely rescued, and only Jim Podmore and his wife and child remained in the burning house. The flames were in the room, and the fire-escape had not arrived. A moment's delay now would be fatal.

"Do you think you could hold fast to the rope," asked Jim of his wife, with a tightening grasp on the knots, "and slide down ? There's no other chance left."

"I don't know, Jim," replied the trembling woman.

"See—there are two men climbing the ladder

to catch us, and there are others below them, holding them up. You'll have to drop into their arms when you get to the end. Quick, mother ! Now !"

"I can't, Jim," gasped the fainting woman ; "I can't. Never mind me. Save Polly !"

Without another word, Jim Podmore, with Polly in his arms, swung out upon the rope. Happily it held and bore the strain. Those below watched him with agonised looks, and the roar suddenly became hushed.

"Drop the child !" cried a voice. It came from one of the men on the ladder, and sounded clear and distinct, as from a silver trumpet. "Don't be frightened, Pollypod ! It's me—Felix !"

"Felix, Felix !" screamed Pollypod, and as she cried, fell through the air into his arms. The cheers and the roar of delight that came from the crowd were frozen as it were in the throats of the excited throng as Jim, assuring himself by a hasty glance that his child was safe, began to ascend the rope for his wife. He was not a moment too soon. She was so overpowered with fright that he had to drag her through the window.

"Keep your senses about you," he cried, "for God's sake, old woman ! Polly's safe ! Hold me tight—don't loose your hold ! For Polly's sake, now—for Polly's sake, mother !"

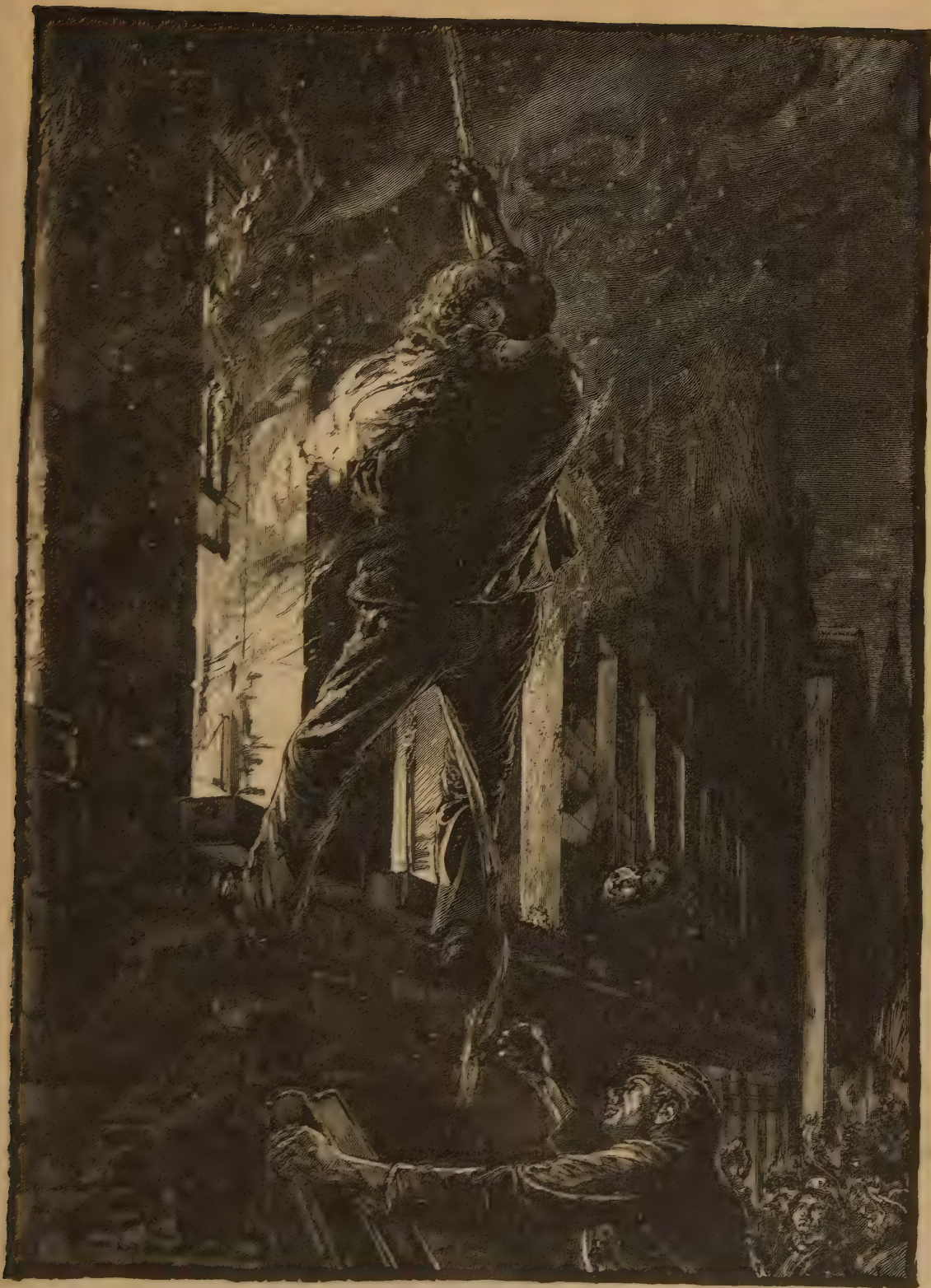
She clung to him so tightly as almost to press the breath out of his body ; it was fortunate for them that another ladder was raised, and that other friendly arms were held out to break their fall. The moment they were safe, the attention of the crowd was diverted to the form of a dog, who was standing and barking on the window-sill above. It was Snap, who had been left behind. The dog was in great distress, for the flames were darting towards him, and he could scarcely keep his foothold. But Jim Podmore saw the peril of his faithful servant, and having hurriedly ascertained that his wife and Pollypod were unhurt, he ran up the ladder and called out to Snap to jump. The dog had but one alternative—to be burnt ; so he risked his limbs, and jumped clean on the shoulders of his master, whence he rolled safely into the crowd, who cheered merrily at the episode.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

[By LADY ANNE BARNARD.]

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld and the
kye at hame,
And a' the world to sleep are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my ee
When my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and socht me for his
bride—
But saving a croun, he had naething else beside :
To mak' that croun a pund young Jamie gaed to sea,
And the croun and the pund were baith for me.



THE FIRE. (Drawn by J. Bell.)

He hadna been awa a week but only twa,
When my mother she fell sick, and the cow was
stown awa ;
My father brak his arm, and young Jamie at the
sea—
And Auld Robin Gray cam' a courtin' me.

My father argued sair, my mother didna speak,
But she lookit in my face, till my heart was like
to break :
Sae they gied him my hand, though my heart was
at the sea,
And Auld Robin Gray was gudeman to me.



"SAE THEY GIED HIM MY HAND." (Drawn by W. Small.)

My father couldna work and my mother couldna
spin ;
I toiled day and nicht, for their bread I couldna
win ;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and wi' tears in
his ee,
Said, "Jennie, for their sakes, oh ! marry me."

My heart it said nay—for I looked for Jamie back,
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a
wrack :
The ship it was a wrack—why didna Jamie dee ?
Or why do I live to say, "Wae's me?"

I hadna been a wife a week but only four
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I could not think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame to marry thee."

Ah ! sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say,
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away ;
I wish I was dead ! but I'm no like to dee,
And why was I born to say, "Wae's me ?"

I gang like a ghaist and I carena to spin ;
I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin ;
But I'll do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For Auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

THE TALE OF THE ENGLISH SAILOR.*

[By CAPTAIN MARRYATT.]



HAVE an infidel in the courtyard," replied Mustapha, "who telleth of strange things. He hath been caught like a wild beast; it is a Frank Galiongi, who hath travelled as far as that son of Shitan, Huckaback; he was found in the streets, overpowered by the forbidden juice, after having beaten many of your highness's subjects; and the cadi would have administered the bamboo, but he was as a lion, and he scattered the slaves as chaff, until he fell, and could not rise again. I have taken him from the cadi, and brought him here. He speaketh but the Frankish tongue, but the sun who shineth on me knoweth I have been in the Frank country, and Inshallah! please the Lord, I can interpret his meaning."

"What sort of a man may he be, Mustapha?"

"He is a baj baj—a stout man; he is an ankhker, a swallower of iron. He hath sailed in the war-vessels of the Franks. He holdeth in one hand a bottle of the forbidden liquor, in the other he shakes at those who would examine him a thick stick. He hath a large handful of the precious weed which we use for our pipes in one of his cheeks, and his hair is hanging behind down to his waist, in a rolled-up mass, as thick as the arm of your slave."

"It is well—we will admit him; but let there be armed men at hand. Let me have a full pipe. God is great," continued the pacha, holding out his glass to be filled; "and the bottle is nearly empty. Place the guards, and bring in the infidel."

The guards in a few minutes brought into the presence of the pacha a stout-built English sailor, in the usual dress, and with a tail which hung down behind, below his waist. The sailor did not appear to like his treatment, and every now and then, as they pushed and dragged him in, turned to one side or the other, looking daggers at those who conducted him. He was sober, although his eyes bore testimony to recent intoxication; and his face, which was manly and handsome, was much disfigured by an enormous quid of tobacco in his right cheek, which gave him an appearance of natural deformity. As soon as he was near enough to the pacha the attendants let him go. Jack shook his jacket, hitched up his trowsers, and said, looking furiously at them, "Well, you beggars, have you done with me at last?"

Mustapha addressed the sailor in English, telling him that he was in the presence of his highness the pacha.

"What, that old chap muffled up in shawls and furs—is he the pacha? Well, I don't think much o' he;" and the sailor turned his eyes round the room, gaping with astonishment, and perfectly unmindful how very near he was to one who could cut off his head or his tail by a single movement of his hand."

"What sayeth the Frank, Mustapha?" inquired the pacha.

"He is struck dumb with astonishment at the splendour of your majesty, and all that he beholds."

"It is well said, by Allah!"

"I suppose I may just as well come to an anchor," said the sailor, suiting the action to the word, and dropping down on the mats. "There," continued he, folding his legs in imitation of the Turks, "as it's the fashion to have a cross in your hawse in this here country, I can be a bit of a lubber as well as yourselves; I wouldn't mind if I blew a cloud as well as you, old fustymusty."

"What does the Giaour say? What son of a dog is this, to sit in our presence?" exclaimed the pacha.

"He saith," replied Mustapha, "that in his country no one dare stand in the presence of the Frankish king; and, overcome by his humility, his legs refuse their office, and he sinks to the dust before you. It is even as he sayeth, for I have travelled in their country, and such is the custom of that uncivilized nation. Mashallah! but he lives in awe and trembling."

"By the beard of the prophet, he does not appear to show it outwardly," replied the pacha; "but that may be the custom also."

"Be chesm, on my eyes be it," replied Mustapha, "it is even so. Frank," said Mustapha, "the pacha has sent for you that he may hear an account of all the wonderful things which you have seen. You must tell lies, and you will have gold."

"Tell lies! that is, to spin a yarn; well, I can do that, but my mouth's baked with thirst, and without a drop of something no yarn from me, and so you may tell the old billy-goat perched up there."

"What sayeth the son of Shitan?" demanded the pacha, impatiently.

* From "The Pacha of Many Tales." By kind permission of Messrs. Routledge and Sons.

"The unbeliever declareth that his tongue is glued to his mouth from the terror of your highness's presence. He fainteth after water to restore him, and enable him to speak."

"Let him be fed," rejoined the pacha.

But Mustapha had heard enough to know that the sailor would not be content with the pure element. He therefore continued, "Your slave must tell you that in the country of the Franks they drink nothing but the fire-water, in which the true believers but occasionally venture to indulge."

"Allah acbar ! nothing but fire-water ? What, then, do they do with common water ?"

"They have none but from heaven—the rivers are all of the same strength."

"Mashallah, how wonderful is God ! I would we had a river here. Let some be procured, then, for I wish to hear his story."

A bottle of brandy was sent for, and handed to the sailor, who put it to his mouth, and the quantity he took of it before he removed the bottle to recover his breath, fully convinced the pacha that Mustapha's assertions were true.

"Come, that's not so bad," said the sailor, putting the bottle down between his legs ; "and now I'll be as good as my word, and I'll spin old Billy a yarn as long as the maintop-bowling."

"What saith the Giaour ?" interrupted the pacha.

"That he is about to lay at your highness's feet the wonderful events of his life, and trusts that his face will be whitened before he quits your sublime presence. Frank, you may proceed."

"To lie till I'm black in the face—well, since you wish it ; but, old chap, my name ar'n't Frank. It happens to be Bill ; howsomever, it warn't a bad guess for a Turk.

* * * * *

"I was born at Shields, and bred to the sea, served my time out of that port, and got a berth on board a small vessel fitted out from Liverpool for the slave trade. We made the coast, unstowed our beads, spirits, and gunpowder, and very soon had a cargo on board ; but the day after we sailed for the Havannah, the dysentery broke out among the niggers—no wonder, seeing how they were stowed, poor devils, head and tail, like pilchards in a cask. We opened the hatches and brought part of them on deck, but it was no use, they died like rotten sheep, and we tossed overboard about thirty a day. Many others, who were alive, jumped overboard, and we were followed by a shoal of sharks, splashing and darting, and diving, and tearing the bodies, yet warm, and revelling in the hot and bloody water. At last they were all gone, and we turned back to the coast to get a fresh supply. We were within a day's sail of the land, when we saw two

boats on our weather bow ; they made signals to us, and we found them to be full of men : we hove-to, and took them on board, and then it was that we discovered that they had belonged to a French schooner, in the same trade, which had started a plank, and had gone down like a shot, with all the niggers in the hold.

"Now give the old gentleman the small change of that, while I just wet my whistle."

Mustapha having interpreted, and the sailor having taken a swig at the bottle, he proceeded.

"We didn't much like having these French beggars on board, and it wasn't without reason, for they were as many as we were. The very first night they were overheard by a negro who belonged to us, and had learnt French, making a plan for overpowering us, and taking possession of the vessel ; so when we heard that, their doom was sealed. We mustered ourselves on deck, put the hatches over some o' the French, seized those on deck, and—in half an hour, they all walked the plank."

"I do not understand what you mean," said Mustapha.

"That's 'cause your'e a lubber of a landsman. The long and short of walking a plank is just this. We passed a wide plank over the gunnel, greasing it well at the outer end, led the Frenchmen up to it blindfolded, and wished them 'bon voyage' in their own lingo, just out of politeness. They walked on till they toppled into the sea, and the sharks didn't refuse them, though they prefer a nigger to anything else."

"What does he say Mustapha ?" interrupted the pacha. Mustapha interpreted.

"Good ! I should like to have seen that," replied the pacha.

"Well, as soon as we were rid of the Frenchmen, we made our port, and soon had another cargo on board, and, after a good run, got safe to the Havannah, where we sold our slaves ; but I didn't much like the service, so I cut the schooner, and sailed home in summer, and got safe back to England. There I fell in with Betsy, and, as she proved a regular out-and-outer, I spliced her, and a famous wedding we had of it, as long as the rhino lasted ; but that wasn't long, more's the pity ; so I went to sea for more. When I came back after my trip I found that Bet hadn't behaved quite so well as she might have done, so I cut my stick, and went away from her altogether."

"Why didn't you put her in a sack ?" inquired the pacha, when Mustapha explained.

"Put her head in a bag—no ; she wasn't so ugly as all that," replied the sailor. "Howsomever, to coil away : I joined a privateer brig, and after three cruises I had plenty of money, and determined to have another spell on shore, that I might get rid of

it. Then I picked up Sue, and spliced again ; but, Lord bless your heart, she turned out a regular-built Tartar—nothing but fight, fight, scratch, scratch, all day long, till I wished her at old Scratch. I was tired of her, and Sue had taken a fancy to another chap ; so says she one day, ‘As we both be of the same mind, why don’t you sell me, and then we may part in a respectable manner.’ I agrees, and I puts a halter around her neck, and leads her to the market-place, the chap following to buy her. ‘Who bids for this woman?’ says I.

“‘I do,’ says he.

“‘What will you give?’

“‘Half-a-crown,’ says he.

“‘Will you throw a glass of grog into the bargain?’

“‘Yes,’ says he.

“‘Then she’s yours; and I wish you much joy of your bargain.’ So I hands the rope to him, and he leads her off.”

“How much do you say he sold his wife for?” said the pacha to Mustapha, when this part of the story was repeated to him.

“A piastre and a drink of the fire-water,” replied the vizier.

“Ask him if she was handsome,” said the pacha.

“Handsome!” replied the sailor to Mustapha’s inquiry ; “yes, she was as pretty a craft to look at as you may set your eyes upon.”

* * * * *

“Mashallah ! all for a piastre. Ask him, Mustapha, if there are more wives to be sold in that country?”

“More!” replied the sailor, in answer to Mustapha ; “you may have a shipful in an hour. There’s many a fellow in England who would give a handful of coin to get rid of his wife.”

“We will make further inquiry, Mustapha ; it must be looked to. Say I not well?”

“It is well said,” replied Mustapha. “My heart is burnt as roast meat at the recollection of the women of that country, who are indeed, as he described, houris to the sight. Proceed, Yaha Bibby, my friend, and tell his—”

“Yaw Bibby ! I told you my name was Bill, not Bibby ; and I never yaws from my course, although I heaves-to sometimes, as I do now, to take in provisions.” The sailor took another swig, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and continued—“Now for a good lie.

“I sailed in a brig for the Brazils, and a gale came on, that I never see’d the like of. We were obliged to have three men stationed to hold the captain’s hair on his head, and a little boy was blown over the moon, and slid down by two or three of her-beams, till he caught the mainstay, and never hurt himself.”

“Good !” said Mustapha, who interpreted.

“By the beard of the Prophet, wonderful !” exclaimed the pacha.

“Well, the gale lasted for a week, and at last one night, when I was at the helm, we dashed on the rocks of a desolate island. I was pitched right over the mountains, and fell into the sea on the other side of the island. I swam on shore, and got into a cave, where I fell fast asleep. The next morning I found that there was nothing to eat except rats, and they were plentiful ; but they were so quick that I could not catch them. I walked about and at last discovered a great many rats together ; they were at a spring of water, the only one, as I afterwards found, on the island. Rats can’t do without water, and I thought I should have them there. I filled up the spring, all but a hole, which I sat on the top of. When the rats came again I filled my mouth with water, and held it wide open ; they ran up to drink and I caught their heads in my teeth, and thus I took as many as I wished.”

“Aferin, excellent !” cried the pacha, as soon as this was explained.

“Well, at last a vessel took me off, and I wasn’t sorry for it, for raw rats are not very good eating. I went home again, and I hadn’t been on shore more than two hours, when who should I see but my first wife Bet, with a robin-redbreast in tow. ‘That’s he,’ says she. I gave fight, but was nabbed and put into limbo, to be tried for what they call *biggery*, or having a wife too much.”

“How does he mean ? Desire him to explain,” said the pacha, after Mustapha had conveyed the intelligence. Mustapha obeyed.

“In our country one wife is considered a man’s allowance ; and he is not to take more, that every Jack may have his Jill. I had spliced two, so they tried me, and sent me to Botany Bay for life.”

* * * * *

“Well,” rejoined the pacha, “what are they but infidels ? They deserve to have no more. Houris are for the faithful. May their fathers’ graves be defiled. Let the Giaour proceed.”

“Well, I was started for the other side of the water, and got there safe enough, as I hope one day to get to heaven, wind and weather permitting ; but I had no idea of working without pay, so one fine morning I slipped away into the woods, where I remained with three or four more for six months. We lived upon kangaroos, and another odd little animal, and got on pretty well.”

“What may the dish of kangaroos be composed of?” inquired Mustapha, in obedience to the pacha.

“‘Posed of ! why, a dish of kangaroos be made of kangaroos, to be sure. But I’ll be dished if I

talk about anything but the animal, which we had some trouble to kill; for it stands on its big tail, and fights with all four feet. Moreover, it be otherwise a strange beast; for its young ones pop out of its stomach and then pop in again, having a place there on purpose, just like the great hole in the bow of a timber ship: and as for the other little animal, it swims in the

ponds, lays eggs, and has a duck's bill, yet still it be covered all over with hair like a beast."

The vizier interpreted. "By the Prophet, but he laughs at our beards!" exclaimed the pacha, angrily. "These are foolish lies."

"You must not tell the pacha such foolish lies. He will be angry," said Mustapha. "Tell lies, but they must be good lies."

A DOMESTIC TROUBLE.

[From "Far Above Rubies." By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.]

WHEN every one except Lucy Dudley, who sat up with Lally, was supposed to be in bed, Bessie stole into the

"Bessie, Bessie, darling, what is the matter?" she whispered, putting her arms round her cousin's neck, and striving to detain her; but Bessie gently



"BESSIE STOLE INTO THE NURSERY 'TO HAVE ANOTHER PEEP AT HER CHILD.'"
(Drawn by A. S. FENN.)

nursery, "to have another peep at her child," she said.

"You ought to have been asleep long ago," Lucy remarked, rebukingly; but Bessie explained she had been writing to her father a very long letter on an important subject, which Alick was going to take to town with him.

"About your marriage?" Lucy inquired, and Bessie answered "Yes."

"If we talk any more we shall waken Lally," the girl added. "Good night, Lucy—good night, my bad child—my poor little Lally!"

And stooping, she put her lips to Lally's hand, which lay outside the coverlet, and kissed it softly. When she lifted her head, Lucy saw that her eyes were full of tears.

disengaged herself from the embrace, and saying, "We shall waken Lally; there is nothing the matter with me," left the room—her face buried in her handkerchief, sobbing as she went. Lucy would have followed her, but Bessie motioned her not to do so. Then, gliding noiselessly along the passage, she entered her own room, and Agnes heard the key turned in the lock.

Some hours afterwards, when Heather, as was her custom, came to relieve the watcher, Lucy expressed her fear that Bessie could not be well. "She cried so bitterly," the girl explained.

Hearing this, Mrs. Dudley went to Bessie's door, and quietly turned the handle.

Contrary to her expectations, the bolt was not drawn inside, and she stepped into the apartment.

In the darkness she stood, holding her breath and listening. Bessie was asleep. Heather heard the regular respiration of what she considered sound slumber, and felt satisfied.

"I do not imagine she can be ill," Mrs. Dudley remarked, on her return to Lucy. "She is sleeping quietly enough now, at all events. Tell me, dear," she added, "have you heard any noise at all during the night? I fancied I caught a sound something like footsteps crunching on the gravel, and got up to see. Arthur said it was all my fancy. Did you hear anything?"

"No," Lucy replied, "nothing whatever. Bessie was down-stairs again, you know, leaving out that letter for Alick to take to town; but she was very quiet, I do not think you could have heard her."

"It was my fancy, I suppose," remarked Heather, "I have felt restless and nervous all the night long. I was quite glad, when four o'clock struck, to get up. Now, go to bed, Lucy, or you will feel ill for want of sleep."

"No likelihood of that," Lucy answered, suppressing a yawn, however, as she spoke, and went off leaving mother and child alone.

Sitting there quite alone with her little girl, the restlessness of which Heather had complained returned upon her with double force. She tried to read; she fetched her work-basket and commenced sewing; she went and stood by the window looking out into the darkness, and longed for five o'clock, when there would come some sounds of life about the house. It was a still, cold morning, pitch dark. Not a dog barked—not a leaf stirred. The silence was almost insupportable, and Heather felt it to be so, as she left the window and returned to Lally's side.

Still, the child slept quietly; and now Heather's thoughts reverted to Bessie. What could be the matter with the girl? Why had she been crying the previous night? Why did she so persistently ignore Mr. Harcourt's very existence? How did it happen that the time for her marriage seemed no nearer now than it had done in the summer?

That Mr. Harcourt was a devoted correspondent, Heather knew by the evidence of her own eyes. Scarcely a morning passed without the post-bag bringing a long epistle from him to his affianced wife. Bessie's acknowledgments of these epistles were despatched at much longer and more uncertain intervals; but then Bessie did not profess to be a good correspondent. "She hated letter writing and letter writers," she openly declared; so that her negligence in this particular proved nothing. Besides, her time had been much occupied with Lally, and altogether—

As she reached this point in her mental argument, Mrs. Dudley heard a sound as though a door were being softly opened and closed at the end of the corridor. With that nervous fear upon

her, which seems so often the advance courier of some disaster, the messenger spurring on to tell us of the approach of misfortune, Heather went out into the passage and listened. Yes, there was some one moving stealthily and cautiously in the direction of the back staircase—a woman, for Mrs. Dudley could hear the skirt of her dress brushing against the wall as she stole along.

It could not be any of the servants, because they had no business in that part of the house—their sleeping rooms being in the roof, and access to those apartments only possible by means of the back staircase which opened out of the front kitchen.

There was a door of communication, however, between the long south corridor, where the principal bed-chambers were situated, and the other portion of the house; and this door Heather now heard close softly, as the first had done.

Satisfied that Bessie must be ill and about to seek Mrs. Piggott's apartment, Heather hurried after; but when she came to try to open the door, it resisted all her efforts. As a rule, the key remained on the side next the main staircase. Now, Heather found it had been removed, and the door locked from within. Not knowing what all this could mean, she went back to Lally's room, took a candle, and descending into the hall, made her way along a passage which led in the direction of the offices. Crossing the front kitchen, she opened the door which led towards the back staircase, and there on the last step stood Priscilla Dobbin.

"What are you doing? where are you going?" asked her mistress.

"I was coming down to look at the clock, ma'am," answered the girl.

"You have just left Miss Ormson's room—is she ill?"

"No, ma'am, not as I know of. She told me last night to go to her room when I got up for a letter for Master Alick to take to town."

"And where is that letter?" asked Mrs. Dudley.

"On the hall table, ma'am, I believe. Miss Bessie left it there herself after she had wrote it."

"What made you lock the passage door after you?"

"Miss Bessie told me to, ma'am."

Heather could not understand the matter at all. She did not believe that there was a sentence of truth in the girl's statement; but what her object might be in speaking falsely she was unable to imagine.

"Miss Ormson is awake, then?" she said at length.

"Yes, ma'am—leastways she was when I saw her."

Without another word, Mrs. Dudley turned to regain the hall. She wanted to see if the letter

were really on the slab, and then she meant to go to Bessie's room and ascertain whether or not Priscilla had spoken falsely,

The whole thing baffled Heather. But for the locking of the door, she should have thought nothing more about the matter; but what object either Bessie or Priscilla could have in thus cutting off immediate communication between the two parts of the house, she was quite unable to divine.

There on the slab lay Bessie's letter—a thick letter, for Heather lifted and held it in her hand for a moment; then she laid it down again, and ascended the front staircase, slowly and thoughtfully.

She had not reached the landing, however, before Priscilla was beside her.

"Ma'am—Mrs. Dudley," began the girl, "you can turn me out of the house this moment, if you like. I told you a lie about that letter. I did not go to Miss Bessie's room for it. Miss Bessie is gone."

"Gone!" Heather looked at the girl, and blankly repeated that word after her.

"Yes, ma'am; and there is a letter for you, please, on the toilet-table," at which point in her confession Prissy began to whimper.

"Don't do that," said Mrs. Dudley, almost angrily. "Go on before me to Miss Ormson's room, and be quiet."

Thus ordered, Priscilla walked along the passage, and, opening the door of Bessie's bed-chamber, stood aside to allow Mrs. Dudley to enter.

Heather, as she did so, glanced hurriedly round the apartment. There was no disorder, no confusion; everything looked precisely as it might have done had Bessie been there—only Bessie was not there.

Heather went up to the bed, and put her hand on the sheet. It felt warm, and she turned to Priscilla, saying, interrogatively—

"She has only just left the house?"

"She went at one o'clock, ma'am."

"Impossible! I have been in the room myself since four o'clock, and she was sleeping then."

"That was me, ma'am; and I was not asleep."

I heard you come in—I never went to sleep all night. I'd have given anything, ma'am, if I might have told you. I never was so miserable in all my life—and poor Miss Bessie, she were a-crying dreadful."

"Where is she gone?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"Who is she gone with?"

"That gentleman as is so sweet on her."

"You don't mean Mr. Harcourt?"

"Dear! no, ma'am; that other what she came back from church to meet yesterday."

Utterly bewildered, Heather stood in the middle of the room, confounded and almost stupefied.

Had any one come to her and said Bessie was dead, she could not have felt more shocked—more grieved. Under her eyes this thing had been going on—this deception from day to day, and from week to week—and she had never even suspected its existence. Her very servant had been cognisant of it; this girl, this false, cheating, untruthful Prissy Dobbin, had been persuaded by Bessie to conceal the mischief until it was too late to repair it. And Bessie, too, that bright, gay, affectionate creature, was but a hypocrite and a deceiver! Mrs. Dudley felt this to be the last drop in the cup, and, covering her face, wept bitterly.

"Don't 'ee, ma'am," implored Priscilla, "don't 'ee take on so! Read what Miss Bessie says, mayhap that 'ill tell you where she's gone. The gentleman worships the very ground she treads on; and they would have told you, only something about his father, I don't rightly know what, prevented them. Miss Bessie prayed and begged him yesterday to let her speak to you. He wanted her, right or wrong, to go off with him then, but she wouldn't; she said she wouldn't spoil your Christmas Day, not for fifty husbands—she did."

"You were very fond of Miss Bessie?" Mrs. Dudley said, inquiringly.

"Main fond, ma'am," answered the girl. "I took to her from the day she talked to me in the field, and give I that harf a crown."

"Then don't go chattering about her having gone off with any one, Prissy. If you are fond of her, show your fondness by keeping silence."

And with that, Mrs. Dudley, first bidding Prissy stay with Lally, in case she wakened, went and roused her husband.

"Arthur," she said, "Bessie is off—she has eloped. What are we to do?"

"Bessie eloped—Bessie off! Heather, you must be dreaming!"

"I wish I were," answered his wife. "Is there any use in trying to follow her, do you think?"

"There might be, if we knew where she was gone," Arthur replied. "What does she say in her letter?" he added, noticing the paper in his wife's hand.

"She does not give a clue," said Heather. "She merely states she is gone to be married, and that, whenever her husband allows her, she will write again."

"Better call up Alick," suggested Arthur; and accordingly Alick was started.

"They have four hours' start," said the young man, practically, when he had heard Heather's story, "and their plans must have been well laid. I will follow if you like, but I think it is useless. They are in London by this time."

"What makes you think they have gone to London?" asked Heather.

"Because it is the only place in which to be lost," answered the youth. And the three stood and looked at each other for a few moments in utter silence.

A great blow had suddenly fallen on them; and they felt stunned with its force.

That such a thing should have happened there! that they should all have bidden each other good night, without a suspicion of coming evil—and that this should have come to pass before morning!

Heather was the first to speak.

"And Mr. Harcourt, too—what will he say?"

"If he be a wise man, 'that he is well rid of her,'" answered Arthur. "She must be a bad girl—a bad false girl."

"But, oh! so good to Lally," said Heather, deprecatingly; "and I do not think it was of her own free will she went now—I do not—I believe she was driven to it. Read her letter, Arthur—read how she says she tried to like Mr. Harcourt, and how her mother forced her on. If I only knew she were married, I could rest satisfied."

And so husband and wife talked on, while Alick, standing by, remained resolutely silent.

He would tell nothing about it; he would say nothing concerning the stranger they had met at North Kemms; he would not utterly destroy Heather's faith, and show her that Bessie had been a deceiver from the beginning. His heart

was yearning after the girl, but he would not speak a word that could give a clue as to whom she had eloped with.

She had prayed him not to tell Heather, and he would be faithful to his trust. From him Heather never should know how false this girl had been—this girl with the lovely face, and the sweet, winning manners, which had gained her so many friends.

"The matter should be kept quiet;" each attributing different meanings to that expression, agreed as to the expediency of this course. Arthur said he would go to town with Alick, and take Bessie's letter on to her father.

"Then, Mr. Ormson can do whatever he thinks best," said the Squire; and Heather at once went to see that breakfast was got ready for the brothers before their departure.

"I wonder who she can have picked up," remarked Squire Dudley, when his wife left the room; "you never saw anybody hanging about the place, did you, Alick?"

Very truthfully, Alick answered that he had not; but still in his own soul he felt satisfied Bessie had gone off with the stranger, who sat in the same pew with them, and restored Miss Ormson's prayer-book on that Sunday when he and his cousin walked across the fields to North Kemms church, talking as they went.

GRANDDAD IN THE INGLE.

[A Ballad. By ROBERT BUCHANAN.]

I.

ALL on a windy night of yule,
When snow was falling white,
We sat all warm in the marsh farm
Around the yule logs bright.

The clock ticked low, and the wind did blow,
And the snow was heaped and blown;
And we laughed and talked; but granddad sat
As still as any stone.

As still he sat as a cold grey stone
Upon the lone sea-sands,
His thin grey hair as white as foam,
Like drifting weeds his hands.

His eyes were dead, and dull, and cold
As the jelly-fish on the rock,
His ears were closed, and his heart kept time
To the ticking of the clock.

His cheeks were pale, his lips were dumb,
He sat in the ingle-glow,

Still as a stone on the lone sea-sand,
Though the tide doth come and go;

Though the sun may come on its moist cold
side,
And make a glistening gleam;
Though the storm may dash, and the lightning
flash,
And the startled sea-bird scream.

Too late! too late! he is old, so old,
He hears no human call,
He cannot smile, he cannot weep,
His blood flows on as dark as sleep—
He *lives*, and that is all.

II.

"Granddad, granddad, look up and speak
To thy grandchild Marjorie!"
He does not stir, but sits and smiles,
Like one who doth not see.

He sits and faintly feels the fire,
And fondles his thin knees ;
Flash the light, and rattle the log !—
He neither hears nor sees.

“ Ay, ay ”—the words have a strange sea-sound
As they leave his feeble lips,
Of the blowing wind and the tossing sea,
And the men who sail in ships.



“ HE POINTED WITH HIS SKINNY HAND, AND UTTERED EAGER CRIES.” (Drawn by W. Small.)

“ Granddad ! here is thy daughter Joan,
Come o’er with cousin Jane ! ”
“ Ay, ay,” he cries, with a feeble flush,
Then his soul shuts again.

All year long he sat by the fire,
And we had heard strange tales
Of his life of old, when he tossed and rolled
Amid the lonesome gales.

And often when his chair was wheeled
Without into the sun,
And he sat in the porch, we whispered low
Of the deeds that he had done.

For round his life a mystery hung,
No soul could wholly clear,
And we children had heard that he had been
A bloody buccaneer ;

That the stain of blood was on his hands,
That his soul was black and deep,
That he had seen such sights as made
His spirit shriek in sleep.

That the red round gold his hands had gained
Was dyed with blood of men,
And as we spake, our voices sank,
And we looked at him again.

Sometimes his face would flash to fire,
And his hands would clutch his chair,
And some bloody scene within his soul
Would shake him unaware.

Sometimes his cold lips would uncloze,
And talk in a strange tongue,
And his voice would quicken, his thin arms move,
And all his ways grow young.

Sometimes his words were fierce and loud,
As if he trod the deck ;
Sometimes he seemed to toil like men
Who swim from ships a-wreck.

But ever the life he lived went on
Within his soul alone ;
To all the wash of the waves of life
He kept as cold as stone.

Yet oft his face would lie in peace,
As if he knew no sin,
With a light that came not from without,
But issued from within :

A light like glistening light that sleeps
On the wet rock by the sea,
As if his thoughts were all at rest,
And some blue heaven within his breast
Was opening tranquilly.

III.

Suddenly, on that night of yule,
While we sat whispering there,
The old worn shape waved up his arms,
And sprang from out his chair.

"See, see!" he cried, and his hair was blown
Around his brow and eyes ;
He pointed with his skinny hand,
And uttered eager cries.

"Now, granddad, granddad, sit thee down,
There is no creature nigh!"
He answered not, but stood erect
With wildly glistening eye.

"Hush! man the boats!" and in our sight
Firm up and down he trod.
"Form line! who stirs a footstep dies!
She's sinking—pray to God.

"Nail down the hatches! if the slaves
Climb up, we all must drown ;
If one among them stirs a foot,
Shoot, hew, and hack him down!

"Away—she sinks!" and both his ears
He stopt as he did speak.
"Saved, saved!" he moaned, then trembling:
stood
With tears upon his cheek.

"God pardon me and cleanse my soul!"
He murmured with thin moan,
Then raised his hands into the air,
And dropt as dead as stone!

A TIME OF PERIL.

[From "The Last of the Mohicans." By J. FENIMORE COOPER.]

THE warning call of the scout was not uttered without occasion. During the occurrence of the deadly encounter just related, the roar of the falls was unbroken by any human sound whatever. It would seem that interest in the result had kept the natives, on the opposite shores, in breathless suspense, while the quick evolutions

and swift changes in the positions of the combatants effectually prevented a fire, that might prove dangerous alike to friend and enemy. But the moment the struggle was decided, a yell arose, as fierce and savage as wild and revengeful passions could throw into the air. It was followed by the swift flashes of the rifles, which sent their leaden messengers across the rock in

volleys, as though the assailants would pour out their impotent fury on the insensible scene of the fatal contest.

A steady, though deliberate return, was made from the rifle of Chingachgook, who had maintained his post throughout the fray with unmoved resolution. When the triumphant shout of Uncas was borne to his ears, the gratified father had raised his voice in a single responsive cry, after which his busy piece alone proved that he still guarded his pass with unwearied diligence. In this manner many minutes flew by with the swiftness of thought; the rifles of the assailants speaking at times in rattling volleys, and at others in occasional scattering shots. Though the rocks, the trees, and the shrubs were cut and torn in a hundred places around the besieged, their cover was so close, and so rigidly maintained, that as yet David had been the only sufferer in their little band.

"Let them burn their powder," said the deliberate scout, while bullet after bullet whizzed by the place where he so securely lay; "there will be a fine gathering of lead when it is over, and I fancy the imps will tire of the sport afore these old stones cry out for mercy! Uncas, boy, you waste the kernels by overcharging; and a kicking rifle never carries a true bullet. I told you to take that loping miscreant under the line of white paint; now, if your bullet went a hair's breadth, it went two inches above it. The life lies low in a Mingo, and humanity teaches us to make a quick end of the serpents."

A quiet smile lighted the haughty features of the young Mohican, betraying his knowledge of the English language, as well as of the other's meaning; but he suffered it to pass away without vindication or reply.

"I cannot permit you to accuse Uncas of want of judgment or of skill," said Duncan; "he saved my life in the coolest and readiest manner, and he has made a friend who never will require to be reminded of the debt he owes."

Uncas partly raised his body, and offered his hand to the grasp of Heyward. During this act of friendship the two young men exchanged looks of intelligence, which caused Duncan to forget the character and condition of his wild associate. In the meanwhile Hawk-eye, who looked on this burst of youthful feeling with a cool, but kind regard, made the following calm reply:—

"Life is an obligation which friends often owe to each other in the wilderness. I dare say I may have served Uncas some such turn myself before now; and I very well remember that he has stood between me and death five different times—three times from the Mingoes, once in crossing Horican, and——"

"That bullet was better aimed than common!"

exclaimed Duncan, involuntarily shrinking from a shot which struck on the rock at his side with a smart rebound.

Hawk-eye laid his hand on the shapeless metal, and shook his head as he examined it, saying, "Falling lead is never flattened! had it come from the clouds this might have happened!"

But the rifle of Uncas was deliberately raised towards the heavens, directing the eyes of his companions to a point where the mystery was immediately explained. A ragged oak grew on the right bank of the river, nearly opposite to their position, which, seeking the freedom of the open space, had inclined so far forward that its upper branches overhung the arm of the stream which flowed nearest to its own shore. Among the topmost leaves, which scantily concealed the gnarled and stunted limbs, a dark-looking savage was nestled, partly concealed by the trunk of the tree, and partly exposed, as though looking down upon them to ascertain the effect produced by his treacherous aim.

"These devils will scale heaven to circumvent us to our ruin," said Hawk-eye. "Keep him in play, boy, until I can bring 'kill-deer' to bear, when we will try his mettle on each side of the tree at once."

Uncas delayed his fire until the scout uttered the word. The rifles flashed, the leaves and bark of the oak flew into the air, and were scattered by the wind; but the Indian answered their assault by a taunting laugh, sending down upon them another bullet in return, that struck the cap of Hawk-eye from his head. Once more the savage yells burst out of the woods, and the leaden hail whistled above the heads of the besieged, as if to confine them to a place where they might become easy victims to the enterprise of the warrior who had mounted the tree.

"This must be looked to!" said the scout, glancing about him with an anxious eye. "Uncas, call up your father; we have need of all our weapons to bring the cunning varment from his roost."

The signal was instantly given, and before Hawk-eye had reloaded his rifle, they were joined by Chingachgook. When his son pointed out to the experienced warrior the situation of their dangerous enemy, the usual exclamatory "hugh" burst from his lips, after which, no further expression of surprise or alarm was suffered to escape from him. Hawk-eye and the Mohicans conversed earnestly together in Delaware for a few moments, when each quietly took his post, in order to execute the plan they had speedily devised.

The warrior in the oak had maintained a quick, though ineffectual fire, from the moment of his discovery. But his aim was interrupted by the

vigilance of his enemies, whose rifles instantaneously bore on any part of his person that was left exposed. Still his bullets fell in the centre of the crouching party. The clothes of Heyward, which rendered him peculiarly conspicuous, were repeatedly cut, and once blood was drawn from a slight wound in his arm.

At length, emboldened by the long and patient

savage was seen swinging in the wind, while he grasped a ragged and naked branch of the tree, with his hands clenched in desperation.

"Give him, in pity give him, the contents of another rifle," cried Duncan, turning away his eyes in horror from the spectacle of a fellow creature in such awful jeopardy.

"Not a kernel," exclaimed the obdurate Hawk-



"THE ADVENTUROUS HURON WAVED HIS HAND."

(Drawn by S. G. McCutcheon.)

watchfulness of his enemies, the Huron attempted a better and more fatal aim. The quick eye of the Mohicans caught the dark line of his lower limbs incautiously exposed through the thin foliage, a few inches from the trunk of the tree. Their rifles made a common report, when, sinking on his wounded limb, part of the body of the savage came into view. Swift as thought, Hawkeye seized the advantage, and discharged his fatal weapon into the top of the oak. The leaves were unusually agitated! the dangerous rifle fell from its commanding elevation, and after a few moments of vain struggling, the form of the

eye; "his death is certain, and we have no powder to spare, for Indian fights sometimes last for days; 'tis their scalps or ours! and God, who made us, has put into our natures the craving after life."

Against this stern and unyielding morality, supported, as it was, by such visible policy, there was no appeal. From that moment the yells in the forest once more ceased, the fire was suffered to decline, and all eyes, those of friends as well as enemies, became fixed on the hopeless condition of the wretch who was dangling between heaven and earth. The body yielded to the currents of

air, and though no murmur or groan escaped the victim, there were instants when he grimly faced his foes, and the anguish of cold despair might be traced through the intervening distance, in possession of his swarthy lineaments. Three several times the scout raised his piece in mercy, and as often, prudence getting the better of his intention, it was again silently lowered. At length one hand of the Huron lost its hold, and dropped exhausted to his side. A desperate and fruitless struggle to recover the branch succeeded, and then the savage was seen for a fleeting instant, grasping wildly at the empty air. The lightning is not quicker than was the flame from the rifle of Hawk-eye; the limbs of the victim trembled and contracted, the head fell to the bosom, and the body parted the foaming waters like lead, when the element closed above it in its ceaseless velocity, and every vestige of the unhappy Huron was lost for ever.

No shout of triumph succeeded this important advantage, but the Mohicans gazed at each other in silent horror. A single yell burst from the woods, and all was again still. Hawk-eye, who alone appeared to reason on the occasion, shook his head at his own momentary weakness, even uttering his self-disapprobation aloud.

"'Twas the last charge in my horn, and the last bullet in my pouch, and 'twas the act of a boy," he said; "what mattered it whether he struck the rock living or dead? feeling would soon be over. Uncas, lad, go down to the canoe, and bring up the big horn; it is all the powder we have left, and we shall need it to the last grain, or I am ignorant of the Mingo nature."

The young Mohican instantly complied, leaving the scout turning over the useless contents of his pouch, and shaking the empty horn with renewed discontent. From this unsatisfactory examination, however, he was soon called by a loud and piercing exclamation from Uncas, that sounded even to the unpractised ear of Duncan as the signal of some new and unexpected calamity. Every thought filled with apprehension for the precious treasure he had concealed in the cavern, the young man started to his feet, totally regardless of the hazard he incurred by such an exposure. As if actuated by a common impulse, his movement was imitated by his companions, and, together, they rushed down the pass to the friendly chasm, with a rapidity that rendered the scattering fire of their enemies perfectly harmless. The unwonted cry had brought the sisters, together with the wounded David, from their place of refuge, and the whole party, at a single glance, was made acquainted with the nature of the disaster, that had disturbed even the practised stoicism of their youthful Indian protector.

At a short distance from the rock, their little

bark was to be seen floating across the eddy, towards the swift current of the river in a manner which proved that its course was directed by some hidden agent.

The instant this unwelcome sight caught the eye of the scout, his rifle was levelled, as by instinct, but the barrel gave no answer to the bright sparks of the flint.

"'Tis too late, 'tis too late!" Hawk-eye exclaimed, dropping the useless piece in bitter disappointment; "the miscreant has struck the rapid, and had we powder, it could hardly send the lead swifter than he now goes!"

As he ended, the adventurous Huron raised his head above the shelter of the canoe, and while it glided swiftly down the stream, waved his hand, and gave forth the shout, which was the known signal of success. His cry was answered by a yell and a laugh from the woods, as tauntingly exulting as if fifty demons were uttering their blasphemies at the fall of some Christian soul.

"Well may you laugh, ye children of the devil!" said the scout, seating himself on a projection of the rock, and suffering his gun to fall neglected at his feet, "for the three quickest and truest rifles in these woods are no better than so many stalks of mullen, or the last year's horn of a buck."

"What then is to be done?" demanded Duncan, losing the first feeling of disappointment in a more manly desire for exertion; "what will become of us?"

Hawk-eye made no other reply than by passing his finger around the crown of his head, in a manner so significant, that none who witnessed the action could mistake his meaning.

"Surely, surely, our case is not so desperate!" exclaimed the youth; "the Hurons are not here; we may make good the caverns; we may oppose their landing."

"With what?" coolly demanded the scout. "The arrows of Uncas, or such tears as women shed? No, no; you are young, and rich, and have friends, and at such an age I know it is hard to die. But," glancing his eyes at the Mohicans, "let us remember we are men without a cross, and let us teach these natives of the forest, that white blood can run as freely as red, when the appointed hour is come."

Duncan turned quickly in the direction indicated by the other's eyes, and read a confirmation of his worst apprehensions in the conduct of the Indians. Chingachgook, placing himself in a dignified posture on another fragment of the rock, had already laid aside his knife and tomahawk, and was in the act of taking the eagle's plume from his head, and smoothing the solitary tuft of hair in readiness to perform its last and revolting office. His countenance was composed, though thoughtful, while his dark, gleaming eyes were

gradually losing the fierceness of the combat in an expression better suited to the change he expected momentarily to undergo.

"Our case is not, cannot be so hopeless," said Duncan; "even at this very moment succour may be at hand. I see no enemies! they have sickened of a struggle, in which they risk so much with so little prospect of gain."

"It may be a minute, or it may be an hour, afore the wily serpents steal upon us, and it is quite in natur for them to be lying within hearing at this very moment," said Hawk-eye; "but come they will, and in such a fashion as will leave us nothing to hope. Chingachgook"—he spoke in Delaware—"my brother, we have fought our last battle together, and the Maquas will triumph in the death of the sage man of the Mohicans, and of the pale face, whose eyes can make night as day, and level the clouds to the mists of the springs."

"Let the Mingo women go weep over their slain!" returned the Indian with his characteristic pride and unmoved firmness; "the great snake of the Mohicans has coiled himself in their wigwams, and has poisoned their triumph with the wailings of children whose fathers have not returned! Eleven warriors lie hid from the graves of their tribe, since the snows have melted, and none will tell where to find them, when the tongue of Chingachgook shall be silent. Let them draw the sharpest knife, and whirl the swiftest tomahawk, for their bitterest enemy is in their hands. Uncas, my boy, topmost branch of a noble trunk, call on the cowards to hasten, or their hearts will soften, and they will change to women."

"They look among the fishes for their dead!" returned the low soft voice of the youthful chieftain; "the Hurons float with the slimy eels! They drop from the oaks like fruit that is ready to be eaten, and the Delawares laugh!"

"Ay, ay," muttered the scout, who had listened to this peculiar burst of the natives with deep attention; "they have warmed their Indian feelings, and they'll soon provoke the Maquas to give them a speedy end. As for me, who am of the whole blood of the whites, it is befitting that I should die as becomes my colour, with no words of scoffing in my mouth, and without bitterness at the heart!"

"Why die at all?" said Cora, advancing from the place where natural horror had, until this moment, held her riveted to the rock; "the path is open on every side: fly, then, to the woods, and call on God for succour! Go, brave men, we owe you too much already; let us no longer involve you in our hapless fortunes!"

"You but little know the craft of the Iroquois, lady, if you judge they have left the path open to the woods!" returned Hawk-eye, who, however,

immediately added, in his simplicity, "the down stream current, it is certain, might soon sweep us beyond the reach of their rifles, or the sound of their voices."

"Then try the river. Why linger, to add to the number of the victims of our merciless enemies?"

"Why," repeated the scout, looking about him proudly, "because it is better for a man to die at peace with himself than to live haunted by an evil conscience! What answer could we give to Munro, when he asked us where and how we left his children?"

"Go to him, and say, that you left them with a message to hasten to their aid," returned Cora, advancing nigher to the scout, in her generous ardour; "that the Hurons bear them into the northern wilds, but that by vigilance and speed they may yet be rescued; and if, after all, it should please Heaven that his assistance come too late, bear to him," she continued, the firm tones of her voice gradually lowering, until they seemed nearly choked, "the love, the blessings, the final prayers of his daughters, and bid him not to mourn their early fate, but to look forward with humble confidence to the Christian's goal to meet his children."

The hard, weather-beaten features of the scout began sensibly to work as he listened, and when she had ended, he dropped his chin to his hand, like a man musing profoundly on the nature of her proposal.

"There is reason in her words!" at length broke from his compressed and trembling lips; "ay, and they bear the spirit of Christianity; what might be right and proper in a red skin may be sinful in a man who has not even a cross in blood to plead for his ignorance. Chingachgook! Uncas! hear you the talk of the dark-eyed woman?"

He now spoke in Delaware to his companions, and his address, though calm and deliberate, seemed very decided. The elder Mohican heard him with deep gravity, and appeared to ponder on his words, as though he felt the importance of their import. After a moment of hesitation, he waved his hand in assent, and uttered the English word "good," with the peculiar emphasis of his people. Then, replacing his knife and tomahawk in his girdle, the warrior moved silently to the edge of the rock most concealed from the hostile banks of the river. Here he paused a moment, pointed significantly to the woods below, and saying a few words in his own language, as if indicating his intended route, he dropped into the water, and sunk from before the eyes of the anxious witnesses of his movements.

The scout delayed his departure to speak to the generous maiden, whose breathing became lighter as she saw the success of her remonstrance.

"Wisdom is sometimes given to the young as well as the old," he said: "and what you have spoken is wise, not to call it by a better word. If you are led into the woods, that is, such of you as may be spared for a while, break the twigs on the bushes as you pass, and make the marks of your trail as broad as you can, when, if mortal eyes can see them, depend on having a friend who will follow to the ends of the 'arth, afore he deserts you."

He gave Cora an affectionate shake of the hand, lifted his rifle, and after regarding it a moment with melancholy solicitude, laid it carefully aside, and descended to the place where Chingachgook had just disappeared. For an instant he hung suspended by the rock; and looking about him, with a countenance of peculiar care, he added bitterly, "Had the powder held out, this disgrace could never have befallen!" then, loosening his hold, the water closed above his head, and he also became lost to view.

All eyes were now turned on Uncas, who stood leaning against the ragged rock, in immovable composure. After waiting a short time, Cora pointed down the river, and said—

"Your friends, as you perceive, have not been seen, and are now, most probably, in safety; is it not time for you to follow?"

"Uncas will stay," the young Mohican calmly answered, in his imperfect English.

"To increase the horror of our capture, and to diminish the chances of our release! Go, generous young man," Cora continued, lowering her eyes under the ardent gaze of the Mohican, and perhaps with an intuitive consciousness of her power, "go to my father, as I have said, and be the most confidential of my messengers. Tell him to trust you with the means to buy the freedom of his daughters. Go; 'tis my wish, 'tis my prayer, that you will go!"

The settled, calm look of the young chief changed to an expression of gloom, but he no longer hesitated. With a noiseless step he crossed the

rock and dropped into the troubled stream. Hardly a breath was drawn by those he left behind, until they caught a glimpse of his head emerging for air, far down the current, when he again sunk, and was seen no more.

These sudden and apparently successful experiments had all taken place in a few minutes of that time which had now become so precious. After the last look at Uncas, Cora returned, and, with a quivering lip, addressed herself to Heyward:

"I have heard of your boasted skill in the water, too, Duncan," she said; "follow then the wise example set you by these simple and faithful beings."

"Is such the faith Cora Munro would exact from her protector?" said the young man, smiling mournfully, but with bitterness.

"This is not a time for idle subtleties and false opinions," she answered; "but a moment when every duty should be equally considered. To us you can be of no further service here, but your precious life may be saved for other and nearer friends."

He made no reply, though his eyes fell wistfully on the beautiful form of Alice, who was clinging to his arm with the dependency of an infant.

"Consider, after all," continued Cora, after a pause of a moment, during which she seemed to struggle with a pang even more acute than any that her fears had excited, "the worst to us can be but death; a tribute that all must pay at the good time of God's appointment."

"There are evils even worse than death," said Duncan, speaking hoarsely, and as if fretful at her importunity, "but which the presence of one who would die on your behalf may avert."

Cora instantly ceased her entreaties, and veiling her face in her shawl, drew the nearly insensible Alice after her into the deepest recess of the inner cavern.

THE MINISTER'S HOUSEKEEPER.

[By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.]

"**W**AL, you see boys, 'twas just here,—Parson Carryl's wife, she died along in the forepart o' March: my cousin Huldy, she undertook to keep house for him. The way on 't was, that Huldy, she went to take care o' Mis' Carryl in the fust on 't, when she fust took sick. Huldy was a tailorless by trade; but then she was one o' these 'ere facultised persons that has a gift for most anything, and that was how

Mis' Carryl come to set sech store by her, that, when she was sick, nothin' would do for her but she must have Huldy round all the time: and the minister, he said he'd make it good to her all the same, and she shouldn't lose nothin' by it. And so Huldy, she staid with Mis' Carryl full three months afore she died, and got to seein' to everything pretty much round the place.

"Wal, arter Mis' Carryl died, Parson Carryl, he'd

got so kind o' used to hevin' on her 'round, takin' care o' things, that he wanted her to stay along a spell; and so Huldy, she staid along a spell, and poured out his tea, and mended his close, and made pies and cakes, and cooked and washed and ironed, and kep' everything as neat as a pin. Huldy was a drefull chipper sort o' gal; and work sort o' rolled off from her like water off a duck's back. There warn't no gal in Sherburne that could put sich a sight o' work through as Huldy; and yet, Sunday mornin', she always come out in the singers' seat like one o' these 'ere June roses, lookin' so fresh and smilin', and her voice was jest as clear and sweet as a meadow lark's. She was jest as handsome a gal to look at as a feller could have; and I think a nice, well-behaved young gal in the singers' seat of a Sunday is a means o' grace: it's sort o' drawin' to the unregenerate, you know. Why, boys, in them days, I've walked ten miles over to Sherburne of a Sunday mornin', jest to play the bass-viol in the same singers'-seat with Huldy. She was very much respected, Huldy was; and, when she went out to tailorin', she was allers bespoke six months ahead, and sent for in waggins up and down for ten miles round; for the young fellers was allers 'mazin' anxious to be sent after Huldy, and was quite free to offer to go for her. Wal, after Mis' Carryl died, Huldy got to be sort o' house-keeper at the minister's, and saw to everything, and did everything: so that there warn't a pin out o' the way.

"But you know how 'tis in parishes: there allers is women that thinks the minister's affairs belong to them, and they ought to have the rulin' and guidin' of 'em; and, if a minister's wife dies, there's folks that allers has their eyes open on providences, —lookin' out who's to be the next one.

"Now, there was Mis' Amaziah Pipperidge, a widder with snappin' black eyes, and a hook nose, —kind o' like a hawk; and she was one o' them up-and-down commandin' sort o' women, that feel that they have a call to be seein' to everything that goes on in the parish, and 'specially to the minister.

"Folks did say that Mis' Pipperidge sort o' sot her eye on the parson for herself: wal, now that 'are might a' been, or it might not. Some folks thought it was a very suitable connection. You see she hed a good property of her own, right nigh to the minister's lot, and was allers kind o' active and busy; so, takin' one thing with another, I shouldn't wonder if Mis' Pipperidge should a thought that Providence p'inted that way. At any rate, she went up to Deakin Blodgett's wife, and they two sort o' put their heads together a mournin' and condolin' about the way things was likely to go on at the minister's now Mis' Carryl was dead. Ye see, the parson's wife, she was one of them women who hed their eyes everywhere and on everything. She was a little thin woman,

but tough as inger-rubber, and smart as a steel-trap; and there warn't a hen laid an egg, or cackled, but Mis' Carryl was right there to see about it; and she hed the garden made in the spring, and the medders mowed in summer, and the cider made, and the corn husked, and the apples got in the fall; and the doctor, he hedn't nothin' to do but jest sit stock still a mediatin' on Jerusalem and Jericho and them things that ministers think about. But Lordy massy! he didn't know nothin' about where anything he eat or drunk or wore come from or went to: his wife jest led him 'round in temporal things and took care on him like a baby.

"Wal, to be sure, Mis' Carryl looked up to him in spirituals, and thought all the world on him; for there warn't a smarter minister no where 'round. Why, when he preached on decrees and election, they used to come clear over from South Parish, and West Sherburne, and Old Town to hear him; and there was such a row o' waggins tied along by the meetin'-house that the stables was all full, and all the hitchin'-posts was full clean up to the tavern, so that folks said the doctor made the town look like a general trainin'-day a Sunday.

"'Poor man,' says Mis' Pipperidge, 'what can that child that he's got there do towards takin' the care of all that place? It takes a mature woman,' she says, 'to tread in Mis' Carryl's shoes.'

"'That it does,' said Mis' Blodgett; 'and, when things once get to runnin' down hill, there ain't no stoppin' on 'em,' says she.

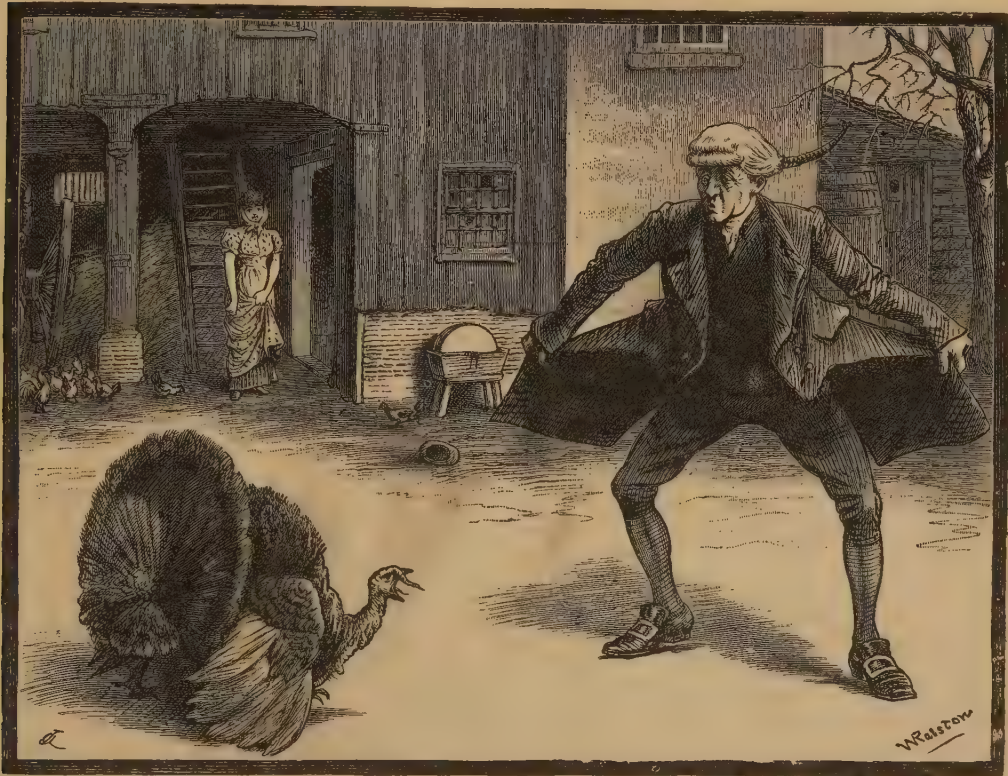
"Then Mis' Sawin, she took it up. (Ye see, Mis' Sawin used to go out to dress-makin', and was sort o' jealous, 'cause folks sot more by Huldy than they did by her.) 'Wel,' says she, 'Huldy Peters is well enough at her trade. I never denied that, though I do say I never did believe in her way o' makin' button-holes; and I must say, if 'twas the dearest friend I hed, that I thought Huldy tryin' to fit Mis' Kittridge's plumb-coloured silk was a clear piece o' presumption; the silk was jist spiled, so 'twarn't fit to come into the meetin'-house. I must say, Huldy's a gal that's always too venter-some about takin' 'sponsibilities she don't know nothin' about.'

"'Of course she don't,' said Mis' Deakin Blodgett. 'What does she know about all the lookin' and seein' to that there ought to be in guidin' the minister's house? Huldy's well meanin', and she's good at her work, and good in the singers'-seat, but Lordy massy! she hain't got no experience. Parson Carryl ought to have an experienced woman to keep house for him. There's the spring house-cleanin' and the fall house-cleanin' to be seen to, and the things to be put away from the moths; and then the gettin' ready for the association and all the minister's meetin's; and the makin' the soap and the candles, and settin' the hens and turkeys, watchin' the calves, and seein' after the

hired men and the garden; and there that 'are blessed man jist sits there at home as serene, and has nobody round but that 'are gal, and don't even know how things must be a runnin' to waste!

"Wal, the upshot on 't was, they fussed and fuzzled and wuzzled till they 'd dranked up all the tea in the teapot; and then they went down and called on the parson, and wuzzled him all up talkin' about this, that, and t'other that wanted lookin' to, and that it was no way to leave everything to

Carryl did; and so at it he went; and Lordy massy! didn't Huldy hev a time on 't when the minister began to come out of his study, and want to tew 'round and see to things? Huldy, you see, thought all the world of the minister, and she was 'most afraid to laugh; but she told me she couldn't, for the life of her, help it when his back was turned, for he wuzzled things up in the most singular way. But Huldy, she'd jest say 'Yes, sir,' and get him off into his study, and go on her own way.



"OLD TOM A SKIRMISHIN' WITH THE PARSON." (Drawn by W. Ralston.)

a young chit like Huldy, and that he ought to be lookin' about for an experienced woman. The parson, he thanked 'em kindly, and said he believed their motives was good, but he didn't go no further. He didn't ask Mis' Pipperidge to come and stay there and help him, nor nothin' o' that kind; but he said he'd attend to matters himself. The fact was, the parson had got such a likin' for havin' Huldy 'round, that he couldn't think o' such a thing as swappin' her off for the Widder Pipperidge.

"But he thought to himself, 'Huldy is a good girl; but I oughtn't to be a leavin' everything to her—it's too hard on her. I ought to be instructin' and guidin' and helpin' of her; 'cause 'tain't everybody could be expected to know and do what Mis'

"'Huldy,' says the minister one day, 'you ain't experienced out doors; and, when you want to know anything, you must come to me.'

"'Yes, sir,' says Huldy.

"'Now, Huldy,' says the parson, 'you must be sure to save the turkey eggs, so that we can have a lot of turkeys for Thanksgiving.'

"'Yes, sir,' says Huldy; and she opened the pantry-door, and showed him a nice dishful she'd been a savin' up. Wal, the very next day the parson's hen-turkey was found killed up to old Jim Scroggs's barn. Folks said Scroggs killed it; though Scroggs, he stood to it he didn't; at any rate, the Scroggses, they made a meal on 't, and Huldy, she felt bad about it 'cause she'd set her

heart on raisin' the turkeys; and says she, 'Oh, dear! I don't know what I shall do. I was just ready to set her.'

"Do, Huldy?" says the parson: 'why, there's the other turkey, out there by the door; and a fine bird, too, he is.'

"Sure enough, there was the old tom-turkey a struttin' and a sidlin' and a quitterin', and a floutin' his tail-feathers in the sun, like a lively young widower, all ready to begin life over again.

"But," says Huldy, 'you know *he* can't set on eggs.'

"He can't? I'd like to know why," says the parson. 'He *shall* set on eggs, and hatch 'em too.'

"O doctor!" says Huldy, all in a tremble; 'cause, you know, she didn't want to contradict the minister, and she was afraid she should laugh — 'I never heard that a tom-turkey would set on eggs.'

"Why, they ought to," said the parson, getting quite earnest: 'what else be they good for? you just bring out the eggs, now, and put 'em in the nest, and I'll make him set on 'em.'

"So Huldy, she thought there wern't no way to convince him but to let him try; so she took the eggs out, and fixed 'em all nice in the nest; and then she come back and found old Tom a skirmishin' with the parson pretty lively, I tell ye. Ye see, old Tom, he didn't take the idee at all; and he flopped and gobbled, and fit the parson; and the parson's wig got 'round so that his cue stuck straight out over his ear, but he'd got his blood up. Ye see, the old doctor was used to carryin' his p'int's o' doctrine; and he hadn't fit the Arminians and Socinians to be beat by a tom-turkey; so finally he made a dive, and ketched him by the neck in spite o' his floppin', and stroked him down, and put Huldy's apron 'round him.

"There, Huldy," he says, quite red in the face, 'we've got him now;' and he travelled off to the barn with him as lively as a cricket.

"Huldy came behind, jist chokin' with laugh, and afraid the minister would look 'round and see her.

"Now, Huldy, we'll crook his legs, and set him down," says the parson, when they got him to the nest: 'you see he is getting quiet, and he'll set there all right.'

"And the parson, he sot him down; and old Tom, he sot there solemn enough, and held his head down all droopin', as long as the parson sot by him.

"There: you see how still he sets," says the parson to Huldy.

"Huldy was 'most dyin' for fear she should laugh. 'I'm afraid he'll get up,' says she, 'when you do.'

"Oh, no, he won't!" says the parson, quite confident. 'There, there,' says he, layin' his hands on him, as if pronouncin' a blessin'. But when the

parson riz up, old Tom, he riz up too, and began to march over the eggs.

"Stop, now!" says the parson. 'I'll make him get down agin: hand me that corn-basket; we'll put that over him.'

"So he crooked old Tom's legs, and got him down agin; and they put the corn-basket over him, and then they both stood and waited.

"That'll do the thing, Huldy," said the parson.

"I don't know about it," says Huldy.

"Oh, yes, it will, child! I understand," says he.

"Just as he spoke, the basket riz right up and stood, and they could see old Tom's long legs.

"I'll make him stay down," says the parson.

"You jist hold him a minute, and I'll get something that'll make him stay, I guess;" and out he went to the fence, and brought in a long, thin, flat stone, and laid it on old Tom's back.

"Oh, my eggs!" says Huldy. 'I'm afraid he's smashed 'em!'

"And sure enough, there they was, smashed flat enough under the stone.

"I'll have him killed," said the parson: 'we won't have such a critter 'round.'

"Wal, next week Huldy, she jist borrowed the minister's horse and side-saddle, and rode over to South Parish to her Aunt Bascome's, — Widder Bascome's, you know, that lives there by the trout-brook, — and got a lot o' turkey-eggs o' her, and come back and set a hen on 'em, and said nothin'; and in good time there was as nice a lot o' turkey-chicks as ever ye see.

"Huldy never said a word to the minister about his experiment, and he never said a word to her; but he sort o' kep' more to his books, and didn't take it on him to advise so much.

"But not long arter he took it into his head that Huldy ought to have a pig to be a fatten' with the buttermilk. Mis' Pipperidge set him up to it; and jist then old Tim Bigelow, out to Juniper Hill, told him if he'd call over he'd give him a little pig.

"So he sent for a man, and told him to build a pig-pen right out by the well, and have it all ready when he came home with his pig.

"Huldy, she said she wished he might put a curb round the well out there, because in the dark, sometimes, a body might stumble into it; and the parson he told him he might do that.

"Wal, old Aikin, the carpenter, he didn't come till most the middle of the arternoon; and then he sort o' idled, so that he didn't get up the well-curb till sundown; and then he went off and said he'd come and do the pig-pen next day.

"Wal, arter dark, Parson Carryl, he driv into the yard, full chizel, with his pig.

"There, Huldy, I've got you a nice little pig."

"Dear me!" says Huldy, 'where have you put him?'

"Why, out there in the pig-pen, to be sure."

"Oh, dear me!" says Huldy: "that's the well-curb; there ain't no pig-pen built," says she.

"Lordy massy!" says the parson: "then I've thrown the pig in the well!"

"Wal, Huldy, she worked and worked, and finally she fished piggy out in the bucket, but he was dead as a door-nail; and she got him out o' the way quietly, and didn't say much; and the parson he took to a great Hebrew book in his study.

"Arter that the parson set sich store by Huldy that he come to her and asked her about everything, and it was amazin' how everything she put her hand to prospered. Huldy planted marigolds and larkspurs, pinks and carnations, all up and down the path to the front door, and trained up mornin' glories and scarlet runners round the windows. And she was always a gettin' a root here, and a sprig there, and a seed from somebody else: for Huldy was one o' them that has the gift, so that ef you jist give 'em the leastest sprig of anything they make a great bush out of it right away; so that in six months Huldy had roses and geraniums and lilies, sich as it would a took a gardener to raise.

"Huldy was so sort o' chipper and fair spoken, that she got the hired men all under her thumb: they come to her and took her orders jist as meek as so many calves; and she traded at the store, and kep' the accounts, and she hed her eyes everywhere, and tied up all the ends so tight that there wa'n't no gettin' 'round her. She wouldn't let nobody put nothin' off on Parson Carryl, 'cause he was a minister. Huldy was allers up to anybody that wanted to make a hard bargain; and, afore he knew jist what he was about, she'd got the best end of it, and everybody said that Huldy was the most capable gal that they'd ever traded with.

"Wal, come to the meetin' of the Association, Mis' Deakin Blodgett and Mis' Pipperidge come callin' up to the parson's, all in a stew, and offerin' their services to get the house ready; but the doctor, he jist thanked 'em quite quiet, and turned 'em over to Huldy; and Huldy, she told 'em that she'd got everything ready, and showed 'em her pantries, and her cakes, and her pies, and her puddin's, and took 'em all over the house; and they went peekin' and pokin', openin' cupboard-doors, and lookin' into drawers; and they couldn't find so much as a thread out o' the way, from garret to cellar, and so they went off quite discontented. Arter that the women set a new trouble a brewin'. Then they begun to talk that it was a year now since Mis' Carryl died; and it r'ally wasn't proper such a young gal to be stayin' there, who everybody could see was a settin' her cap for the minister.

"Mis' Pipperidge said, that so long as she looked on Huldy as the hired gal, she hadn't thought much about it; but Huldy was raily takin' on airs as an equal, and appearin' as mistress o' the house

in a way that would make talk if it went on. And Mis' Pipperidge she driv' 'round up to Deakin Abner Snow's, and down to Mis' 'Lijah Perry's, and asked them if they wasn't afraid that the way the parson and Huldy was a goin' on might make talk. And they said they hadn't thought on't before, but now, come to think on't, they was sure it would; and they all went and talked with somebody else, and asked them if they didn't think it would make talk. So come Sunday, between meetin's there warn't nothin' else talked about; and Huldy saw folks a noddin' and a winkin', and a lookin' arter her, and she begun to feel drefful sort o' disagreeable. Finally Mis' Sawin she says to her, 'My dear, didn't you never think folk would talk about you and the minister?'

"No; why should they?" says Huldy, quite innocent.

"Wal, dear," says she, 'I think it's a shame; but they say you're tryin' to catch him, and that it's so bold and improper for you to be courtin' of him right in his own house,—you know folks will talk,—I thought I'd tell you 'cause I think so much of you,' says she.

"Huldy was a gal of spirit, and she despised the talk, but it made her drefful uncomfortable; and when she got home at night she sat down in the mornin'-glory porch, quite quiet, and didn't sing a word.

"The minister he had heard the same thing from one of his deakins that day; and when he saw Huldy so kind o' silent, he says to her, 'Why don't you sing, my child?'

"He hed a pleasant sort o' way with him, the minister had, and Huldy had got to likin' to be with him; and it all come over her that perhaps she ought to go away; and her throat kind o' filled up so she couldn't hardly speak; and, says she, 'I can't sing to-night.'

"Says he, 'You don't know how much good your singin' has done me, nor how much good *you* have done me in all ways, Huldy. I wish I knew how to show my gratitude.'

"O sir!" says Huldy, 'is it improper for me to be here?'

"No, dear," says the minister, 'but ill-natured folks will talk; but there is one way we can stop it, Huldy—if you will marry me. You'll make me very happy, and I'll do all I can to make you happy. Will you?'

"Wal, Huldy never told me jist what she said to the minister,—gals never does give you the particulars of them 'are things jist as you'd like 'em,—only I know the upshot, and the hull on't was, that Huldy she did a consid'able lot o' clear starchin' and ironin' the next two days; and the Friday o' next week the minister and she rode over together to Dr. Lothrop's in Oldtown; and the doctor, he jist made 'em man and wife."

THE LAY OF THE LIFEBOAT.

[By CLEMENT SCOTT.]



GENTLEMEN all,
Are your glasses
charged? for I've a
toast for the winter
weather;
Answer it, then, with
a threetimes three:
voice and heart, if
you please, to-
gether.
It is not a sorrowful
theme I sing, though
the red leaves rot
in the winter gar-
den,

And east winds meet the embrace of the north, our
throats to scourge and muscles to harden.
Come far away from the weary fogs, those winding-
sheets of our London life,
Away from the prowl of the burglar sneak, and the
thud of the brute who has kicked his wife.
I'd tell to-day of the rock-bound coast, the scream-
ing surf, and the sea-blown sand,
And drink to the men who are off to sea when the
sailors shout that the lifeboat's manned.

They talk of battles and rank and file; they call
the roll, count cannon and loss;
And Tom he wears a corporal's stripe, and brave
little Jim the Victoria Cross.
They march to the front with fife and drum, and
follow the beat of the regiment's band,
They see their flag as it waves, and hear the jolly
old colonel's clear command.
But there's never a sound in the battle at sea but
the howling storm and the scream afar,
And it's only duty points the way when the ships
break up on the harbour bar.
It is dark unto death on the midnight sea, and
darker still on the sleeping land;

But only women are left on shore, to cry "They're
off!" when the lifeboat's manned.

Certain risk and a chance reward—this is the tale
that the lifeboat tells.
What was their prize but the lives of men, those
splendid fellows who died at Wells?
Love and pleasure were theirs at home, danger and
death they faced at sea;
Their lives were swallowed in waves of Fate when
the men they hurried to save were free.
Out they went in the terrible storm, hurricane-
hard on the Norfolk coast;
Women they weep, as women will do, but never a
sailor quits his post.
Seizing the oar, the rocket, and rope, out they went
from the sheltering land;
Never again will they wake to hear their comrades
shout when the lifeboat's manned.

Gentlemen all, when the storms are out, the roof-
tree shakes, and the windows rattle,
Just think a little of ships at sea, the wave's attack,
and the sailor's battle.
You close the shutters and bar the door, in cosy
homes of the sheltered city;
You give one sigh for the lifeboat—yes, and you
offer her crew a grain of pity.
But, on my honour, I'd like to know if pluckier
men in the world exist
Than those who buckle the life-belt on, when wives
are left and the children kissed.
So again I ask, are your glasses charged? will you
send a cheer from the friends on shore
To the men who go to their death at sea, and do
their duty?—men can't do more.
Hope departs when the land is lost; love is blown
from the rocks and sand.
Ready to die is the motto of men—and this is the
reason the lifeboat's manned.



OLD-DRAGOON DROUET.*

[From "The French Revolution," By THOMAS CARLYLE.]



IN this manner, however, has the day bent downwards. Wearied mortals are creeping home from their field-labour; the village - artisan eats with relish his supper of herbs, or has strolled forth to the village street for a sweet mouthful of air and human

appeased. Wholly an unsatisfactory day. For Drouet is an acrid Patriot too, was at the Paris Feast of Pikes: and what do these Bouillé soldiers mean? Hussars,—with their gig, and a vengeance to it!—have hardly been thrust out, when Dandoins and his fresh Dragoons arrive from Clermont, and stroll. For what purpose? Cholerick Drouet steps out and steps in, with long-flowing nightgown; looking abroad, with that sharpness of faculty which stirred choler gives to man.

On the other hand, mark Captain Dandoins on the street of that same Village; sauntering with a face of indifference, a heart eaten of black care! For no Korff Berline makes its appearance. The great Sun flames broader towards setting: one's heart flutters on the verge of dread unutterabilities.

By Heaven! here is the yellow Bodyguard Courier; spurring fast, in the ruddy evening light! Steady, O Dandoins, stand with inscrutable indifferent face; though the yellow blockhead spurs past the Post-house; inquires to find it; and stirs the Village, all delighted with his fine livery.—Lumbering along with its mountains of bandboxes, and Chase behind, the Korff Berline rolls in; huge Acapulco ship with its Cockboat, having got thus far. The eyes of the Villagers look enlightened, as such eyes do when a coach-transit, which is an event, occurs for them. Strolling Dragoons respectfully, so fine are the yellow liveries, bring hand to helmet; and a Lady in gypsy-hat responds with a grace peculiar to her. Dandoins stands with folded arms, and what look of indifference and disdainful garrison-air a man can, while the heart is like leaping out of him. Curled disdainful mustachio; careless glance,—which however surveys the Village-groups, and does not like them. With his eye he bespeaks the yellow Courier, Be quick, be quick! Thick-headed Yellow cannot understand the eye; comes up mumbling, to ask in words: seen of the Village!

Nor is Post-master Drouet unobservant all this while: but steps out and steps in, with his long-flowing nightgown, in the level sunlight; prying into several things. When a man's faculties, at the right time, are sharpened by choler, it may lead to much. That Lady in slouched gypsy-hat, though sitting back in the Carriage, does she not resemble some one we have seen, some time;—at the Feast of Pikes, or elsewhere? And this *Grosse-Tête* in round hat and peruke, which,

news. Still summer-eventide everywhere! The great Sun hangs flaming on the utmost North-west; for it is his longest day this year. The hill-tops rejoicing will ere long be at their ruddiest, and blush Good-night. The thrush, in green dells, on long-shadowed leafy spray, pours gushing his glad serenade, to the babble of brooks grown audibler; silence is stealing over the Earth. Your dusty Mill of Valmy, as all other mills and drudgeries, may furl its canvas, and cease swashing and circling. The swenkt grinders in this Treadmill of an Earth have ground out another Day; and lounge there, as we say, in village-groups; movable, or ranked on social stone-seats; their children, mischievous imps, sporting about their feet. Unnotable hum of sweet human gossip rises from this village of Sainte-Menehould, as from all other villages. Gossip mostly sweet, unnotable; for the very Dragoons are French and gallant; nor as yet has the Paris-and-Verdun Diligence, with its leathern bag, rumbled in, to terrify the minds of men.

One figure nevertheless we do note at the last door of the Village: that figure in loose-flowing nightgown, of Jean Baptiste Drouet, Master of the Post here. An acrid cholerick man, rather dangerous-looking; still in the prime of life, though he has served, in his time, as a Condé Dragoon. This day, from an early hour Drouet got his choler stirred, and has been kept fretting. Hussar Goguelat in the morning saw good, by way of thrift, to bargain with his own Innkeeper, not with Drouet regular *Maître de Poste*, about some gig-horse for the sending back of his gig; which thing Drouet perceiving came over in red ire, menacing the Innkeeper, and would not be

* By permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall (Limited).

looking rearward, pokes itself out from time to time, methinks there are features in it——? Quick, *Sieur Guillaume*, Clerk of the *Directoire*, bring me a new Assignat! Drouet scans the new Assignat; compares the Paper-money Picture with the Gross Head in round hat there: by Day and Night! you might say the one was an attempted Engraving of the other. And this march of Troops; this sauntering and whispering,—I see it!

Drouet Post-master of this Village, hot Patriot, Old-Dragoon of Condé, consider, therefore, what thou wilt do. And fast, for behold the new Berline, expeditiously yoked, cracks whipcord, and rolls away!—Drouet dare not, on the spur of the instant, clutch the bridles in his own two hands; Dandoins, with broadsword, might hew you off. Our poor Nationals, not one of them here, have three hundred fusils, but then no powder; besides one is not sure, only morally-certain. Drouet, as an adroit Old-Dragoon of Condé, does what is advisable; privily bespeaks Clerk *Guillaume*, Old-Dragoon of Condé he too; privily, while Clerk *Guillaume* is saddling two of the fleetest horses, slips over to the Townhall to whisper a word; then mounts with Clerk *Guillaume*; and the two bound eastward in pursuit, to see what can be done.

They bound eastward, in sharp trot: their moral-certainty permeating the Village, from the Townhall outwards, in busy whispers. Alas! Captain Dandoins orders his Dragoons to mount; but they, complaining of long fast, demand bread-and-cheese first; before which brief repast can be eaten, the whole Village is permeated; not whispering now, but blustering and shrieking! National Volunteers, in hurried muster, shriek for gunpowder; Dragoons halt between Patriotism and Rule of the Service, between bread-and-cheese and fixed bayonets: Dandoins hands secretly his Pocket-book, with its secret despatches, to the rigorous Quartermaster: the very Ostlers have stable-forks and flails. The rigorous Quartermaster, half-saddled, cuts out his way with the sword's edge, amid levelled bayonets, amid Patriot vociferations, adjurations, flail-strokes; and rides frantic;—few or even none following him; the rest, so sweetly constrained, consenting to stay there.

And thus the new Berline rolls; and Drouet and *Guillaume* gallop after it, and Dandoins' Troopers or Trooper gallops after them; and Sainte-Menehould, with some leagues of the King's Highway, is in explosion;—and your Military thunder-chain has gone off in a self-destructive manner; one may fear, with the frightfullest issues.

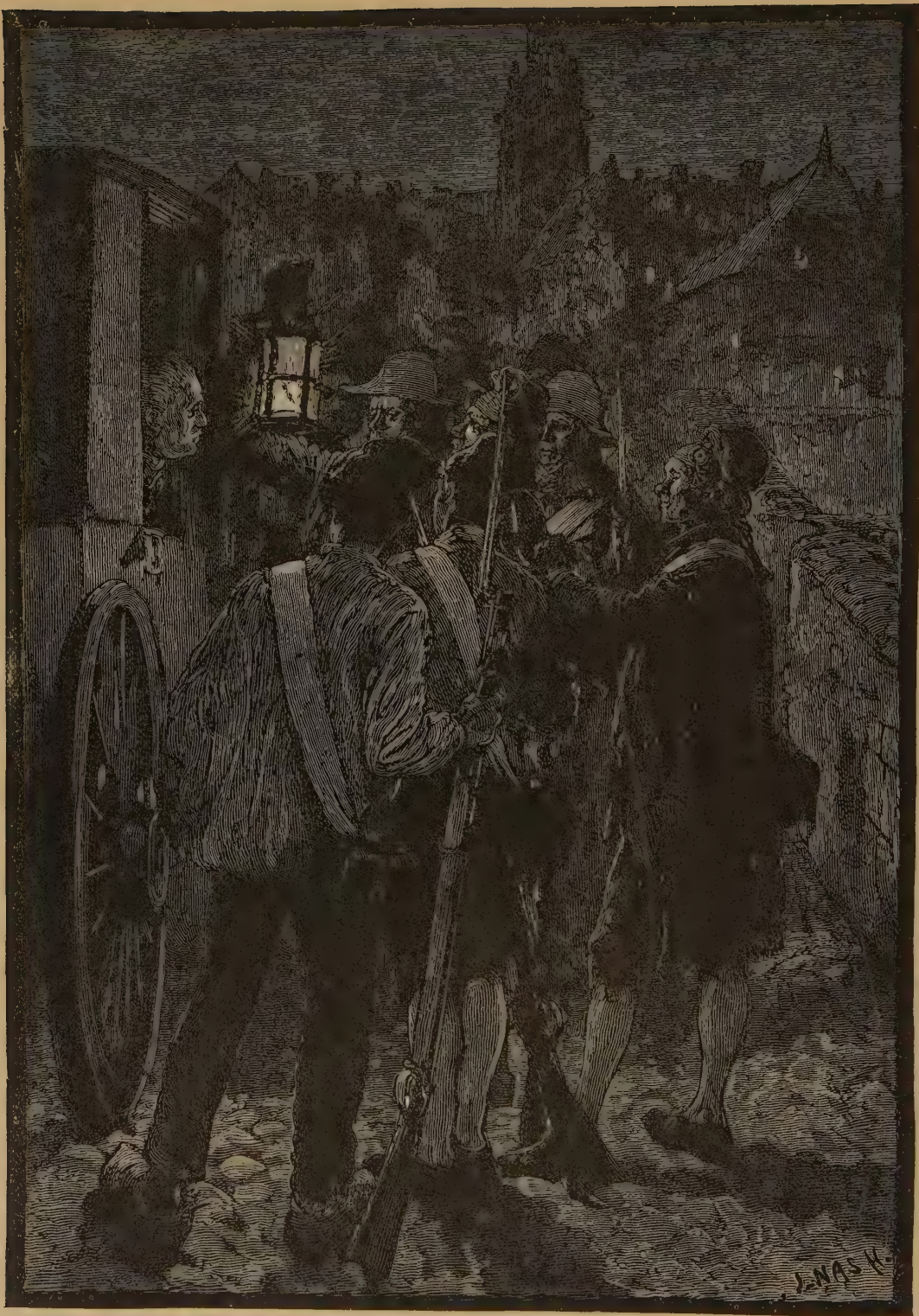
This comes of mysterious Escorts, and a new

Berline with eleven horses: 'he that has a secret should not only hide it, but hide that he has it to hide.' Your first Military Escort has exploded self-destructive; and all Military Escorts, and a suspicious Country will now be up, explosive; comparable *not* to victorious thunder. Comparable, say rather, to the first stirring of an Alpine Avalanche; which, once stir it, as here at Sainte-Menehould, will spread,—all round, and on and on, as far as Stenai; thundering with wild ruin, till Patriot Villagers, Peasantry, Military Escorts, new Berline and Royalty are down,—jumbling in the Abyss!

The thick shades of Night are falling. Postilions crack and whip: the Royal Berline is through Clermont, where Colonel Comte de Damas got a word whispered to it; is safe through, towards Varennes; rushing at the rate of double drink-money: an Unknown, '*Inconnu* on horseback,' shrieks earnestly some hoarse whisper, not audible, into the rushing Carriage-window, and vanishes, left in the night. August Travellers palpitate; nevertheless overwearied nature sinks every one of them into a kind of sleep. Alas, and Drouet and Clerk *Guillaume* spur; taking side-roads, for shortness, for safety; scattering abroad that moral-certainty of theirs; which flies, a bird of the air carrying it!

And your rigorous Quartermaster spurs; awakening hoarse trumpet-tone,—as here at Clermont, calling out Dragoons gone to bed. Brave Colonel de Damas has them mounted, in part, these Clermont men; young Cornet Remy dashes off with a few. But the Patriot Magistracy is out here at Clermont too; National Guards shrieking for ball-cartridges; and the Village 'illuminates itself;—deft Patriots springing out of bed; alertly, in shirt or shift, striking a light; sticking up each his farthing candle, or penurious oil-cruise, till all glitters and glimmers; so deft are they! A *camisado*, or shirt-tumult, everywhere: storm-bell set a-ringing; village-drum beating furious *générale*, as here at Clermont, under illumination; distracted Patriots pleading and menacing! Brave young Colonel de Damas, in that uproar of distracted Patriotism, speaks some fire-sentences to what Troopers he has: "Comrades insulted at Sainte-Menehould: King and Country calling on the brave;" then gives the fire-word, *Draw swords*. Whereupon, alas, the Troopers only *smite* their sword-handles, driving them farther home! "To me, whoever is for the King!" cries Damas in despair; and gallops, he with some poor loyal Two, of the Subaltern sort, into the bosom of the Night.

Night unexampled in the Clermontais; shortest of the year; remarkablest of the century: Night deserving to be named of Spurs! Cornet Remy, and those Few he dashed off with, has missed his



"ALTE LÀ!" (Drawn by J. Nash.)

road; is galloping for hours towards Verdun; then, for hours, across hedged country, through roused hamlets, towards Varennes. Unlucky Cornet Remy; unluckier Colonel Damas, with whom there ride desperate only some loyal Two! More ride not of that Clermont Escort: of other Escorts, in other Villages, not even Two may ride; but only all curvet and prance,—impeded by storm-bell and your Village illuminating itself.

And Drouet rides and Clerk Guillaume; and the Country runs.—Goguelat and Duke Choiseul are plunging through morasses, over cliffs, over stock and stone, in the shaggy woods of the Clermontais; by tracks; or trackless, with guides; Hussars tumbling into pitfalls, and lying 'swooned three quarters of an hour,' the rest refusing to march without them. What an evening ride from Pont-de-Sommeville; what a thirty hours, since Choiseul quitted Paris, with Queen's-valet Leonard in the chase by him! Black Care sits behind the rider. Thus go they plunging; rustle the owlet from his branchy nest; champ the sweet-scented forest-herb, queen-of-the-meadows *spilling* her spikenard; and frighten the ear of Night. But hark! towards twelve o'clock, as one guesses, for the very stars are gone out: sound of the tocsin from Varennes? Checking bridle, the Hussar Officer listens: "Some fire undoubtedly!"—yet rides on, with double breathlessness, to verify.

Yes, gallant friends that do your utmost, it is a certain sort of fire: difficult to quench.—The Korff Berline, fairly ahead of all this riding Avalanche, reached the little paltry Village of Varennes about eleven o'clock; hope, in spite of that hoarse-whispering Unknown. Do not all Towns now lie behind us; Verdun avoided, on our right? Within wind of Bouillé himself, in a manner; and the darkest of midsummer nights favouring us! And so we halt on the hill-top at the South end of the Village; expecting our relay; which young Bouillé, Bouillé's own son, with his Escort of Hussars, was to have ready; for in this Village is no Post. Distracting to think of: neither horse nor Hussar is here! Ah, and stout horses, a proper relay belonging to Duke Choiseul, do stand at hay, but in the Upper Village over the Bridge; and we know not of them. Hussars likewise do wait, but drinking in the taverns. For indeed it is six hours beyond the time; young Bouillé, silly stripling, thinking the matter over for this night, has retired to bed. And so our yellow Couriers, inexperienced, must rove, groping, bungling, through a Village mostly asleep: Postilions will not, for any money, go on with the tired horses; not at least without refreshment; not they, let the Valet in round hat argue as he likes.

Miserable! "for five-and-thirty minutes" by the

King's watch, the Berline is at a dead stand: Round-hat arguing with Churn-boots; tired horses slobbering their meal-and-water; yellow Couriers groping, bungling;—young Bouillé asleep, all the while, in the Upper Village, and Choiseul's fine team standing there at hay. No help for it; not with a King's ransom; the horses deliberately slobber, Round-hat argues, Bouillé sleeps. And mark now, in the thick night, do not two Horsemen, with jaded trot, come clank-clanking; and start with half-pause, if one noticed them, at sight of this dim mass of a Berline, and its dull slobbering and arguing; then prick off faster, into the Village? It is Drouet, he and Clerk Guillaume! Still ahead, they two, of the whole, riding hurlyburly; unshot, though some brag of having chased them. Perilous is Drouet's errand also; but he is an Old-Dragoon, with his wits shaken thoroughly awake.

The Village of Varennes lies dark and slumberous; a most unlevel Village, of inverse saddle-shape, as men write. It sleeps; the rushing of the River Aire singing lullaby to it. Nevertheless from the Golden Arm, *Bras d'Or* Tavern, across that sloping Marketplace, there still comes shine of social light; comes voice of rude drovers, or the like, who have not yet taken the stirrup-cup; Boniface Le Blanc, in white apron, serving them: cheerful to behold. To this *Bras d'Or* Drouet enters, alacrity looking through his eyes; he nudges Boniface, in all privacy, "*Camarade, es-tu bon Patriote*, Art thou a good Patriot?"—" *Si je suis!*" answers Boniface.—"In that case," eagerly whispers Drouet—what whisper is needful, heard of Boniface alone.

And now see Boniface Le Blanc bustling, as he never did for the jolliest toper. See Drouet and Guillaume, dexterous Old-Dragoons, instantly down blocking the Bridge, with a 'furniture-wagon they find there,' with whatever wagons, tumbrils, barrels, barrows their hands can lay hold of;—till no carriage can pass. Then swiftly, the Bridge once blocked, see them take station hard by, under Varennes Archway: joined by Le Blanc, Le Blanc's brother, and one or two alert Patriots he has roused. Some half-dozen in all, with National muskets, they stand close, waiting under the Archway, till that same Korff Berline rumble up.

It rumbles up: *Alte là!* lanterns flash out from under coat-skirts, bridles chuck in strong fists, two National muskets level themselves fore and aft through the two Coach-doors: "Mesdames, your Passports?"—Alas, alas! sieur Sausse, Procureur of the Township, Tallow-chandler also and Grocer, is there, with official grocer-politeness; Drouet with fierce logic and ready wit:—The respected Travelling Party, be it Baroness de Korff's, or persons of still higher consequence, will

perhaps please to rest itself in M. Sausse's till the dawn strike up !

O Louis ; O hapless Marie-Antoinette, fated to pass thy life with such men ! Phlegmatic Louis, art thou but lazy semi-animate phlegm, then, to the centre of thee ? King, Captain-General, Sovereign Frank ! if thy heart ever formed, since it began beating under the name of heart, any

and answer it to Heaven and Earth. To me, Bodyguards ; Postilions, *en avant !* "—One fancies in that case the pale paralysis of these two Le Blanc musketeers ; the drooping of Drouet's underjaw ; and how Procureur Sausse had melted like tallow in furnace-heat : Louis faring on ; in some few steps awakening young Bouillé, awakening relays and Hussars : triumphant entry, with



IN THE "SMALL UPPER STORY." (Drawn by J. Nash.)

resolution at all, be it now then, or never in this world :—"Violent nocturnal individuals, and if it were persons of high consequence ? And if it were the King himself ? Has the King not the power, which all beggars have, of travelling unmolested on his own Highway ? Yes : it is the King ; and tremble ye to know it ! The King has said, in this one small matter ; and in France, or under God's Throne, is no power that shall gain-say. Not the King shall ye stop here under this your miserable Archway ; but his dead body only,

cavalcading high-brandishing Escort, and Escorts, into Montmédi ; and the whole course of French History different !

Alas, it was not *in* the poor phlegmatic man. Had it been in him, French History had never come under this Varennes Archway to decide itself.—He steps out ; all step out. Procureur Sausse gives his grocer-arms to the Queen and Sister Elizabeth ; Majesty taking the two children by the hand. And thus they walk, coolly back, over the Marketplace to Procureur Sausse's ;

mount into his small upper story; where straightway his Majesty 'demands refreshments.' Demands refreshments, as is written; gets bread-and-cheese with a bottle of Burgundy; and remarks, that it is the best Burgundy he ever drank!

Meanwhile the Varennes Notables, and all men, official and non-official, are hastily drawing-on their breeches; getting their fighting gear. Mortals half-dressed tumble out barrels, lay felled trees; scouts dart off to all the four winds,—the tocsin begins clanging, 'the Village illuminates itself.' Very singular: how these little Villages do manage, so adroit as they, when startled in midnight alarm of war. Like little adroit municipal rattle-snakes suddenly awakened: for their storm-bell rattles and rings; their eyes glisten luminous (with tallow-light), as in rattle-snake ire; and the Village will *sting*. Old-Dragoon Drouet is our engineer and generalissimo; valiant as a Ruy Diaz:—Now or never, ye Patriots, for the soldiery is coming; massacre by Austrians, by Aristocrats, wars more than civil, it all depends on you and the hour!—National Guards rank themselves, half-buttoned: mortals, we say, still only in breeches, in under-petticoat, tumble out barrels and lumber, lay felled trees for barricades: the Village will *sting*. Rabid Democracy, it would seem, is *not* confined to Paris, then? Ah no, whatsoever Courtiers might talk; too clearly no. This of dying for one's King is grown into a dying for one's self, *against* the King, if need be.

And so our riding and running Avalanche and Hurlyburly has *reached* the Abyss, Korff Berline foremost; and may pour itself thither, and jumble: endless! For the next six hours, need we ask if there was a clattering far and wide? Clattering and tocsining and hot tumult, over all the Clermontais, spreading through the Three-Bishopricks: Dragoon and Hussar Troops galloping on roads and no-roads; National Guards arming and starting in the dead of night; tocsin after tocsin transmitting the alarm. In some forty minutes, Goguelat and Choiseul, with their wearied Hussars, reach Varennes. Ah, it is no fire, then; or a fire difficult to quench! They leap the tree-barricades, in spite of National sergeant; they enter the village, Choiseul instructing his Troopers how the matter really is; who respond interjectionally, in their guttural dialect, "*Der König; die Königin!*" and seem staunch. These now, in their staunch humour, will, for one thing, beset Procureur Sausse's house. Most beneficial: had not Drouet stormfully ordered otherwise; and even bellowed, in his extremity, "Cannoneers, to your guns!"—two old honey-

combed Field-pieces, empty of all but cobwebs; the rattle whereof, as the Cannoneers with assured countenance trundled them up, did nevertheless abate the Hussar ardour, and produce a respectfuler ranking farther back. Jugs of wine, handed over the ranks,—for the German throat too has sensibility,—will complete the business. When Engineer Goguelat, some hour or so afterwards, steps forth, the response to him is—a hiccuping *Vive la Nation!*

What boots it? Goguelat, Choiseul, now also Count Damas, and all the Varennes Officiality are with the King; and the King can give no order, form no opinion; but sits there, as he has ever done, like clay on potter's wheel; perhaps the absurdest of all pitiable and pardonable clay-figures that now circle under the Moon. He will go on, next morning, and take the National Guard *with* him; Sausse permitting! Hapless Queen: with her two children laid there on the mean bed, old Mother Sausse kneeling to Heaven, with tears and an audible prayer, to bless them; imperial Marie-Antoinette near kneeling to Son Sausse and Wife Sausse, amid candle-boxes and treacle-barrels,—in vain! There are Three thousand National Guards got in; before long they will count Ten thousand: tocsins spreading like fire on dry heath, or far faster.

Young Bouillé, roused by this Varennes tocsin, has taken horse, and—fled towards his Father. Thitherward also rides, in an almost hysterically desperate manner, a certain Sieur Aubriot, Choiseul's Orderly; swimming dark rivers, our Bridge being blocked; spurring as if the Hell-hunt were at his heels. Through the village of Dun, he galloping still on, scatters the alarm; at Dun, brave Captain Deslons and *his* Escort of a Hundred saddle and ride. Deslons too gets into Varennes; leaving his Hundred outside at the tree-barricade; offers to cut King Louis out, if he will order it: but unfortunately "the work *will* prove hot:" whereupon King Louis has "no orders to give."

And so the tocsin clangs, and Dragoons gallop, and can do nothing, having galloped: National Guards stream in like the gathering of ravens: your exploding Thunder-chain, falling Avalanche, or what else we liken it to, does play, with a vengeance,—up now as far as Stenai and Bouillé himself. Brave Bouillé, son of the whirlwind, he saddles Royal-Allemand; speaks fire-words, kindling heart and eyes; distributes twenty-five gold-louis a company:—Ride, Royal-Allemand, long-famed: no Tuileries Charge and Necker-Orléans Bust-Procession; a very King made captive, and world all to win!—Such is the Night deserving to be named of Spurs.

SEE, THE CONQUERING HERO COMES.

[From "The Small House at Allington." By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.]

JOHNN EAMES had reached his office precisely at twelve o'clock, but when he did so he hardly knew whether he was standing on his heels or his head. The whole morning had been to him one of intense excitement, and latterly, to a certain extent, one of triumph. But he did not at all know what might be the results. Would he be taken before a magistrate and locked up? Would there be a row at the office? Would Crosbie call him out, and, if so, would it be incumbent on him to fight a duel with pistols? What would Lord de Guest say—Lord de Guest, who had specially warned him not to take upon himself the duty of avenging Lily's wrongs? What would all the Dale family say of his conduct? And, above all, what would Lily say and think? Nevertheless, the feeling of triumph was predominant; and now, at this interval of time, he was beginning to remember with pleasure the sensation of his fist as it went into Crosbie's eye.

During his first day at the office he heard nothing about the affair, nor did he say a word of it to any one. It was known in his room that he had gone down to spend his Christmas holiday with Lord de Guest, and he was treated with some increased consideration accordingly. And, moreover, I must explain, in order that I may give Johnny Eames his due, he was gradually acquiring for himself a good footing among the income-tax officials; but as he walked home to Burton Crescent with Cradell, he did tell him of the affair with Crosbie.

"And you went in at him on the station?" asked Cradell, with admiring doubt.

"Yes, I did. If I didn't do it there, where was I to do it! I said I would, and, therefore, when I saw him I did it." Then the whole affair was told as to the black eye, the police, and the superintendent. "And what's to come next?" asked our hero.

"Well, he'll put it in the hands of a friend, of course; as I did with Fisher in that affair with Lupex. And, upon my word, Johnny, I shall have to do something of the kind again. His conduct last night was outrageous; would you believe it—"

"Oh, he's a fool."

"He's a fool you wouldn't like to meet when he's in one of his mad fits, I can tell you that. I absolutely had to sit up in my own bedroom all last night. Mother Roper told me that if I remained in the drawing-room she would feel herself obliged to have a policeman in the house.

What could I do, you know? I made her have a fire for me, of course."

"And then you went to bed."

"I waited ever so long, because I thought that Maria would want to see me. At last she sent me a note. Maria is so imprudent, you know. If he had found anything in her writing, it would have been terrible, you know—quite terrible. And who can say whether Jemima mayn't tell."

"And what did she say?"

"Come; that's tellings, Master Johnny. I took very good care to take it with me to the office this morning, for fear of accidents."

But Eames was not so widely awake to the importance of his friend's adventures as he might have been had he not been weighted with adventures of his own.

"I shouldn't care so much," said he, "about that fellow, Crosbie, going to a friend, as I should about his going to a police magistrate."

"He'll put it in a friend's hands, of course," said Cradell, with the air of a man who from experience was well up in such matters. "And I suppose you'll naturally come to me. It's a deuced bore to a man in a public office, and all that kind of thing, of course. But I'm not the man to desert my friend. I'll stand by you, Johnny, my boy."

"Oh, thank you," said Eames; "I don't think that I shall want that."

"You must be ready with a friend you know."

"I should write down to a man I know in the country, and ask his advice," said Eames; "an older sort of friend, you know."

"By Jove, old fellow, take care what you're about. Don't let them say of you that you show the white feather. Upon my honour, I'd sooner have anything said of me than that. I would, indeed—anything."

"I'm not afraid of that," said Eames, with a touch of scorn in his voice. "There isn't much thought about white feathers now-a-days—not in the way of fighting duels."

After that, Cradell managed to carry back the conversation to Mrs. Lupex and his own peculiar position, and as Eames did not care to ask from his companion further advice in his own matters, he listened nearly in silence till they reached Burton Crescent.

"I hope you found the noble earl well," said Mrs. Roper to him, as soon as they were all seated at dinner.

"I found the noble earl pretty well, thank you," said Johnny.

It had become plainly understood by all the Roperites that Eames' position was quite altered since he had been honoured with the friendship of Lord de Guest. Mrs. Lupex, next to whom he always sat at dinner, with a view to protecting her as it were from the dangerous neighbourhood of Cradell, treated him with a marked courtesy. Miss Spruce always called him "sir." Mrs. Roper helped him the first of the gentlemen, and was mindful about his fat and gravy, and Amelia felt less able than she was before to insist upon the possession of his heart and affections.

"It is such a privilege to be on visiting terms with the nobility," said Mrs. Lupex. "When I was a girl, I used to be very intimate——"

"You ain't a girl any longer, and so you'd better not talk about it," said Lupex. Mr. Lupex had been at that little shop in Drury Lane after he came down from his scene-painting.

"My dear, you needn't be a brute to me before all Mrs. Roper's company. If, led away by feelings which I will not now describe, I left my proper circles in marrying you, you need not before all the world teach me how much I have to regret." And Mrs. Lupex, putting down her knife and fork, applied her handkerchief to her eyes.

"That's pleasant for a man over his meals, isn't it?" said Lupex, appealing to Miss Spruce. "I have plenty of that kind of thing, and you can't think how I like it."

"Them whom God has joined together, let no man put asunder," said Miss Spruce. "As for me myself, I'm only an old woman."

This little ebullition threw a gloom over the dinner-table, and nothing more was said on the occasion as to the glories of Eames' career. But, in the course of the evening, Amelia heard of the encounter which had taken place at the railway station, and at once perceived that she might use the occasion for her own purposes.

"John," she whispered to her victim, finding an opportunity for coming upon him when almost alone, "what is this I hear? I insist upon knowing. Are you going to fight a duel?"

"Nonsense," said Johnny.

"But it is not nonsense. You don't know what my feelings will be, if I think that such a thing is going to happen. But then you are so hard-hearted!"

"I ain't hard-hearted a bit, and I'm not going to fight a duel."

"But is it true that you beat Mr. Crosbie at the station?"

"It is true. I did beat him."

On the following morning he received a message at about one o'clock, by the mouth of the Board-room messenger, informing him that his presence was required in the Board-room. "Sir Raffle Buffle has desired your presence, Mr. Eames."

"My presence, Tupper! what for?" said Johnny, turning upon the messenger almost with dismay.

"Indeed, I can't say, Mr. Eames; but Sir Raffle Buffle has desired your presence in the Board-room."

Such a message as that in official life always strikes awe into the heart of a young man. And yet young men generally come forth from such interviews without having received any serious damage, and generally talk about the old gentleman whom they have encountered with a good deal of light-spirited sarcasm—or chaff, as it is called in the slang phraseology of the day. It is that same "majesty which doth hedge a king" that does it. The turkey-cock in his own farm-yard is master of the occasion, and the thought of him creates fear. A bishop in his lawn, a judge on the bench, a chairman in a big room at the end of a long table, or a policeman, with his bull's-eye lamp, upon his beat, can all make themselves terrible by means of those appanages of majesty which have been vouchsafed to them. But how mean is the policeman in his own home, and how few thought much of Sir Raffle Buffle as he sat asleep after dinner in his old slippers!

"There's Johnny been sent for by old Scuffles," said one clerk.

"That's about his row with Crosbie," said another. "The Board can't do anything to him for that."

"Can't it?" said the first. "Didn't young Outonites have to resign because of that row at the Cider Cellars, though his cousin, Sir Constant Outonites, did all that he could for him?"

"But he was regularly up the spout with accommodation bills."

"I tell you that I wouldn't be in Eames' shoes for a trifle. Crosbie is secretary at the Committee Office, where Scuffles was chairman before he came here; and of course they're as thick as thieves. I shouldn't wonder if they didn't make him go down and apologise."

"Johnny won't do that," said the other.

In the meantime John Eames was standing in the august presence. Sir Raffle Buffle was throned in his great oak arm-chair at the head of a long table in a very large room; and by him, at the corner of the table, was seated one of the assistant secretaries of the office. Another member of the Board was also at work upon the long table; but he was reading and signing papers at some distance from Sir Raffle, and paid no heed whatever to the scene. The assistant secretary, looking on, could see that Sir Raffle was annoyed by this want of attention on the part of his colleague, but all this was lost upon Eames.

"Mr. Eames?" said Sir Raffle, speaking with a peculiarly harsh voice, and looking at the culprit

through a pair of gold-rimmed glasses, which he perched for the occasion upon his big nose. "Isn't that Mr. Eames?"

"Yes," said the assistant secretary, "this is Eames."

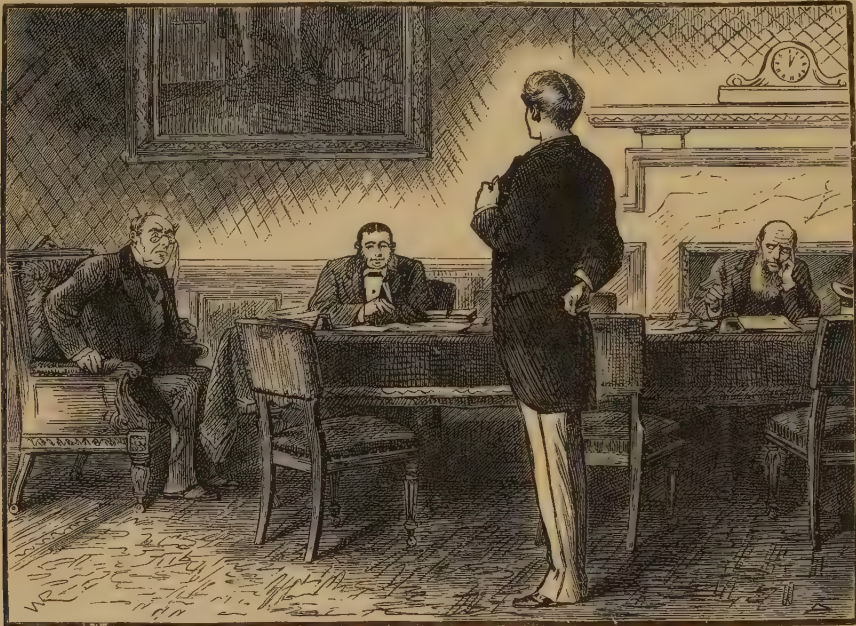
"Ah!"—and then there was a pause. "Come a little nearer, Mr. Eames, will you?" and Johnny drew nearer, advancing noiselessly over the Turkey carpet.

"Let me see; in the second class, isn't he? Ah! Do you know, Mr. Eames, that I have received a letter from the secretary to the Directors of the Great Western Railway Company, detailing circumstances which—if truly stated in

the little story as to the King's bag of letters. As it was, Johnny gave a slight jump, but after his jump he felt better than he had been before. "Not mind, sir, being dragged before the criminal tribunals of your country, and being punished as a felon—or rather as a misdemeanant—for an outrage committed on a public platform! Not mind it? What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean, that I don't think the magistrate would say very much about it, sir. And I don't think Mr. Crosbie would come forward."

"But Mr. Crosbie must come forward, young man. Do you suppose that an outrage against the peace of the Metropolis is to go unpunished because



"I SHAN'T MIND THAT, SIR, IN THE LEAST." (Drawn by W. Ralston.)

that letter—redound very much to your discredit?"

"I did get into a row there yesterday, sir."

"Got into a row! It seems to me that you have got into a very serious row, and that I must tell the Directors of the Great Western Railway Company that the law must be allowed to take its course."

"I shan't mind that, sir, in the least," said Eames, brightening up a little under this view of the case.

"Not mind that, sir!" said Sir Raffle;—or rather, he shouted out the words at the offender before him. I am inclined to think that he overdid it, missing the effect which a milder tone might have attained. Perhaps there was lacking to him some of that majesty of demeanour and dramatic propriety of voice which had been so efficacious in

he may not wish to pursue the matter? I'm afraid you must be very ignorant, young man."

"Perhaps I am," said Johnny.

"Very ignorant indeed. Very ignorant indeed. And are you aware, sir, that it would become a question with the Commissioners of this Board whether you could be retained in the service of this department if you were publicly punished by a police magistrate for such a disgraceful outrage as that?"

Johnny looked round at the other Commissioner, but that gentleman did not raise his face from his papers.

"Mr. Eames is a very good clerk," whispered the assistant secretary, but in a voice which made his words audible to Eames; "one of the best young men we have," he added in a voice which was not audible.

"Oh—ah ; very well. Now I'll tell you what, Mr. Eames, I hope this will be a lesson to you—a very serious lesson."

The assistant secretary, leaning back in his chair so as to be a little behind the head of Sir Raffle, did manage to catch the eye of the other Commissioner. The other Commissioner, barely looking round, smiled a little, and then the

assistant secretary smiled also. Eames saw this, and he smiled too.

"Whether any ulterior consequences may still await the breach of the peace of which you have been guilty, I am not yet prepared to say," continued Sir Raffle. "You may go now."

And Johnny returned to his own place with no increased reverence for the dignity of the chairman.

THE TROUBADOUR.

[From "The Bab Ballads." By W. S. GILBERT.]



TROUBADOUR he played
Without a castle wall,
Within, a hapless maid
Responded to his call.



"Oh, willow, woe is me!
Alack and well-a-day!
If I were only free,
I'd hie me far away!"

Unknown her face and name,
But this he knew right well,
The maiden's wailing came
From out a dungeon cell.

A hapless woman lay
Within that dungeon grim—
That fact, I've heard him say,
Was quite enough for him.

"I will not sit or lie,
Or eat or drink, I vow,
Till thou art free as I,
Or I as pent as thou!"

Her tears then ceased to flow,
Her wails no longer rang,
And tuneful in her woe
The 'prisoned maiden sang:

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"Oh, stranger, as you play,
I recognise your touch;
And all that I can say,
Is, Thank you very much!"

He seized his clarion straight,
And blew thereat, until
A warden oped the gate,
"Oh, what might be your will?"

"I've come, sir knave, to see
The master of these halls:
A maid unwillingly
Lies prisoned in their walls."

With barely stifled sigh
That porter drooped his head,
With tear-drops in his eye,
"A many, sir," he said.

He stayed to hear no more,
But pushed that porter by,
And shortly stood before
SIR HUGH DE PECKHAM RYE.



Sir HUGH he darkly frowned,
"What would you, sir, with me?"
The troubadour he downed
Upon his bended knee.

"I've come, DE PECKHAM RYE,
To do a Christian task,
You ask me what would I?
It is not much I ask.

"Release these maidens, sir,
Whom you dominion o'er—
Particularly her
Upon the second floor !

"And if you don't, my lord"—
He here stood bolt upright,
And tapped a tailor's sword—
"Come out, you cad, and fight !"

Sir HUGH he called—and ran
The warden from the gate :
"Go, show this gentleman
The maid in forty-eight."

By many a cell they passed,
And stopped at length before
A portal, bolted fast :
The man unlocked the door.

He called inside the gate
With coarse and brutal shout,
"Come, step it, forty-eight !"
And forty-eight stepped out.

"They gets it pretty hot,
The maidens what we cotch—
Two years this lady's got
For collaring a wotch."

"Oh, ah !—indeed—I see,"
The troubadour exclaimed—
"If I may make so free,
How is this castle named ?"

The warden's eyelids fill,
And sighing, he replied,
"Of gloomy Pentonville
This is the Female Side !"

The minstrel did not wait
The warden stout to thank,
But recollected straight
He'd business at the Bank.



PRECIOUS DOCUMENTS.

[From "Old Middleton's Money." By MARY CECIL HAY.]

FOR a few minutes after Royden had finished reading, he sat like one in a dream ; then he slowly rose, and folding the two papers, placed them carefully in the breast-pocket of the coat which he had worn all night over his evening dress. Then buttoning it, to guard as safely as he could the precious documents, he went softly into the further room, and, looking down for the last time upon the dead face, gave one backward glance along the marred life whose secrets had now been disclosed to him.

A step in the outer room aroused him ; gently laying the sheet back over the worn, calm face, he went out to meet the woman who was now at

liberty to take his place. A few minutes they talked there ; and Royden waited, as if his time were of little value. But when all had been said, and he had left the gloomy house, he glanced up at the dial on St. Paul's, and hailed a passing hansom as if his life depended upon speed.

"To the Great Western station," he said, in his quick, clear tones. "A sovereign if you do it within fifteen minutes."

Out of the hubbub of the city, the man took the quiet unfrequented streets ; the horse sped on with its inevitably unsteady perseverance, and Royden was in time for the 2.40 train to Langham Junction.

All through the journey, he sat quite still in

the corner of the carriage, his thoughts intensely busy, while his heart was full of gratitude and rejoicing.

"To see her face when I show her these!" he murmured to himself; "to think of the truth lying here at last in my hand!"

So he was thinking—picturing the brightening of one pale face at the tidings which he bore—when the train stopped at Langham Junction, and he stepped hastily down upon the platform.

"Where for, sir?"

"On to Westleigh by the 6.30."

Just in his cool, natural tones, Royden answered this question; yet, as he did so, he glanced across to where the Westleigh trains were won't to start, with an intense anxiety.

"The Westleigh train left half an hour ago, sir!"

Half an hour ago!—and that was the last! No later train stopped at the little roadside station for which, at any time, so few passengers were booked, save those for Westleigh Towers. Royden Keith stood in hesitation just for two or three seconds. The road from this station to Westleigh was a long twenty miles, and the station—built only for the junction of the lines—was so far from the town, that he would not be able to get a conveyance of any kind. True, it was possible to reach the Towers more readily by taking a bridle-path, which he had daringly taken once before, even though for several miles it ran between the sea and the cliffs, and was covered at high water. But then to walk this distance was impossible, with the tide upon the flow; and he had no horse here.

Yet, how he had dreamed of Alice's glad reception of him, and her untold gratitude and joy at the tidings he bore, the tidings he had sought so long, and, having found at last, had hastened to bring to her himself! Must he give up even now, when he had come so far, and seemed so near her? No; not even in such a case as this could Royden turn back from his earnest purpose.

"There is a farm," he said to himself, as he stood recalling an old house lying a mile or so along the cliff way, "where I can get a horse. On the high road I may have to walk ten miles before I can obtain one. I will manage it, if it is within man's power."

It was within this man's power; and, an hour after the London train had passed on its way northward, Royden rode from the old farm where he had promptly bought a horse, which its master had never hoped to sell so profitably. The animal was young and strong, and fresh from its stable; and Royden had mounted with a pleasant sense of its power and will to carry him fleetly along the dangerous shore.

The master of the farm, as well as his old father,

urged Mr. Keith not to attempt the ride. The tide was treacherous, they said, and the distance across the bay much greater than it seemed. But Royden, shaking the men by the hand in his quiet, cordial way, told them he had no fear, only a great anxiety to get to Westleigh Towers that night, and much confidence in his new horse.

"I know the way well," he added, in his pleasant, earnest voice, "and it is a grand June evening."

The two men stood watching him from the farm gate. He understood a good horse when he saw one, there was no doubt about that, and they had guessed at once that he must be Mr. Keith. He was just what they had fancied the squire of Westleigh Towers.

"But," said the elder man, as they turned away after watching Royden out of sight, "it is a dangerous feat he tries to-night."

Royden knew this well. It was not in ignorance that he started on that ride. But the horse he had bought was fresh and fleet, and the flood-tide two hours distant yet. Sitting straight and firm in his saddle, his fingers tight upon the rein, Royden galloped along the narrow and uneven path, while the passengers he met looked after horse and rider wonderingly.

On and on, while the sun slowly neared the water—on and on, until it set, and Royden breathed a sigh of relief, for the path had reached the shore at last. He paused one moment, and gave a look around him—first over the fading sea; then up the dark precipitous cliffs; then higher still, beyond the fading sunset streaks. When that moment's pause was over, leaning forward in his saddle, he pressed his knees against his horse's flanks, and dashed along that treacherous road beside the sea.

Once or twice the young horse faltered in his pace; and once or twice he slipped, and would have fallen but for the strong, restraining hand upon the rein; but still he made his way bravely under the frowning rocks.

"On, good fellow, on!"

Now with caresses, now with strokes, did Royden urge him, while the tide rose and rose. That bay was reached at last of whose danger, at the flowing of the tide, he had told Lady Somerson and Honor, as they stood at that window looking down upon the spot. Ah, it was so near home! It almost felt like having reached home, to have reached this well-known spot, on which the windows of the Towers looked. But it was two miles across the bay, and the tide was rising, and a mist gliding northward from the sea, and slowly shrouding horse and rider in its chilling, darkening embrace.

But for an instant, just before it reached them, Royden strained his eyes to see the further limits

of the bay, and—ah! yes, the waters lay seething there, falling back a little, and glistening for a moment, then darkly lifting themselves in their power, and swaying broad and deep across the only way which lay before this solitary horseman.

rocks for a possible way of egress; but the cliffs rose precipitous from the beach, and Royden saw that any hope of passing them was vain, while the sound of the waters, nearing the horse's hurrying feet, grew literally deafening in its horrible portent.



"HE STOPPED IN HIS WILD GALLOP." (Drawn by J. Nash.)

Royden's hand fell gently on the horse's foaming neck, and for a moment his eyes fell too, resting from that gaze which had pierced the gathering darkness.

"There is no passage before us. If we can find no possible way inland, this hour means death for you and me—poor fellow!"

Urging him on, now by cheering words, and now by sharp, swift cuts, Royden rode to and fro within the arms of the bay, searching among the

Brave and strenuous efforts did the young horse make, as Royden led him backwards and forwards in this vain and futile search; but the pace grew slower—into a walk at last, while the tide rose, and rose. So swiftly the waters rushed in at last, sweeping over that wide crescent, hidden in the mist, that in one second, as it seemed, horse and rider stood surrounded in the flood tide.

Then the frightened animal started wildly on

his own career, galloping backwards and forwards, to the left and right, without aim or motive; racing to and fro in the very madness of his panic, as he tried to escape the grasp of the hungry waters; racing to and fro until at last, quite suddenly, he stopped in his wild gallop, stood trembling for a moment with his eyes wild and strained, while the waves broke under his raised head, then with a cry that was almost human in its anguish, he threw his head back, and Royden knew that he alone lived in that rush of rising waters, and that his only chance of safety was to cling to his dead companion.

At first the effort to keep his seat engrossed all his energies, but gradually that tension relaxed, while now he held one hand upon the breast of his coat, guarding that lately won paper in its grip. Dreamily, with a consciousness of utter helplessness which was almost a relief after his restless feverish exertion, he floated on the surface of the tide; recalling brokenly, as one sometimes recalls a dream, how one man years ago, carrying an infant in his arms, had been drowned within this bay; languidly wondering over the exact spot, and morbidly trying to imagine the scene. Then there came into his mind—still softly and vaguely—the story of a wreck upon this coast, and, looking out to sea, he tried to guess the spot where the ship had foundered, and wished that he could float far out to sea, and fall just there.

One minute he was piercing the misty darkness with his eyes, and calculating how long it might be possible for him to live, and in the next he bent his head against the beating spray, with a faint smile upon his lips, and dipping his hand into the water, laid it upon his burning brow and

lips. But, through all, his fingers never once relaxed in their close clasp upon those papers he had borne so far in safety—so far!

Just before the dawn of the June morning a group of fishermen slowly passed along the silent, dewy park to the locked door of Westleigh Towers. They were men to whom this beautiful park had been lent as holiday ground; they were men who had learned to love the master who had treated them as brothers, and not serfs; and so no cheek was dry when they trod noiselessly under the whispering leaves, bearing him among them, still with his fingers tightly closed upon the paper he had borne so far.

Gently and regretfully these men disturbed the sleeping household, and, with hands that were delicate then, if they had never been so before, they laid him in one of his own beautiful rooms. And when a girlish figure crept in and stood beside him, appealing mutely and tearfully for tidings, they whispered, in hushed and broken tones, that, sailing past the bay as the tide went down, they had found him there upon his dead horse, benumbed and motionless, as he must have floated for three hours at least.

Benumbed and motionless! These were the words the men chose, because they saw the fear and horror in the pale face they gazed upon. But Alice knew what they left unsaid, and when she bent above the prostrate form, seeking in vain for some faint sign of life, a cry of terrible despair escaped her parted lips.

White and still the brave face lay; nerveless and powerless was the tall strong form; yet still the wet stiff fingers of the right hand held their firm grip upon that packet, safely borne through all.

THE YEW-BERRY.

[By COVENTRY PATMORE.]

I.

CALL this idle history the "Berry of the Yew;"
Because there's nothing sweeter than its
husk of scarlet glue,
And nothing half so bitter as its black core bitten
through.

I loved, saw hope, and said so; learned that
Laura loved again;
Wherefore speak of joy then suffer'd? My head
throbs, and I would fain
Find words to lay the spectre starting now before
my brain.

She loved me: all things told it; eye to eye, and
palm to palm:
As the pause upon the ceasing of a thousand-
voiced psalm
Was the mighty satisfaction and the full eternal
calm.

On her face, when she was laughing, was the
seriousness within;
Her sweetest smiles (and sweeter did a lover never
win),
Ere half done, grew so absent that they made her
fair cheek thin.

On her face, when she was talking, thoughts
unworded used to live ;
So that when she whisper'd to me, "Better joy
Earth cannot give,"
Her silent lips continued, "But Earth's joy is
fugitive."

For there a nameless something, though suppress'd,
still spread around ;
The same was on her eyelids, if she look'd towards
the ground ;
When she spoke I knew directly that the same
was in the sound ;—

A fine dissatisfaction which at no time went
away,
But brooded on her spirit, even at its brightest
play,
Till her mirth was like the sunshine in the closing
of the day.

II.

Let none ask joy the highest, save those who
would have it end :
There's weight in earthly blessings ; they are
earthy, and they tend
By predetermin'd impulse, at their highest, to
descend.

I still for a happy season, in the present, saw the
past,
Mistaking one for the other, feeling sure my hold
was fast
On that of which the symbols vanish'd daily :
but at last,

As when we watch bright cloud-banks round
about the low sun ranged,
We suddenly remember some rich glory gone or
changed,
All at once I comprehended that her love was
grown estranged.

From this time, spectral glimpses of a darker fear
came on :
They came ; but since I scorn'd them, were no
sooner come than gone.—
At times, some gap in sequence frees the spirit,
and, anon,

We remember states of living ended ere we left
the womb,
And see a vague aurora flashing to us from the
tomb,
The dreamy light of new states, dashed tremen-
dously with gloom.

We tremble for an instant, and a single instant
more
Brings absolute oblivion, and we pass on as be-
fore !
Ev'n so those dreadful glimpses came, and startled,
and were o'er.

III.

One morning, one bright morning, Wortley met
me. He and I,
As we rode across the country, met a friend of his.
His eye
Caught Wortley's, who rode past him. "What,"
said he, "pass old friends by ?

So I've heard your game is grounded ! Why
your life's one long romance
After your last French fashion. But, ah ! ha !
should Herbert chance——"
"Nay, Herbert's here," said he, and introduced
me with a glance

Of easy smiles, ignoring this embarrassment, and
then
This pass'd off, and soon after I went home, and
took a pen,
And wrote the signs here written, with much
more, and where, and when ;

And, having read them over once or twice, sat
down to think,
From time to time beneath them writing more,
till, link by link,
The evidence against her was fulfill'd : I did not
shrink,

But I read them all together, and I found it was
no dream.
What I felt I can't remember ; an oblivion which
the gleam
Of light which oft comes through it shows for
blessedness extreme.

At last I moved, exclaiming, "I will not believe,
until
I've spoken once with Laura." Thereon all my
heart grew still :
For doubt and faith are active, and decisions of
the will.

IV.

I found my Love. She started : I suppose that I
was pale.
We talk'd : but words on both sides, seem'd to
sicken, flag, and fail.
Then I gave her what I'd written, watching
whether she would quail.

In and out flew sultry blushes : so, when red
reflections rise
From conflagrations, filling the alarm'd heart with
surmise,
They lighten now, now darken, up and down the
gloomy skies.

She finish'd once ; but fearing to look from it,
read it o'er
Ten times at least. Poor Laura, had those read-
ings been ten score,
That refuge from confusion had confused thee
more and more !

I said, "You're ill ; sit, Laura," and she sat down
and was meek.
"Ah tears ! not lost to God then. But pray
Laura, do not speak :
I understand you better by the moisture on your
cheek."

She shook with sobs, in silence. I yet checking
passion's sway,
Said only, "Farewell, Laura !" then got up, and
strode away ;
For I felt that she would burst my heart asunder
should I stay.

Oh, ghastly corpse of Love so slain ! it makes the
world its hearse ;
Or, as the sun extinct and dead, after the dooms-
day curse,
It rolls, an unseen danger, through the darkened
universe.

I struggled to forget this ; but, forgetfulness too
sweet !
It startled with its sweetness, thus involv'd its
own defeat ;
And, every time this happen'd, aching memory
would repeat

The shock of that discovery : so at length I
learn'd by heart,
And never, save when sleeping, suffer'd thence-
forth to depart,
The feeling of my sorrow : and in time this
sooth'd the smart.

Yet even now not seldom, in my leisure, in the
thick
Of other thoughts, unchalleng'd, words and looks
come crowding thick—
They do while I am writing, till the sunshine
makes me sick.

THE BEE IN THE BONNET.

[By DUTTON COOK.]

OF course, when I received a letter from
little Ned Ward, announcing that at
last he was going to be happy, I ought
to have felt sympathetically joyful.
When the letter went on to state that
I must, under extraordinary penalties, pre-
sent myself that evening at his chambers
in Crown Office Row, to partake of a gor-
geous banquet in honour of the occasion, and to
drink *her* health in a great number of bumpers, I
ought to have accepted the invitation with a rapt
alacrity, and have conducted myself generally in a
light-hearted and genial manner.

He had always been little Ned Ward to me. He
was my junior : he had been my fag at school.
He had been a little pale-faced boy, very thin and
weakly, with dry, fair hair, and a blue jacket and
bright buttons, when I had been an ultra-grown
youth, suffering acutely in stick-ups, and perplexedly
grand in a tail-coat. But now things were changed.
Professionally he was a barrister in the Temple ;
I was simply an attorney in Essex Street. He had
been decidedly successful ; I had been decidedly
less fortunate.

It was a dull November afternoon, and though
the clock of St. Clement Danes had only just
struck three, it was so dark and foggy that the
office candles—massive dips, with a tendency to
gutter, and otherwise conduct themselves disagree-
ably—were already lighted, when entered my room
my clerk, Mr. Beale, and presented me with a card,
informing me that the gentleman whose name it
bore desired very much to see me. "Captain
Brigham, R.N." Could he be a new client ? But
I had no time for reflection. I raised the shades
of my candlesticks, to distribute the light more
generally about the room, and became conscious
of the presence of a tall, stout, elderly gentleman,
with a flaxen wig and gold spectacles. I begged
him to be seated. He bowed politely, placed an
ebony walking-stick, heavily mounted with silver
and decked with copious black silk tassels, on the
table beside him, and a very shiny hat with a vivid
white lining on the floor, and then calmly seated
himself, facing me at my desk. Without speaking,
he drew off his black kid gloves and dropped each
into his hat. He produced a heavy gold snuff-box,
and solaced himself with no stinted pinch. He

waved away all stray grains of snuff with a large red-and-green silk handkerchief, and then addressed me.

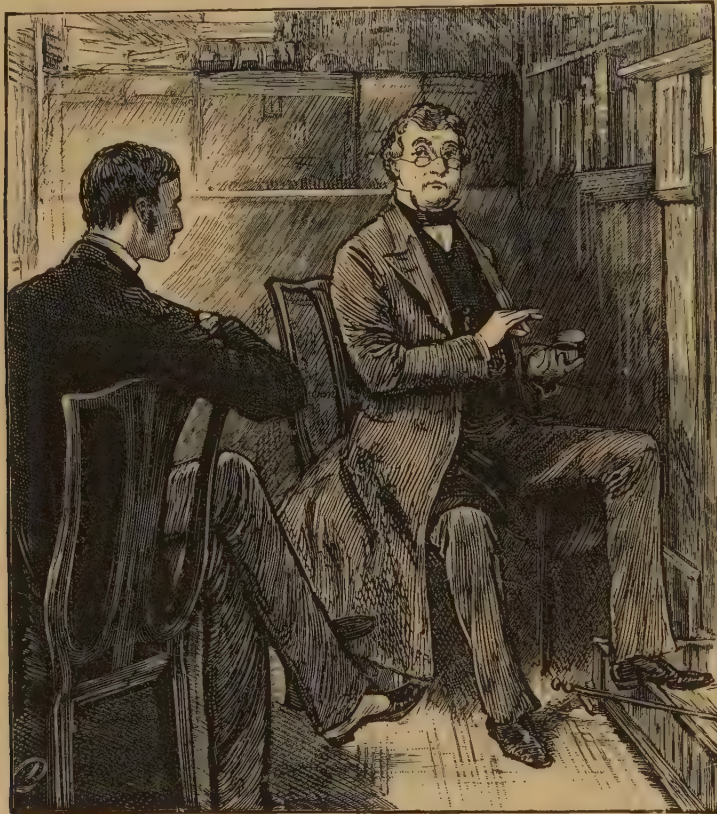
"My name is Brigham, as you see by my card—Captain Brigham, Royal Navy. I have come to you on a matter of business. Do you take snuff? No? Quite right—bad habit—wish I could leave it off. I have been recommended to come to you, and place myself entirely in your hands. No matter who gave me that advice; I

He put his feet on the fender, and rubbed his plump white hands blandly together.

"I can assure you, sir, I have not brought myself to open this business to you without the most intense deliberation."

He arranged his flaxen wig in a calm, careful way, pulling it down tightly over his ears.

"It is a very common saying, sir, that there is a skeleton in every house. The saying may be utterly false in regard to many houses; it is enough to say



"HE PRODUCED A HEAVY GOLD SNUFF-BOX." (Drawn by Frank Dadd.)

intend to follow it. You will give me your assistance?"

I assured him that I should be happy to aid him, as far as lay in my power.

"You're very kind. Quite the answer I expected: I may say quite. Are you alone here? May I speak to you in confidence—in perfect confidence?"

For his satisfaction, I rose to see that the door leading into the clerk's office was securely closed.

He resumed—

"I am placed, sir, at this present moment, in a position of extreme pain."

He drew himself nearer to the fire.

"Few men, sir, can venture to say that they are suffering as I am."

that I feel it to be true in regard to mine. I have a skeleton in my house."

I could only look attentive and curious: I could only bow acquiescently, and motion him to proceed.

"My daughter, sir, is *my* skeleton."

He said it abruptly, with a snap of his snuff-box lid, by way of an effective accompaniment.

"Indeed!"

"True, sir, true, painfully true. Here it is, sir, here"—and he touched his forehead two or three times with a fat forefinger, still holding his gold snuff-box in his hand. "I believe a 'loose slate' is the vulgar title of the malady she suffers under. Her mother was a poor creature, very weak and frail. Dead, sir, dead, many years. Still, I could

hardly assert that the 'loose slate' was fully developed in her case. But the state of my poor child admits of no doubt. Others may be duped; the cunning of lunacy may impose upon many; but a parent's eye, sir, a parent's eye! Do you think, sir, that you can take in a parent's eye?"

He removed his spectacles, and rubbed his eyes violently with his red-and-green silk handkerchief,

He warmed his hands, and rubbed them comfortably together.

"I am her victim, sir. The vials of her lunacy, if I may be allowed to say so, are turned upon me—her father, sir, her poor old father. She is a dear good girl, sir, a good dear girl, though I say it, but she renders my life completely unendurable. I am subjected, sir, to a persecution that is killing me."



"OH, PRAY EXCUSE MR." (Drawn by F. Dadd.)

as though he were polishing them up for exhibition.

"And is her present state such as to require control?"

"Upon some such points as these, and generally as to the measures that may be legally taken respecting her, I desire to ask your opinion. Is she dangerous? you would say. Well, perhaps I should be disinclined to apply so painful a term. Lunacy, as I have before hinted, is gifted with great cunning. Upon many points those in the habit of seeing her constantly and intimately would very probably pronounce her sane."

"She suffers, then, I conclude, from some kind of monomania."

"Precisely. It is a dreadful thing to say, sir, but I am positively persecuted by my own child."

"What particular form does this persecution assume?"

He paused for a minute, as though reflecting, turning about the while the massive seals which, suspended from a thick curb chain, acted as buoys, and demonstrated where his watch was sunk.

"It is one of the well-known characteristics of lunacy, and thoroughly understood by those who have studied its economy, when the sufferer is thoroughly convinced of his sanity, and strenuous in accusing those around him—even those who should be dearest to him—of his own malady. Thus my poor child, in the most alarming paroxysms of her attacks, does not hesitate to charge even me with light-headedness! This is not much, you will say. But when, with the subtlety of her complaint, she proceeds to induce

others to believe her accusation—when I find there is a deep-laid plan to pursue me everywhere with this strange idea, and to surround me with a system of surveillance that is positively terrible in its perfectness—then, sir, I begin to take alarm, and I complain of persecution; not unnaturally, I think.”

“A very singular case.”

“I believe entirely without precedent.”

“Are you prepared with any medical evidence?”

“Not at present. But—I see—it is necessary. I will at once proceed with this, and then see you again. Will not that be the better course?”

“Certainly. I would only suggest great caution and secrecy in all that you do, and your at once seeing your medical man, with a view to some examination of the sufferer.”

“Sir, I cannot thank you too much for your admirable counsel—just what I could have expected of you. I will be prepared to lay before you certain ascertained facts touching the case, and then see you again. When? Will Monday suit? Let us say, then, Monday, at three o’clock. Again let me thank you. Oh, this is the way out, is it? Thank you. Good day—Good day.”

“Please, sir, here’s a lady wants to see you; don’t give her name.”

“Show her in, sir, directly.”

And a little lady presently entered. I had only just time to notice that she was dressed in black silk with puce velvet trimmings and an ample black velvet cloak. Her bonnet and gloves were also puce colour, and she wore her black veil half down, which, being sprinkled with embroidery, gave a pleasant variegation to the upper part of her face, while the pretty little red-lipped mouth and daintily-pointed chin, nibbed, as it were, by a dimple, made the lower half look very winning indeed. She carried a handsome mother-of-pearl card-case, but had evidently forgotten to make use of her cards. At any rate, she made no attempt, in the first instance, to put me in possession of her name.

“Oh, pray excuse me”—such a light, soft, silvery voice. “I am sure I owe you a hundred apologies for intruding upon you in this way. So unceremoniously too, and your time, of course, so valuable; but really I—— You——”

“What disagreeable weather!” I observed.

“Very, indeed, especially for walking.”

“Especially. Have you been walking?”

“I am afraid you will really think me very tiresome—very troublesome. I am sure you will say so when I’m gone. You’re very kind: but really I am quite ashamed of my intrusion. Only I have been so anxious—so very anxious. I had better, perhaps, proceed to ask you at once directly what I want to know. Pray tell me, has papa been here?”

“Papa?”

“Yes; papa. Oh, perhaps—— Oh dear me! how very thoughtless of me! You don’t know. No, of course not. What could I have been thinking about? My name is Brigham—Miss Brigham. I am the daughter of——”

“Captain Brigham, Royal Navy?”

“Oh! then he has been here? Oh! I see he has. Oh! I was afraid he had.”

“And you are his daughter—his *only* daughter?”

“Yes. I am his only child, indeed. Please excuse him, sir,” she went on; “he really should not: but he can’t help it. The fact is, he is not quite himself.”

Poor thing: the ruling idea was firmly fixed in her mind.

“I do all I can to stop him. I never, if I can help it, trust him out of my sight. He is sure to get into mischief if I do.”

What could I say? The fit was evidently very strongly upon her.

“I assure you I do all I can to watch him, and have others expressly engaged to keep him always in view.”

Just so, I thought. This is the persecution.

“But I see there has been great remissness. I must have more precautions taken. He must be more rigidly watched; he must never be left alone. It is, perhaps, the best way to adopt the course you have, no doubt, followed—to hear all he has to say. He mentioned me, perhaps? He is always talking curiously about me. It is one of the strange fancies that have possessed him.”

Such a sharp, inquiring bird’s glance out of the corner of the blue eyes.

“He did refer to his daughter,” I confessed,

“Poor dear! he is always doing that,” she said, with a small, soft sigh. “I traced him to this neighbourhood, and, unseen, I saw him come out of this house. From my inquiries, I soon ascertained that he had been to see you, and I guessed his mission. Pray forgive him, sir. Forgive me, too, for troubling you, and forget all that he has told you.”

Forget all my client’s instructions! How cunning these light-headed folks are, I thought.

She thanked me over and over again for my attention to her. She lowered the half veil with its freckle of embroidery, leaving still one red lip and the pointed little chin uncovered. She curtsied very politely as she drew towards the door, and then, as though thinking better of it, with a very winning smile gave me a small, puce-kidded hand to shake. It was so small—it was more like the toy hand fixed on to an ornamental pen-wiper than an ordinary human hand. I conducted her through the office, and showed her the way down the stairs.

“Hullo! here you are at last. Why, I’d quite

given you up. Gilkes and Jeffries, both of whom you know. Mrs. Brisket, bring back some of those things; this gentleman has not dined. My dear boy, what have you been doing with yourself? How could you make any mistake about the time? I wrote *half-past five* as plainly as any man could. Have a glass of sherry; you look quite pale."

I had finished dinner, and the cloth had been removed. Mrs. Brisket bore an expression of intense thanksgiving that hitherto the banquet—the responsibilities of which evidently weighed heavily upon her—had passed off with a success that amounted almost to *éclat*. I found, however, that she looked grimly at me, as one who had threatened to become a sort of incarnate hitch in the business.

"Now then, gentlemen, try the port—the peculiar old crusted, many years in bottle: the port of extraordinary vintage, of the light green seal."

"Are we to come now to the event of the evening?" asked Gilkes.

"Are you going to make a speech?" inquired Jeffries.

"No; this is a private meeting: speeches are for the public; besides, I don't think I can conscientiously make one without a fee: and I know that none of you fellows have got any money. I'll simply give you *her* health. I'm going to be married. I give you *her* health!"

"*Her* health!" we all echoed solemnly, draining glasses of "the peculiar."

"Are we to know no more?"

"Name! name!"

"Hear! hear!"

Little Ned rose. He was as near blushing as could be expected of a barrister—certainly he stammered a little.

"The lady's name is Brigham."

"What?" I cried.

"Brigham—Fanny Brigham."

"The daughter of——"

"Captain Brigham, Royal Navy."

I sank back in my chair.

"My dear Ned!"

"All right! Fire away!—help yourself."

"*You must not marry Fanny Brigham!*"

"Not marry Fanny Brigham? Who says I mustn't marry Fanny Brigham? Who wants his head punched?"

"Now, do be calm. Certain circumstances have come to my knowledge——"

"Oh, certain circumstances have come to your knowledge" (very incoherently spoken); "have they indeed?"

"Now, pray listen."

"All right, old fellow."

"She has a bee in her bonnet."

About noon the next day I received a visit from Ward. He looked rather pale and fatigued; but,

in answer to inquiries, said that he had never felt better in his life. He called, as he stated, to inquire after my health, as he was persuaded, from my sudden departure on the previous evening, that I had been exceedingly unwell.

"And about this Brigham business?" I said. "My dear Ward, you don't know all. Captain Brigham——"

"Ah! poor old fellow! Yes—I know. It's sad, but it can't be helped."

"What do you mean? I've seen him."

"What! poor old Brigham?"

"He came down here to consult me."

"About the settlement?"

"No: his unhappy daughter's state of mind."

"Oh! he's imposed upon you, has he? Went over all that old story."

"And I've seen his daughter."

"You have?"

"She also came here."

"Well?"

"And I regret to say that her manner confirmed her father's statement. She's light-headed, my dear Ward! I know she's an angel—a darling! But, my dear Ward, a wife with a loose slate, a mother, perhaps, with a bee in her bonnet! and the infant family taking after her!"

Ward was moved—but only to laughter. He would not listen to my advice. We parted. It was arranged that I was to act as his solicitor in the matter of the marriage settlement, but my assisting at the wedding was to remain an open question.

I had an appointment in the City at three, and hurried away to keep it. Cheapside was more than normally crowded. Near Bow Church there was a great obstruction: a throng of persons nearly blocked up the footway altogether. An elderly gentleman was quarrelling with a cabman. I thought I recognised a shiny hat and a flaxen wig. I forced my way through the crowd, and found Captain Brigham, bright and glossy as usual in apparel, but palpably excited in manner.

"Where's the use?" cried the cabman. "Don't talk of pulling a fellow up; you know that ain't the question at all. Tell me where to go, and I'll drive you fast enough—fast as you like."

"No. I object to be driven by you—I object to be driven by a man not in his right mind!"

"Oh, gammon!" said the cabman; "jump in."

"No, cabman, you're mad!" replied Captain Brigham. "I pity you: you ought not to be trusted out with a cab."

"Why, I've druv a cab for fourteen year—least-wise a omnibus."

"I'll not be driven by you. Legally, I'm not bound to pay you, but I'll give you sixpence. Mind, it's not your right, but I *give* it you."

"Brayvo, old 'un!" from the crowd.

"Here, my man, take your sixpence."

"Sha'n't! Why, the fare's eighteenpence."

City policeman No. 123 cut his way through.

"What's this here about? Cabby, why don't you take what the gent offers?"

"Oh! ah! Here I've druv the old beggar all the way from the Burlington Arcade; and he shoving me in the back till I'm sore with his walking-stick, and crying out that I'm mad: ain't it enough to aggrawate a feller? and then he offers sixpence! He oughtn't to ride in cabs—he oughtn't."

"The fare's eighteenpence, sir," said No. 123.

"Policeman, I won't be driven by a cabman who is a raging maniac. I tell you I will not. What! Now I look again, policeman, you'd better go home; you're mad, sir, quite mad! I can see it in your eyes, sir; ay, and in your whiskers!"

I paid the cabman his fare; and, aided by the policeman, carried off Captain Brigham. A crowd followed us for a short distance, but gradually fell away.

"You're not in your right mind," said Captain Brigham to me, when I had brought him as far as St. Paul's Churchyard; "but your interference was kindly meant, and for a confirmed lunatic, as of course you are, was really a sensible thing. I thank you for it. Don't you find your insanity interfere rather with your professional pursuits?"

I began to think I had been mistaken about Fanny Brigham's malady, after all.

In due time little Ned Ward was made happy, I should say supremely happy. I owned that he had beaten me utterly. Fanny Brigham looked almost as exquisite in her veil and orange blossoms as in her puce bonnet on the occasion of her one visit to my office in Essex Street. Ned Ward was very great in his superfine, double extra, blue Saxony frock coat. He looked so kindly and lovingly on his dear little bride, that I almost fancied at last that he deserved his good fortune, though a moment before I thought I should have fainted when I heard that deliciously touching answer, "I will," steal from those rosy lips. People said that they formed a charming couple. They seemed to me a sort of statuette group of a happy pair. For myself, I signed the church books, I proposed healths, I made speeches, I drank champagne at unwholesome hours, I threw the old shoe, I made myself hopelessly and conspicuously ridiculous, went through a wonderfully exhilarating course of events, and then home, utterly wretched and desponding. The delighted couple repaired to Baden. I secluded myself for a fortnight in Essex Street, and was seen by no mortal eye.

Some time afterwards I paid a visit to my old friend Dr. Johnston, at Isleworth.

"Here's a gentleman I think you know," he said. It was Captain Brigham. He recognised me at once.

"Ah! my dear friend, my mad lawyer!" he cried out, shaking me cordially by the hand. "I'm delighted to see you. Yes, thank you, I am extremely comfortable here. A number of gentlemen, who, like myself, are of opinion that the world is mad, sir, quite mad, have established this snug retreat. We felt that such a poor handful of sane men as we composed could not individually combat fairly with the insane multitude outside these walls, so we clubbed and collected together for mutual support and protection. With all your confirmed lunacy, you have occasionally very decided bursts of what I may almost call reason, or lucidity; and I'm very proud to see you here. Not but what"—and he sank his voice to a low whisper—"I cannot refrain from mentioning to you that there are some who have got into this institution who have clearly very little title to be in it. Look here, now," and he pointed through an open doorway to a little wizened old man in a velvet cap, busily occupied in writing letters: "he's not altogether sound: he's not free entirely from the 'bee in the bonnet.' This is one of his bad days. Quite forgotten himself—quite oblivious of everything. He is the rightful heir to the throne of Siam, and is unjustly deprived of his inheritance by the Hudson's Bay Company. His usual uniform consists of three peacock's feathers in his cap, worn very much in the style of our Prince of Wales, you know. Curious similarity, is it not? He's a wonderful hand at cribbage. But to-day, you see, he's quite quiet, and has forgotten all about his lawful claims. He's writing home to his grandson, who manages his affairs for him. He's clearly not sound. I am indeed glad to have seen you. Many, many thanks for this visit, my dear friend. I only wish you were properly qualified, and I could propose you as a member of this delightful institution. But, alas! alas! you know that cannot be. Good bye, good bye."

"Curious case, isn't it?" said Dr. Johnston as we moved away. "He'll probably get quite round again in time, though he may be liable to a return of the attack. He's intensely happy. I'm not sure that he wants our pity much. I think the dinner must be ready; come along."

I went home with rather entangled views about the sanity question—as to who had, and who hadn't "a bee in his bonnet." I wondered whether I had. Really I thought I must consider before I answer; and I went to sleep without giving one.

A MAD TEA-PARTY.

[From "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." By LEWIS CARROLL.]

HERE was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it: a Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head. "Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice; "only, as it's asleep, I suppose it doesn't mind."

The table was a large one, but the three were

"You should learn not to make personal remarks," Alice said, with some severity: "it's very rude."

The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this; but all he *said* was, "Why is a raven like a writing-desk?"

"Come, we shall have some fun now!" thought Alice. "I'm glad they've begun asking riddles.—I believe I can guess that," she added, aloud.

"Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?" said the March Hare.



"THE HATTER OPENED HIS EYES VERY WIDE." (Drawn by J. Tenniel.)

all crowded together at one corner of it: "No room! no room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming. "There's *plenty* of room!" said Alice, indignantly, and she sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.

"Have some wine?" the March Hare said, in an encouraging tone.

Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. "I don't see any wine," she remarked.

"There isn't any," said the March Hare.

"Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it," said Alice, angrily.

"It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"I didn't know it was *your* table," said Alice; "it's laid for a great many more than three."

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

"Exactly so," said Alice.

"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare went on.

"I do," Alice hastily replied; "at least—at least I mean what I say—that's the same thing, you know."

"Not the same thing a bit!" said the Hatter. "Why, you might just as well say that 'I see what I eat' is the same thing as 'I eat what I see!'"

"You might just as well say," added the March Hare, "that 'I like what I get' is the same thing as 'I get what I like!'"

"You might just as well say," added the Dormouse, who seemed to be talking in his sleep, "that 'I breathe when I sleep' is the same thing as 'I sleep when I breathe!'"

"It *is* the same thing with you," said the Hatter; and here the conversation dropped, and the party sat silent for a minute, while Alice

thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing-desks, which wasn't much.

The Hatter was the first to break the silence. "What day of the month is it?" he said, turning to Alice: he had taken his watch out of his pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

Alice considered a little, and then said, "The fourth."

"Two days wrong!" sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!" he added, looking angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the *best* butter," the March Hare meekly replied.

"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled: "you shouldn't have put it in with the bread-knife."

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily: then he dipped it into his cup of tea, and looked at it again: but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, "It was the *best* butter, you know."

Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. "What a funny watch!" she remarked. "It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!"

"Why should it?" muttered the Hatter. "Does *your* watch tell you what year it is?"

"Of course not," Alice replied, very readily: "but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together."

"Which is just the case with *mine*," said the Hatter.

Alice felt dreadfully puzzled. The Hatter's remark seemed to her to have no sort of meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English. "I don't quite understand you," she said, as politely as she could.

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea upon its nose.

The Dormouse shook its head impatiently, and said, without opening its eyes, "Of course, of course; just what I was going to remark myself."

"Have you guessed the riddle yet?" the Hatter said, turning to Alice again.

"No, I give it up," Alice replied: "what's the answer?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said the Hatter.

"Nor I," said the March Hare.

Alice sighed wearily. "I think you might do something better with the time, she said, "than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answers."

"If you knew time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting it. It's *him*."

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

"Of course you don't!" the Hatter said, tossing his head contemptuously. "I dare say you never even spoke to Time!"

"Perhaps not," Alice cautiously replied: "but I know I have to beat time when I learn music."

"Ah! that accounts for it," said the Hatter. "He won't stand beating." Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons: you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!"

("I only wish it was," the March Hare said to itself in a whisper.)

"That would be grand, certainly," said Alice, thoughtfully: "but then—I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know."

"Not at first, perhaps," said the Hatter: "but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked."

"Is that the way *you* manage?" Alice asked.

The Hatter shook his head mournfully. "Not I!" he replied. "We quarrelled last March—just before *he* went mad, you know—" (pointing with his teaspoon at the March Hare) "—it was



"TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE BAT!"
(Drawn by J. Tenniel.)

at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing

" 'Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at! "

You know the song perhaps?"

"I've heard something like it," said Alice.

"It goes on, you know," the Hatter continued, "in this way:

" 'Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea-tray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle ——— ' "

Here the Dormouse shook itself, and began singing in its sleep "*Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle*—" and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

"Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse," said the Hatter, "when the Queen bawled out, 'He's murdering the time! Off with his head!'"

"How dreadfully savage!" exclaimed Alice.

"And ever since that," the Hatter went on, in a mournful tone, "he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now."

A bright idea came into Alice's head. "Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out here?" she asked.

"Yes, that's it," said the Hatter, with a sigh: "it's always tea-time, and we've no time to wash the things between whiles."

"Then you keep moving round, I suppose?" said Alice.

"Exactly so," said the Hatter: "as the things get used up."

"But what happens when you come to the beginning again?" Alice ventured to ask.

"Suppose we change the subject," the March Hare interrupted, yawning. "I'm getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story."

"I'm afraid I don't know one," said Alice, rather alarmed at the proposal.

"Then the Dormouse shall!" they both cried.

"Wake up, Dormouse!" And they pinched it on both sides at once.

The Dormouse slowly opened his eyes. "I wasn't asleep," he said, in a hoarse, feeble voice: "I heard every word you fellows were saying."

"Tell us a story!" said the March Hare.

"Yes, please do!" pleaded Alice.

"And be quick about it," added the Hatter, "or you'll be asleep again before it's done."

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began, in a great hurry; "and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well——"

"What did they live on?" said Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

"They lived on treacle," said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They couldn't have done that, you know," Alice gently remarked; "they'd have been ill."

"So they were," said the Dormouse; "very ill."

Alice tried a little to fancy to herself what such an extraordinary way of living would be like, but it puzzled her too much, so she went on: "But why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.

"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied, in an offended tone, "so I can't take more."

"You mean you can't take *less*," said the Hatter: "it's very easy to take *more* than nothing."

"Nobody asked *your* opinion," said Alice.

"Who's making personal remarks now?" the Hatter asked, triumphantly.

Alice did not quite know what to say to this: so she helped herself to some tea and bread-and-butter, and then turned to the Dormouse, and repeated her question. "Why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it, and then said, "It was a treacle-well."

"There's no such thing!" Alice was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare went "sh! sh!" and the Dormouse sulkily remarked, "If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story for yourself."

"No, please go on!" Alice said, very humbly; "I won't interrupt you again. I daresay there may be *one*."

"One, indeed!" said the Dormouse, indignantly. However, he consented to go on. "And so these three little sisters—they were learning to draw, you know——"

"What did they draw?" said Alice, quite forgetting her promise.

"Treacle," said the Dormouse, without considering at all this time.

"I want a clean cup," interrupted the Hatter: "let's all move one place on."

He moved on as he spoke, and the Dormouse followed him: the March Hare moved into the Dormouse's place; and Alice, rather unwillingly, took the place of the March Hare. The Hatter



"THEY WERE TRYING TO PUT THE DORMOUSE INTO THE TEAPOT." (Drawn by J. Tenniel.)

was the only one who got any advantage from the change: and Alice was a good deal worse off than before, as the March Hare had just upset the milk-jug into his plate.

Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she began very cautiously: "But I don't

understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?"

"You can draw water out of a water-well," said the Hatter: "so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well—eh, stupid?"

"But they were *in* the well," Alice said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.

"Of course they were," said the Dormouse—"well in."

This answer so confused poor Alice, that she let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting it.

"They were learning to draw," the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy; "and they drew all manner of things—everything that begins with an M——"

"Why with an M?" said Alice.

"Why not?" said the March Hare.

Alice was silent.

The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time, and was going off into a dose; but, on being

pinched by the Hatter, it woke up again with a little shriek, and went on: "——that begins with an M, such as mouse-traps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness—you know you say things are 'much of a muchness'—did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?"

"Really, now you ask me," said Alice, very much confused, "I don't think——"


"Then you shouldn't talk," said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear: she got up in great disgust, and walked off; the Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took the least notice of her going, though she looked back once or twice, half hoping that they would call after her: the last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

"At any rate I'll never go *there* again!" said Alice, as she picked her way through the wood. "It's the stupidest tea-party I ever was at in all my life!"

ORANGE AND GREEN.

[By GERALD GRIFFIN.]

 HE night was falling dreary in merry
Bandon town,
When in his cottage weary an Orange-
man lay down.

Beside the waters, laving the feet of aged
trees,

The Orange banners waving, flew boldly in the
breeze—

In mighty chorus meeting, a hundred voices join,
And fife and drum were beating the "Battle of
the Boyne."

Ha! toward his cottage hieing, what form is speed-
ing now,

From yonder thicket flying, with blood upon his
brow!

"Hide—hide me, worthy stranger, though Green
my colour be,

And in the day of danger may Heaven remember
thee!

In yonder vale contending alone against that crew,
My life and limbs defending, an Orangeman I
slew.

Hark! hear that fearful warning! there's death
in every tone—

Oh, save my life till morning, and Heaven prolong
your own."

The Orange heart was melted in pity to the Green;
He heard the tale, and felt it his very soul within.

"Dread not that angry warning, though death be
in its tone—
I'll save your life till morning, or I will lose my
own."

Now, round his lowly dwelling the angry torrent
pressed,
A hundred voices swelling, the Orangeman ad-
dressed—

"Arise, arise, and follow the chase along the
plain!

In yonder stony hollow your only son is
slain!"

With rising shouts they gather upon the track
again,

And leave the childless father aghast with sudden
pain.

He seeks the righted stranger in covert where he
lay—

"Arise!" he said, "all danger is gone and passed
away!

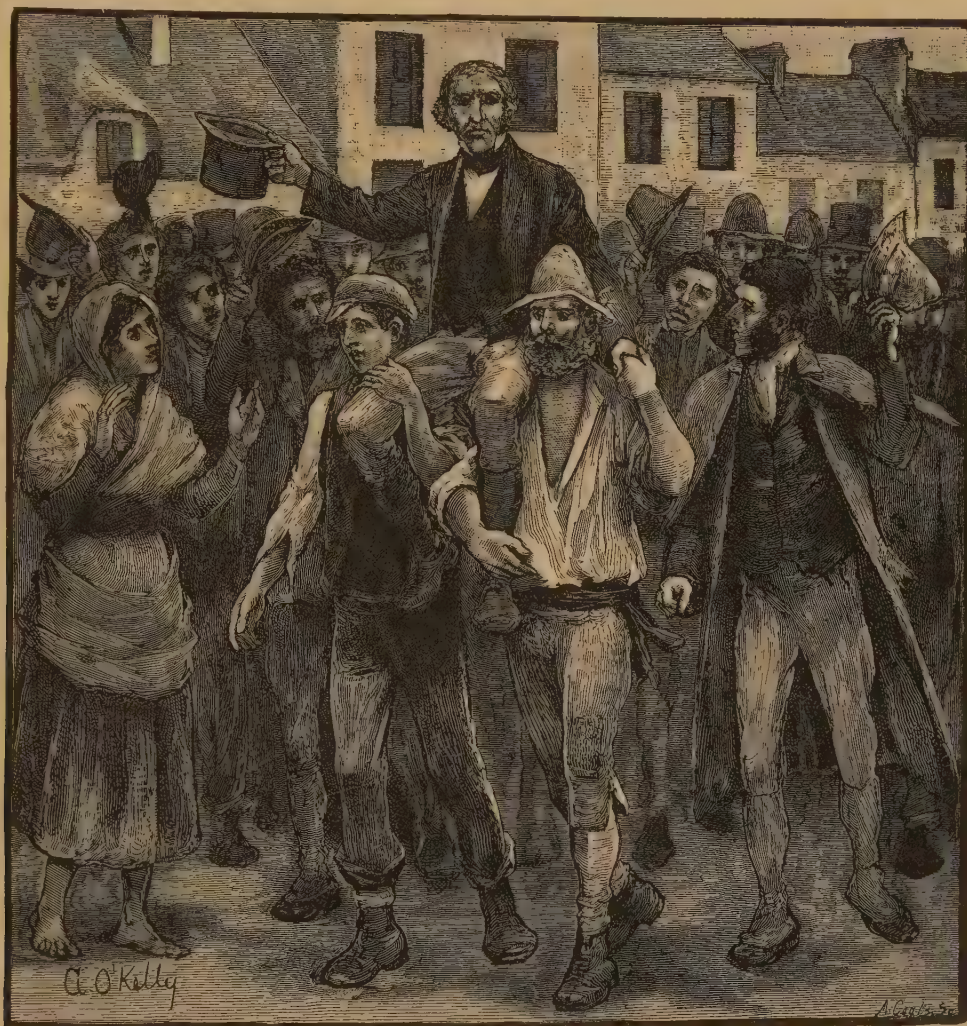
I had a son—one only, one loved as my life,
Thy hand has left me lonely in that accursed
strife.

I pledged my word to save thee until the storm
should cease,

I keep the pledge I gave thee—arise, and go in
peace!"

The stranger soon departed from that unhappy
vale ;
The father, broken-hearted, lay brooding o'er the
tale.

In mighty chorus meeting, loud voices filled the
town,
And fife and drum were beating, "Down, Orange-
man, lie down."



"THEY RAISED HIM ON THEIR SHOULDERS, AND CHAIRED HIM THROUGH THE STREET." (Drawn by A. O'Kelly.)

Full twenty summers after, to silver turned his
beard ;
And yet the sound of laughter from him was never
heard.

* * * * *

The night was falling dreary in merry Wexford
town,
When in his cabin weary, a peasant laid him down.
Beside the waters, laving the feet of aged trees,
The Green flag, gaily waving, was spread against
the breeze—

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Hark ! 'mid the stirring clangour that woke the
echoes there,
Loud voices, high in anger, rose on the evening
air.
Like billows of the ocean, he sees them hurry
on—
And, 'mid the wild commotion, an Orangeman
alone.
"My hair," he said, "is hoary, and feeble is my
hand,
And I could tell a story would shame your cruel
band.

Full twenty years and over have changed my heart
and brow,
And I am grown a lover of peace and concord now.
It was not thus I greeted your brother of the Green,
When fainting and defeated, I freely took him in.
I pledged my word to save him from vengeance
rushing on,
I kept the pledge I gave him, though he had killed
my son."
That aged peasant heard him, and knew him as he
stood,
Remembrance kindly stirred him, and tender grati-
tude.
With gushing tears of pleasure he pierced the
listening train.
"I'm here to pay the measure of kindness back
again!"
Upon his bosom falling, the old man's tears came
down;
Deep memory recalling that cot and fatal town.

"The hand that would offend thee my being first
shall end;
I'm living to defend thee, my saviour and my
friend!"
He said, and slowly turning, addressed the wonder-
ing crowd;
With fervent spirit burning, he told the tale
aloud.
Now pressed the warm beholders their aged foe to
greet:
They raised him on their shoulders, and chaired
him through the street.
As he had saved that stranger from peril scowling
dim,
So in his day of danger did Heaven remember
him.
By joyous crowds attended, the worthy pair were
seen,
And their flags that day were blended, of Orange
and of Green.

HOW AMYAS THREW HIS SWORD INTO THE SEA.*

[From "Westward Ho!" By CHARLES KINGSLEY.]

THE weary day wore on. The strip of
blue sky was curtained over again,
and all was dismal as before, though
it grew sultrier every moment; and
now and then a distant mutter shook
the air to westward. Nothing could be
done to lessen the distance between the
ships, for the *Vengeance* had had all her
boats carried away but one, and that was much
too small to tow her: and while the men went
down again to finish dinner, Amyas worked on
at his sword, looking up every now and then
suddenly at the Spaniard, as if to satisfy himself
that it was not a vision which had vanished.

About two Yeo came up to him.

"He is ours safely now, sir. The tide has been
running to the eastward for this two hours."

"Safe as a fox in a trap. Satan himself cannot
take him from us!"

"But God may," said Brimblecombe, simply.

"Who spoke to you, sir? If I thought that He
—There comes the thunder at last!"

And as he spoke, an angry growl from the west-
ward heavens seemed to answer his wild words,
and rolled and loudened nearer and nearer, till
right over their heads it crashed against some
cloud-cliff far above, and all was still.

Each man looked in the other's face: but Amyas
was unmoved.

"The storm is coming," said he, "and the wind

in it. It will be Eastward-ho now, for once, my
merry men all!"

"Eastward-ho never brought us luck," said
Jack in an under-tone to Cary. But by this time
all eyes were turned to the north-west, where a
black line along the horizon began to define the
boundary of sea and air, till now all dim in mist.

"There comes the breeze."

"And there the storm, too."

And with that strangely accelerating pace which
some storms seem to possess, the thunder, which
had been growling slow and seldom far away, now
rang peal on peal along the cloudy floor above
their heads.

"Here comes the breeze. Round with the yards,
or we shall be taken aback."

"The yards creaked round; the sea grew crisp
around them; the hot air swept their cheeks,
tightened every rope, filled every sail, bent her
over. A cheer burst from the men as the helm
went up, and they staggered away before the wind
right down upon the Spaniard, who lay still be-
calmed.

"There is more behind, Amyas," said Cary.
"Shall we not shorten sail a little?"

"No. Hold on every stitch," said Amyas.
"Give me the helm, man. Boatswain, pipe away
to clear for fight."

It was done, and in ten minutes the men were
all at quarters, while the thunder rolled louder

* By permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

and louder overhead, and the breeze freshened fast.

"The dog has it now. There he goes!" said Cary.

"Right before the wind. He has no liking to face us."

"He is running into the jaws of destruction," said Yeo. "An hour more will send him either right up the Channel, or smack on shore somewhere."

"There! he has put his helm down. I wonder if he sees land?"

"He is like a March hare beat out of his country," said Cary, "and don't know whither to run next."

Cary was right. In ten minutes more the Spaniard fell off again, and went away dead down wind, while the *Vengeance* gained on him fast. After two hours more, the four miles had diminished to one, while the lightning flashed nearer and nearer as the storm came up; and from the vast mouth of a black cloud-arch poured so fierce a breeze that Amyas yielded unwillingly to hints which were growing into open murmurs, and bade shorten sail.

On they rushed with scarcely lessened speed, the black arch following fast, curtained by one flat grey sheet of pouring rain, before which the water was boiling in a long white line; while every moment, behind the watery veil, a keen blue spark leapt down into the sea, or darted zig-zag through the rain.

"We shall have it now, and with a vengeance; this will try your tackle, Master," said Cary.

The functionary answered with a shrug, and turned up the collar of his rough frock, as the first drops flew stinging round his ears. Another minute, and the squall burst full upon them in rain which cut like hail,—hail which lashed the sea into froth, and wind which whirled off the heads of the surges, and swept the waters into one white seething waste. And above them, and behind them, and before them, the lightning leapt and ran, dazzling and blinding, while the deep roar of the thunder was changed to sharp ear-piercing cracks.

"Get the arms and ammunition under cover, and then below with you all," shouted Amyas from the helm.

"And heat the pokers in the galley fire," said Yeo, "to be ready if the rain puts our linstocks out. I hope you'll let me stay on deck, sir, in case——"

"I must have some one, and who better than you? Can you see the chase?"

No; she was wrapped in the grey whirlwind. She might be within half a mile of them, for aught they could have seen of her.

And now Amyas and his old liegeman were

alone. Neither spoke; each knew the other's thoughts, and knew that they were his own. The squall blew fiercer and fiercer, the rain poured heavier and heavier. Where was the Spaniard?

"If he has laid-to, we may overshoot him, sir!"

"If he has tried to lay-to, he will not have a sail left in the bolt-ropes, or perhaps a mast on deck. I know the stiff-neckedness of those Spanish tubs. Hurrah! there he is, right on our larboard bow!"

There she was indeed, two musket-shots off, staggering away with canvas split and flying.

"He has been trying to hull, sir, and caught a buffet," said Yeo, rubbing his hands. "What shall we do now?"

"Range alongside, if it blow live imps and witches, and try our luck once more. Pah! how this lightning dazzles!"

On they swept, gaining fast on the Spaniard.

"Call the men up, and to quarters; the rain will be over in ten minutes."

Yeo ran forward to the gangway: and sprang back again, with a face white and wild—

"Land right a-head! Port your helm, sir! For the love of God, port your helm!"

Amyas, with the strength of a bull, jammed the helm down, while Yeo shouted to the men below.

She swung round. The masts bent like whips; crack went the fore-sail like a cannon. What matter? Within two hundred yards of them was the Spaniard; in front of her, and above her, a huge dark bank rose through the dense hail, and mingled with the clouds; and at its foot, plainer every moment, pillars and spouts of leaping foam.

"What is it, Morte? Hartland?"

It might be anything for thirty miles.

"Lundy!" said Yeo. "The south end! I see the head of the Shutter in the breakers! Hard a-port yet, and get her close-hauled as you can, and the Lord may have mercy on us still! Look at the Spaniard!"

Yes, look at the Spaniard!

On their left hand, as they broached-to, the wall of granite sloped down from the clouds toward an isolated peak of rock, some two hundred feet in height. Then a hundred yards of roaring breaker upon a sunken shelf, across which the race of the tide poured like a cataract; then, amid a column of salt smoke, the Shutter, like a huge black fang, rose waiting for its prey; and between the Shutter and the land, the great gal- leon loomed dimly through the storm.

He, too, had seen his danger, and tried to broach-to. But his clumsy mass refused to obey the helm; he struggled a moment, half hid in foam; fell away again, and rushed upon his doom.

"Lost! lost! lost!" cried Amyas madly, and throwing up his hands, let go the tiller. Yeo caught it just in time.

"Sir! Sir! What are you at? We shall clear the rock yet."

"Yes!" shouted Amyas in his frenzy; "but he will not!"

Another minute. The galleon gave a sudden jar, and stopped. Then one long heave and bound, as if to free herself. And then her bows lighted clean upon the Shutter.

An awful silence fell on every English soul. They heard not the roaring of wind and surge; they saw not the blinding flashes of the lightning: but they heard one long ear-piercing wail to every

"Give him more wine, Will; his eyes are opening."

"Hey day?" said Amyas faintly, "not past the Shutter yet! How long she hangs in the wind!"

"We are long past the Shutter, Sir Amyas," said Brimblecombe.

"Are you mad? Cannot I trust my own eyes?" There was no answer for awhile.

"We are past the Shutter, indeed," said Cary very gently, "and lying in the cove at Lundy."

"Will you tell me that that is not the Shutter, and that the Devil's-limekiln, and that the cliff—



"THOU PIG-STICKING PHILISTINE." (Drawn by C. J. Staniland.)

saint in heaven rise from five hundred human throats; they saw the mighty ship heel over from the wind, and sweep headlong down the cataract of the race, plunging her yards into the foam, and showing her whole black side even to her keel, till she rolled clean over, and vanished for ever and ever.

"Shame!" cried Amyas, hurling his sword far into the sea, "to lose my right, my right! when it was in my very grasp! Unmerciful!"

A crack which rent the sky, and made the granite ring and quiver; a bright world of flame, and then a blank of utter darkness, against which stood out, glowing red-hot, every mast, and sail, and rock, and Salvation Yeo as he stood beside Amyas, the tiller in his hand. All red hot, transfigured into fire; and behind, the black, black night.

* * * * *

A whisper, a rustling close beside him, and Brimblecombe's voice said softly,—

that villain Spaniard only gone—and that Yeo is not standing here by me, and Cary there forward, and—why, by-the-bye, where are you, Jack Brimblecombe, who were talking to me this minute?"

"Oh, Sir Amyas Leigh, dear Sir Amyas Leigh," blubbered poor Jack, "put out your hand, and feel where you are, and pray the Lord to forgive you for your wilfulness!"

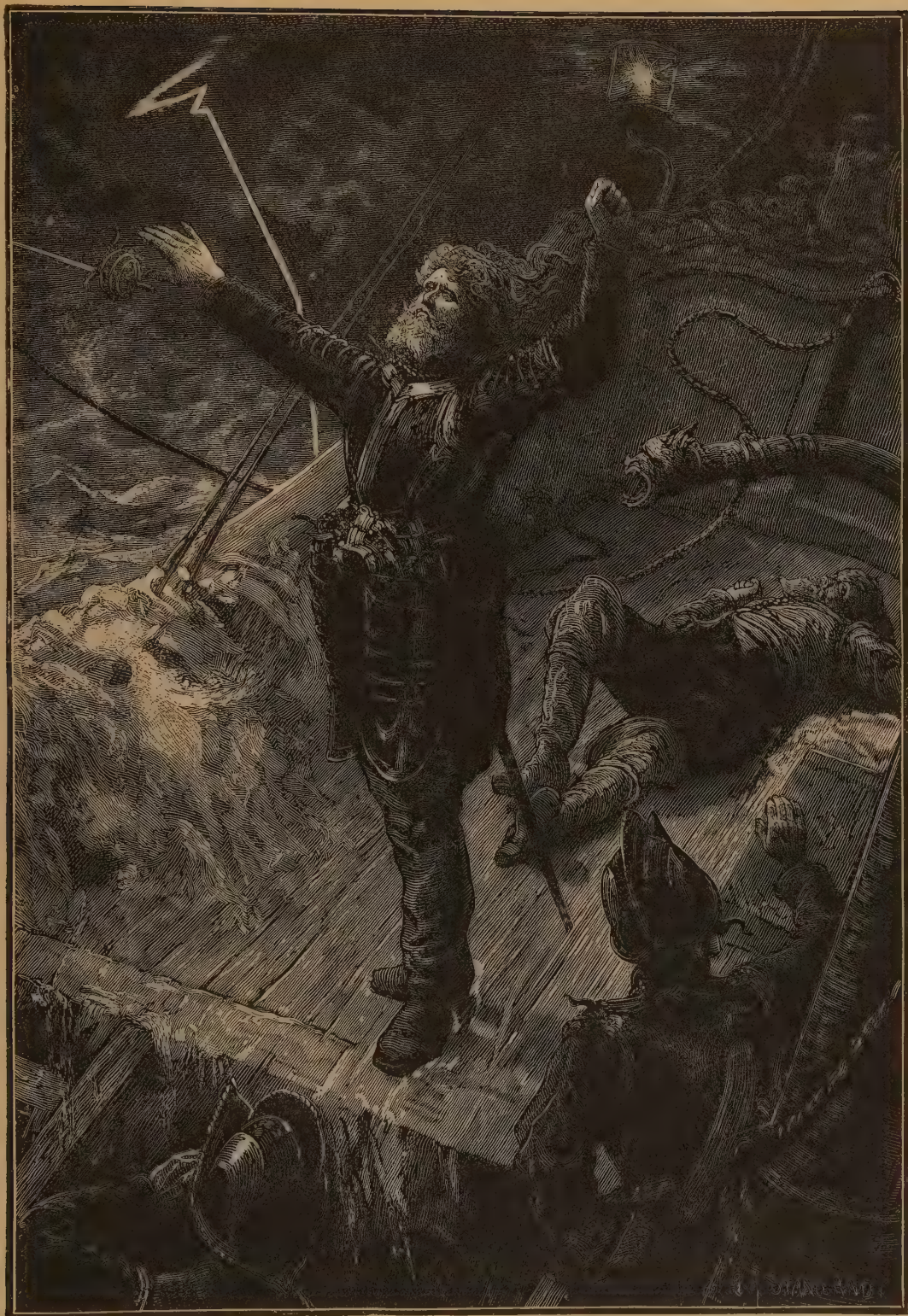
A great trembling fell upon Amyas Leigh; half fearfully he put out his hand; he felt that he was in his hammock, with the deck-beams close above his head. The vision which had been left upon his eye-balls vanished like a dream.

"What is this? I must be asleep! What has happened? Where am I?"

"In your cabin, Amyas," said Cary.

"What? And where is Yeo?"

"Yeo is gone where he longed to go, and as he



"'SHAME!' CRIED AMYAS." (Drawn by C. J. Staniland.)

"HOW AMYAS THREW HIS SWORD INTO THE SEA" (p. 300).

longed to go. The same flash which struck you down, struck him dead."

"Dead? Lightning? Any more hurt? I must go and see. Why, what is this?" and Amyas passed his hand across his eyes. "It is all dark—dark, as I live!" And he passed his hand over his eyes again.

There was another dead silence. Amyas broke it.

"Oh, God!" shrieked the great proud sea-captain, "Oh, God, I am blind! blind! blind!" And writhing in his great horror, he called to Cary to kill him and put him out of his misery, and then wailed for his mother to come and help him, as if he had been a boy once more; while Brimblecombe and Cary, and the sailors who crowded round the cabin-door, wept as if they too had been boys once more.

Soon his fit of frenzy passed off, and he sank back exhausted.

They lifted him into their remaining boat, rowed him ashore, carried him painfully up the hill to the old castle, and made a bed for him on the floor, in the very room in which Don Guzman and Rose Salterne had plighted their troth to each other, five wild years before.

Three miserable days were passed within that lonely tower.

On the fourth day his raving ceased: but he was still too weak to be moved. Toward noon, however, he called for food, ate a little, and seemed revived.

"Will," he said, after a while, "this room is as stifling as it is dark. I feel as if I should be a sound man once more, if I could but get one snuff of the sea-breeze."

The surgeon shook his head at the notion of moving him: but Amyas was peremptory.

"I am captain still, Tom Surgeon, and will sail for the Indies, if I choose. Will Cary, Jack Brimblecombe, will you obey a blind general?"

"What you will in reason," said they both at once.

"Then lead me out, my masters, and over the down to the south end. To the point at the south end I must go; there is no other place will suit."

And he rose firmly to his feet, and held out his hands for theirs.

"Let him have his humour," whispered Cary. "It may be the working off of his madness."

"This sudden strength is a note of fresh fever, Mr. Lieutenant," said the surgeon, "and the rules of the art prescribe rather a fresh blood-letting."

Amyas overheard the last word, and broke out,—

"Thou pig-sticking Philistine, wilt thou make sport with blind Samson? Come near me to let blood from my arm, and see if I do not let blood from thy coxcomb. Catch him, Will, and bring him me here!"

The surgeon vanished as the blind giant made a step forward; and they set forth, Amyas walking slowly, but firmly, between his two friends.

"Whither?" asked Cary.

"To the south end. The crag above the Devil's limekiln. No other place will suit."

Jack gave a murmur, and half-stopped, as a frightful suspicion crossed him.

"That is a dangerous place!"

"What of that?" said Amyas, who caught his meaning in his tone. "Dost think I am going to leap over cliff? I have not heart enough for that. On, lads, and set me safe among the rocks."

So slowly, and painfully, they went on, while Amyas murmured to himself,—

"No, no other place will suit; I can see all thence."

So on they went to the point, where the cyclopean wall of granite cliff which forms the western side of Lundy, ends sheer in a precipice of some three hundred feet, topped by a pile of snow-white rock, bespangled with golden lichens. As they approached, a raven, who sat upon the topmost stone, black against the bright blue sky, flapped lazily away, and sank down the abysses of the cliff, as if he scented the corpses underneath the surge. Below them from the Gull-rock rose a thousand birds, and filled the air with sound; the choughs cackled, the hacklets wailed, the great blackbacks laughed querulous defiance at the intruders, and a single falcon, with an angry bark, dashed out from beneath their feet, and hung poised high aloft, watching the sea-fowl which swung slowly round and round below.

It was a glorious sight, upon a glorious day. To the northward the glens rushed down toward the cliff, crowned with grey crags, and carpeted with purple heather and green fern; and from their feet stretched away to the westward the sapphire rollers of the vast Atlantic, crowned with a thousand crests of flying foam. On their left hand, some ten miles to the south, stood out against the sky the purple wall of Hartland cliffs, sinking lower and lower as they trended away to the southward along the lonely iron-bound shores of Cornwall, until they faded, dim and blue, into the blue horizon forty miles away.

The sky was flecked with clouds, which rushed toward them fast upon the roaring south-west wind; and the warm ocean-breeze swept up the cliffs, and whistled through the heather-bells, and howled in cranny and in crag,

"Till the pillars and clefts of the granite
Rang like a God-swept lyre;"

while Amyas, a proud smile upon his lips, stood breasting that genial stream of airy wine with swelling nostrils and fast-heaving chest, and seemed to drink in life from every gust. All three

were silent for awhile; and Jack and Cary, gazing downward with delight upon the glory and the grandeur of the sight, forgot for awhile that their companion saw it not. Yet when they started sadly, and looked into his face, did he not see it? So wide and eager were his eyes, so bright and calm his face, that they fancied for an instant that he was once more even as they.

A deep sigh undeceived them. "I know it is all here—the dear old sea, where I would live and die. And my eyes feel for it; feel for it—and cannot find it; never, never will find it again for ever! God's will be done!"

"Do you say that?" asked Brimblecombe, eagerly.

"Why should I not? Why have I been raving in hell-fire for I know not how many days, but to find out that, John Brimblecombe, thou better man than I?"

"Not that last: but Amen! Amen! and The Lord has indeed had mercy upon thee!" said Jack, through his honest tears.

"Amen!" said Amyas. "Now set me where I can rest among the rocks without fear of falling—for life is sweet still, even without eyes, friends—and leave me to myself awhile."

"You can sit here as in an arm-chair," said Cary, helping him down to one of those square natural seats so common in the granite tors.

"Good; now turn my face to the Shutter. Be sure and exact. So. Do I face it full?"

"Full," said Cary.

"Then I need no eyes wherewith to see what is before me," said he with a sad smile. "I know every stone and every headland, and every wave too, I may say, far beyond aught that eye can reach. Now go, and leave me alone with God and with the dead!"

They retired a little space and watched him. He never stirred for many minutes; then leaned his elbows on his knees, and his head upon his hands, and so was still again. He remained so long thus, that the pair became anxious, and went towards him. He was asleep, and breathing quick and heavily.

"He will take a fever," said Brimblecombe, "if he sleeps much longer with his head down in the sunshine."

"We must wake him gently, if we wake him at all." And Cary moved forward to him.

As he did so, Amyas lifted his head, and turning it to right and left, felt round him with his sightless eyes.

"You have been asleep, Amyas."

"Have I? I have not slept back my eyes, then. Take up this great useless carcase of mine, and lead me home. I shall buy me a dog when I get to Burrough, I think, and make him tow me in a

string, eh? So! Give me your hand. Now, march!"

His guides heard with surprise this new cheerfulness.

"Thank God, sir, that your heart is so light already," said good Jack; "it makes me feel quite upraised myself, like."

"I have reason to be cheerful, Sir John; I have left a heavy load behind me. I have been wilful, and proud, and a blasphemer, and swollen with cruelty and pride; and God has brought me low for it, and cut me off from my evil delight. No more Spaniard-hunting for me now, my masters. God will send no such fools as I upon His errands."

"You do not repent of fighting the Spaniards?"

"Not I: but of hating even the worst of them. Listen to me, Will and Jack. If that man wronged me, I wronged him likewise. I have been a fiend when I thought myself the grandest of men, yea, a very avenging angel out of heaven. But God has shown me my sin, and we have made up our quarrel for ever."

"Made it up?"

"Made it up, thank God. But I am weary. Set me down awhile, and I will tell you how it befell."

Wondering, they set him down upon the heather, while the bees hummed round them in the sun; and Amyas felt for a hand of each, and clasped it in his own hand, and began,—

"When you left me there upon the rock, lads, I looked away and out to sea, to get one last snuff of the merry sea-breeze, which will never sail me again. And as I looked, I tell you truth, I could see the water and the sky; as plain as ever I saw them, till I thought my sight was come again. But soon I knew it was not so; for I saw more than man could see; right over the ocean, as I live, and away to the Spanish Main. And I saw Barbados, and Grenada, and all the isles that we ever sailed by; and La Guayra in Caraccas, and the Silla, and the house beneath it where she lived. And I saw him walking with her, on the barbecue, and he loved her then. I saw what I saw; and he loved her; and I say he loves her still.

"Then I saw the cliffs beneath me, and the Gull-rock, and the Shutter, and the Ledge; I saw them, William Cary, and the weeds beneath the merry blue sea. And I saw the grand old galleon, Will; she has righted with the sweeping of the tide. She lies in fifteen fathoms, at the edge of the rocks, upon the sand; and her men are all lying around her, asleep until the judgment-day."

Cary and Jack looked at him, and then at each other. His eyes were clear, and bright, and full of meaning; and yet they knew that he was blind. His voice was shaping itself into a song. Was he inspired? Insane? What was it? And they

listened with awestruck faces, as the giant pointed down into the blue depths far below, and went on.

"And I saw him sitting in his cabin, like a valiant gentleman of Spain; and his officers were sitting round him, with their swords upon the table, at the wine. And the prawns and the crayfish and the rockling, they swam in and out above their heads: but Don Guzman he never heeded, but sat still, and drank his wine. Then he took a locket from his bosom; and I heard him speak, Will, and he said: 'Here's the picture of my fair and true lady; drink to her, Señors all.' Then he spoke to me, Will, and called me, right up through the oar-weed and the sea: 'We have had a fair quarrel, Señor: it is time to be friends once more. My wife and your brother have forgiven me; so your honour takes no stain.' And I answered, 'We are friends, Don Guzman; God has judged our quarrel, and not we.' Then he

said, 'I sinned, and I am punished.' And I said, 'And, Señor, so am I.' Then he held out his hand to me, Cary; and I stooped to take it, and awoke."

He ceased; and they looked in his face again. It was exhausted, but clear and gentle, like the face of a new-born babe. Gradually his head dropped upon his breast again; he was either swooning or sleeping, and they had much ado to get him home. There he lay for eight and forty hours, in a quiet doze; then arose suddenly, called for food, ate heartily, and seemed, saving his eyesight, as whole and sound as ever. The surgeon bade them get him home to Northam as soon as possible, and he was willing enough to go. So the next day the *Vengeance* sailed, leaving behind a dozen men to seize and keep in the Queen's name any goods which should be washed up from the wreck.

THE ARCHBISHOP AND GIL BLAS.

[By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.]



DON'T think I feel much older; I'm aware I'm rather grey,

But so are many young folks; I meet 'em every day.

I confess I'm more particular in what I eat and drink;

But one's taste improves with culture; that is all it means, I think.

Can you read as once you used to? Well, the printing is so bad,

No young folks' eyes can read it like the books that once we had.

Are you quite as quick of hearing? Please to say that once again.

Don't I use plain words, your Reverence? Yes, I often use a cane,

But it's not because I need it—no, I always liked a stick;

And as one might lean upon it, 'tis as well it should be thick.

Oh, I'm smart, I'm spry, I'm lively,—I can walk, yes, that I can,

On the days I feel like walking, just as well as you, young man!

Don't you get a little sleepy after dinner every day?

Well, I doze a little, sometimes, but that always was my way.

Don't you cry a little easier than some twenty years ago?

Well, my heart is very tender, but I think 'twas always so.

Don't you find it sometimes happens that you can't recall a name?

Yes—I know such lots of people—but my memory's not to blame.

What! You think my memory's failing! Why it's just as bright and clear—

I remember my great-grandma! She's been dead these sixty year!

Is your voice a little trembly? Well it may be now and then;

But I write as well as ever with a good old-fashioned pen;

It's the Gillott's makes the trouble—not at all my finger-ends—

That is why my hand looks shaky when I sign for dividends.

Don't you stoop a little, walking? It's a way I've always had—

I have always been round-shouldered ever since I was a lad.

Don't you hate to tie your shoe-strings? Yes, I own it—that is true.

Don't you tell old stories over? I am not aware I do.

Don't you stay at home of evenings? Don't you love a cushioned seat?

In a corner, by the fireside, with your slippers on your feet?

Don't you wear warm fleecy flannels? Don't you muffle up your throat?

Don't you like to have one help you when you're putting on your coat?

*Don't you like old books you've dog's-eared, you
can't remember when?
Don't you call it late at nine o'clock and go to bed
at ten?
How many cronies can you count of all you used to
know
That called you by your Christian name some fifty
years ago?
How look the prizes to you that used to fire your
brain?
You've reared your mound—how high is it above
the level plain?
You've drained the brimming golden cup that
made your fancy reel,
You've slept the giddy potion off—now tell me how
you feel?
You've watched the harvest ripening till every stem
was cropped,
You've seen the rose of beauty fade till every petal
dropped,*

*You've told your thought, you've done your task,
you've tracked your dial round,
—I backing down! Thank Heaven, not yet!
I'm hale and brisk and sound,
And good for many a tussle, as you shall live to
see;
My shoes are not quite ready yet—don't think
you're rid of me!
Old Parr was in his lusty prime when he was
older far,
And where will you be if I live to beat old Thomas
Parr?
Ah, well—I know—at every age life has a certain
charm—
You're going? Come, permit me, please, I beg
you'll take my arm.
I take your arm! Why take your arm? I'd
thank you to be told:
I'm old enough to walk alone, but not so very
old!*

THE SORROWS OF AMOS BARTON.

[From "Scenes of Clerical Life." By GEORGE ELIOT.]

THE following Wednesday, when Mr. and Mrs. Hackit were seated comfortably by their bright hearth, enjoying the long afternoon afforded by an early dinner, Rachel, the housemaid, came in and said,—

"If you please 'm, the shepherd says, have you heard as Mrs. Barton's wuss, and not expected to live?"

Mrs. Hackit turned pale, and hurried out to question the shepherd, who, she found, had heard the sad news at an alehouse in the village. Mr. Hackit followed her out and said, "You'd better have the pony-chaise, and go directly."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hackit, too much overcome to utter any exclamations. "Rachel, come an' help me on wi' my things." When her husband was wrapping her cloak round her feet in the pony-chaise, she said,—

"If I don't come home to-night, I shall send back the pony-chaise, and you'll know I'm wanted there."

"Yes, yes."

It was a bright frosty day, and by the time Mrs. Hackit arrived at the Vicarage, the sun was near its setting. There was a carriage and pair standing at the gate, which she recognised as Dr. Madeley's, the physician from Rotherby. She entered at the kitchen door that she might avoid knocking, and quietly questioned Nanny. No one

was in the kitchen, but, passing on, she saw the sitting-room door open, and Nanny, with Walter in her arms, removing the knives and forks, which had been laid for dinner three hours ago.

"Master says he can't eat no dinner," was Nanny's first word. "He's never tasted nothin' sin' yesterday mornin', but a cup o' tea."

"When was your missis took worse?"

"O' Monday night. They sent for Dr. Madeley i' the middle o' the day yisterday, and he's here again now."

"Is the baby alive?"

"No; it died last night. The children's all at Mrs. Bond's. She come and took 'em away last night, but the master says they must be fetched soon. He's upstairs now, wi' Dr. Madeley and Mr. Brand."

At this moment Mrs. Hackit heard the sound of a heavy, slow foot in the passage; and presently Amos Barton entered, with dry despairing eyes, haggard and unshaven. He expected to find the sitting-room as he left it, with nothing to meet his eyes but Milly's work-basket in the corner of the sofa, and the children's toys overturned in the bow-window. But when he saw Mrs. Hackit come towards him with answering sorrow in her face, the pent-up fountain of tears was opened; he threw himself on the sofa, hid his face, and sobbed aloud.

"Bear up, Mr. Barton," Mrs. Hackit ventured to

say at last ; " bear up, for the sake o' them dear children."

" The children," said Amos, starting up. " They must be sent for. Some one must fetch them. Milly will want to . . ."

He couldn't finish the sentence, but Mrs. Hackit understood him, and said, " I'll send the man with the pony - carriage for 'em."

She went out to give the order, and encountered Dr. Madeley and Mr. Brand, who were just going.

Mr. Brand said : " I am very glad to see you are here, Mrs. Hackit. No time must be lost in sending for the children. Mrs. Barton wants to see them."

" Do you quite give her up, then ?"

" She can hardly live through the night. She begged us to tell her how long she had to live ; and then asked for the children."

The pony-carriage was sent ; and Mrs. Hackit, returning to Mr. Bar-

ton, said she would like to go upstairs now. He went upstairs with her and opened the door. The chamber fronted the west ; the sun was just setting, and the red light fell full upon the bed, where Milly lay with the hand of death visibly upon her. The feather-bed had been removed, and she lay low on a mattress, with her head slightly raised by pillows. Her long fair neck seemed to be struggling with a painful effort ; her features were pallid and pinched, and her eyes were closed. There was no one in the room but

the nurse, and the mistress of the free school, who had come to give her help from the beginning of the change.

Amos and Mrs. Hackit stood beside the bed, and Milly opened her eyes.

" My darling, Mrs. Hackit is come to see you."

Milly smiled and looked at her with that strange, far-off look which belongs to ebbing life.

" Are the children coming ?" she said, painfully.

" Yes, they will be here directly."

She closed her eyes again.

Presently the pony - carriage was heard ; and Amos, motioning to Mrs. Hackit to follow him, left the room. On their way downstairs, she suggested that the carriage should remain to take them away again afterwards, and Amos assented.

There they stood in the melancholy sitting - room — the five sweet children, from Patty to Chubby — all, with their mother's

eyes—all, except Patty, looking up with a vague fear at their father as he entered. Patty understood the great sorrow that was come upon them, and tried to check her sobs as she heard her papa's footsteps.

" My children," said Amos, taking Chubby in his arms, " God is going take away your dear mamma from us. She wants to see you to say good-bye. You must try to be very good and not cry."

He could say no more, but turned round to see



" AMOS HAD SUNK ON HIS KNEES." (Drawn by Robert Barnes.)

if Nanny was there with Walter, and then led the way upstairs, leading Dickey with the other hand. Mrs. Hackit followed with Sophy and Patty, and then came Nanny with Walter and Fred.

It seemed as if Milly had heard the little footsteps on the stairs, for when Amos entered, her eyes were wide open, eagerly looking towards the door. They all stood by the bedside—Amos nearest to her, holding Chubby and Dickey. But she motioned for Patty to come first, and clasping the poor pale child by the hand, said,—

“Patty, I’m going away from you. Love your papa. Comfort him; and take care of your little brothers and sisters. God will help you.”

Patty stood perfectly quiet, and said, “Yes, mamma.”

The mother motioned with her pallid lips for the dear child to lean towards her and kiss her; and then Patty’s great anguish overcame her, and she burst into sobs. Amos drew her towards him and pressed her head gently to him, while Milly beckoned Fred and Sophy, and said to them more faintly,—

“Patty will try to be your mamma when I am gone, my darlings. You will be good and not vex her.”

They leaned towards her, and she stroked their fair heads, and kissed their tear-stained cheeks. They cried because mamma was ill and papa looked so unhappy; but they thought, perhaps next week things would be as they used to be again.

The little ones were lifted on the bed to kiss her. Little Walter said, “Mamma, mamma,” and stretched out his fat arms and smiled; and Chubby seemed gravely wondering; but Dickey, who had been looking fixedly at her, with lip hanging down, ever since he came into the room, now seemed suddenly pierced with the idea that mamma was going away somewhere; his little heart swelled and he cried aloud.

Then Mrs. Hackit and Nanny took them all away. Patty at first begged to stay at home and not go to Mrs. Bond’s again; but when Nanny reminded her that she had better go to take care of the younger ones, she submitted at once, and they were all packed in the pony-carriage once more.

Milly kept her eyes shut for some time after the children were gone. Amos had sunk on his knees, and was holding her hand while he watched her face. By-and-by she opened her eyes, and, drawing him close to her, whispered slowly,—

“My dear—dear—husband—you have been—very—good to me. You—have—made me—very happy.”

She spoke no more for many hours. They watched her breathing becoming more and more difficult, until evening deepened into night, and

until midnight was past. About half-past twelve she seemed to be trying to speak, and they leaned to catch her words.

“Music—music—didn’t you hear it?”

Amos knelt by the bed and held her hand in his. He did not believe in his sorrow. It was a bad dream. He did not know when she was gone. But Mr. Brand, whom Mrs. Hackit had sent for before twelve o’clock, thinking that Mr. Barton might probably need his help, now came up to him, and said,—

“She feels no more pain now. Come, my dear sir, come with me.”

“She isn’t *dead*!” shrieked the poor desolate man, struggling to shake off Mr. Brand, who had taken him by the arm. But his weary weakened frame was not equal to resistance, and he was dragged out of the room.

* * * * *

They laid her in the grave—the sweet mother with her baby in her arms—while the Christmas snow lay thick upon the graves. It was Mr. Cleves who buried her. On the first news of Mr. Barton’s calamity, he had ridden over from Triplegate to beg that he might be made of some use, and his silent grasp of Amos’s hand had penetrated like the painful thrill of life-recovering warmth to the poor benumbed heart of the stricken man.

The snow lay thick upon the graves, and the day was cold and dreary; but there was many a sad eye watching that black procession as it passed from the vicarage to the church, and from the church to the open grave. There were men and women standing in that churchyard who had bandied vulgar jests about their pastor, and who had lightly charged him with sin; but now, when they saw him following the coffin, pale and haggard, he was consecrated anew by his great sorrow, and they looked at him with respectful pity.

All the children were there, for Amos had willed it so, thinking that some dim memory of that sacred moment might remain even with little Walter, and link itself with what he would hear of his sweet mother in after years. He himself led Patty and Dickey; then came Sophy and Fred; Mr. Brand had begged to carry Chubby, and Nanny followed with Walter. They made a circle round the grave while the coffin was being lowered. Patty alone of all the children felt that mamma was in that coffin, and that a new and sadder life had begun for papa and herself. She was pale and trembling, but she clasped his hand more firmly as the coffin went down, and gave no sob. Fred and Sophy, though they were only two and three years younger, and though they had seen mamma in her coffin, seemed to themselves to be looking at some strange show. They had

not learned to decipher that terrible handwriting of human destiny, illness and death. Dickey had rebelled against his black clothes, until he was told that it would be naughty to mamma not to put them on, when he at once submitted; and now, though he had heard Nanny say that mamma was in heaven, he had a vague notion that she would come home again to-morrow, and say he had been a good boy and let him empty her work-box. He stood close to his father, with great rosy cheeks, and wide open blue eyes, looking first up at Mr. Cleves and then down at the coffin, and thinking he and Chubby would play at that when they got home.

The burial was over, and Amos turned with his children to re-enter the house—the house where, an hour ago, Milly's dear body lay, where the windows were half-darkened, and sorrow seemed to have a hallowed precinct for itself, shut out from the world. But now she was gone; the broad snow-reflected daylight was in all the rooms; the Vicarage again seemed part of the common working-day world, and Amos, for the first time, felt that he was alone—that day after day, month after month, year after year, would have to be lived through without Milly's love. Spring would come, and she would not be there; summer, and she would not be there; and he would never have her again with him by the fire-side in the long evenings. The seasons all seemed irksome to his thoughts; and how dreary the sunshiny days that would be sure to come! She was gone from him; and he could never show her his love any more, never make up for omissions in the past by filling future days with tenderness.

So the time wore on till it was May again, and the church was quite finished and reopened in all its new splendour, and Mr. Barton was devoting himself with more vigour than ever to his parochial duties. But one morning—it was a very fine morning, and evil tidings sometimes like to fly in the finest weather—there came a letter for Mr. Barton, addressed in the Vicar's handwriting. Amos opened it with some anxiety—somehow or other he had a presentiment of evil. The letter contained the announcement that Mr. Carpe had resolved on coming to reside at Shepperton, and that, consequently, in six months from that time Mr. Barton's duties as curate in that parish would be closed.

Oh, it was hard! Just when Shepperton had become the place where he most wished to stay—where he had friends who knew his sorrows—where he lived close to Milly's grave. To part from that grave seemed like parting with Milly a second time; for Amos was one who clung to all the material links between his mind and the past. His imagination was not vivid, and required the stimulus of actual perception.

It roused some bitter feeling, too, to think that Mr. Carpe's wish to reside at Shepperton was merely a pretext for removing Mr. Barton, in order that he might ultimately give the curacy of Shepperton to his own brother-in-law, who was known to be wanting a new position.

Still, it must be borne; and the painful business of seeking another curacy must be set about without loss of time. After the lapse of some months, Amos was obliged to renounce the hope of getting one at all near Shepperton, and he at length resigned himself to accepting one in a distant county. The parish was in a large manufacturing town, where his walks would lie among noisy streets and dingy alleys, and where the children would have no garden to play in, no pleasant farm-houses to visit.

It was another blow inflicted on the bruised man.

At length the dreaded week was come, when Amos and his children must leave Shepperton. There was general regret among the parishioners at his departure: not that any one of them thought his spiritual gifts pre-eminent, or was conscious of great edification from his ministry. But his recent troubles had called out their better sympathies, and that is always a source of love. Amos failed to touch the spring of goodness by his sermons, but he touched it effectually by his sorrows; and there was now a real bond between him and his flock.

"My heart aches for them poor motherless children," said Mrs. Hackit to her husband, "a-going among strangers, and into a nasty town, where there's no good victuals to be had, and you must pay dear to get bad uns."

Mrs. Hackit had a vague notion of a town life as a combination of dirty backyards, measly pork, and dingy linen.

The same sort of sympathy was strong among the poorer class of parishioners. Old stiff-jointed Mr. Tozer, who was still able to earn a little by gardening "jobs," stopped Mrs. Cramp, the charwoman, on her way home from the Vicarage, where she had been helping Nanny to pack up, the day before the departure, and inquired very particularly into Mr. Barton's prospects.

"Ah, poor mon," he was heard to say, "I'm sorry for un. He hedn't much here, but he'll be wuss off theer. Half a loaf's better nor ne'er un."

The sad good-byes had all been said before that last evening; and after all the packing was done and all the arrangements were made, Amos felt the oppression of that blank interval in which one has nothing left to think of but the dreary future—the separation from the loved and familiar, and the chilling entrance on the new and strange. In every parting there is an image of death.

Soon after ten o'clock, when he had sent Nanny

to bed, that she might have a good night's rest before the fatigues of the morrow, he stole softly out to pay a last visit to Milly's grave. It was a moonless night, but the sky was thick with stars, and their light was enough to show that the grass had grown long on the grave, and that there was a tombstone telling in bright letters, on a dark ground, that beneath were deposited the remains of Amelia, the beloved wife of Amos Barton, who died in the thirty-fifth year of her age, leaving a husband and six children to lament her loss. The final words of the inscription were, "Thy will be done."

The husband was now advancing towards the dear mound from which he was so soon to be parted, perhaps for ever. He stood a few minutes reading over and over again the words on the tombstone, as if to assure himself that all the happy and unhappy past was a reality. For love is frightened at the intervals of insensibility and callousness that encroach by little and little on the dominion of grief, and it makes efforts to recall the keenness of the first anguish.

Gradually, as his eye dealt on the words, "Amelia, the beloved wife," the waves of feeling swelled within his soul, and he threw himself on the grave, clasping it with his arms, and kissing the cold turf.

"Milly, Milly, dost thou hear me? I didn't love thee enough—I wasn't tender enough to thee—but I think of it all now."

The sobs came and choked his utterance, and the warm tears fell.

Only once again in his life has Amos Barton visited Milly's grave. It was in the calm and softened light of an autumnal afternoon, and he was not alone. He held on his arm a young woman, with a sweet grave face, which strongly recalled the expression of Mrs. Barton's, but was less lovely in form and colour. She was about thirty, but there were some premature lines round her mouth and eyes, which told of early anxiety. For Patty alone remains by her father's side, and makes the evening sunshine of his life.

SCHNITZERL'S PHILOSOPHEDE.

[From "The Breitmann Ballads." By CHARLES G. LELAND.]*

I.—PROLOGUE.



ERR SCHNITZERL make
a ph'loso-
pede,
Von of depul-
lyest kind;
It vent mitout
a vheel in
front,
And hadn't
none pehind.
Von vheel vas
in de mittel,
dough,
And it vent as
sureashecks,

For he shtraddled on de axel dree,
Mit der vheel between his lecks.

Und when he vant to shtart it off
He paddlet mit his feet,
Und soon he cot to go so vast
Dat efery dings he peat.
He run her out on Broader shtreed,
He shkeeted like der vind,
Hei! how he bassed de vancy cabs,
And lef dem all pehind!

De vellers mit de trottin nags
Pooled oop to see him bass;
De Deutschers all erstaunished saidt:
Potztausend! Was ist das?
Boot vaster shtill der Schnitzerl flewed
On—mit a ghastly shmile;
He tidn't tooch de dirt, py shings!
Not vonce in half a mile.

Oh, vot ish all dis eart'ly pliss?
Oh, vot ish man's soocksess?
Oh, vot ish various kinds of dings?
Und vot ish hobbiness?
Ve find a pank node in de shtreedt,
Next dings der pank ish preak!
Ve folls, and knocks our outsides in,
When ve a ten shtrike make.

So vas it mit der Schnitzerlein
On his philosopede.
His feet both shlipped outsidevard shoost
When at his exdra shpeed.
He felled oopon der vheel of coorse;
De vheel like blitzen flew!
Und Schnitzerl he vos schnitz in vact,
For id shlished him grod in two.

* By permission of Messrs. Trübner & Co.

II.—HANS BREITMANN AND HIS PHILOSOPEDE.

When Breitmann hear dat Schnitzerl
 Vas quardered into dwo,
 Und how his crate philosopede
 To 'm tyfel had peen flew,
 He dinked und dinked so heafy,
 Ash only Deutchers can,
 Denn saidt, "Who mightdt peliefet
 Dish is de ent of man?"

"De human souls of beoples
 Exisdt in deir idées,
 Und dis of Wolfram Schnitzerl
 Mightdt drafel many vays.

By monsdrous mitnight shiant forms,
 Or vhere red tyfels roam;
 Or vhere de ghosdts of shky-rockets
 Peyond creation flee?
 Vhere e'er dou art, O Schnitzerlein,
 Crate Saindt! Look town on me!

"Und deach me how you maket
 Dat crate philosopede,
 Which roon dwice six mals vaster
 Ash any Arap shteed.
 Und deach me how to 'stonish volk,
 Und knock dem oud de shpots.
 Coom pack to eart', O Schnitzerlein,
 Und pring id down to dots!"



"DE VELLERS MIT DE TROTTIN NAGS POOLED OOP TO SEE HIM BASS." (Drawn by W. Ralston.)

In his *Bestimmung des Menschen*
 Der Fichte makes pelieve,
 Dat ve brogress oon-endtly
 In vhat pehindt ve leave.

"De shparrow falls ground-downvarts,
 Or drafels to de West;
 De shparrows dat coom afder,
 Bild shoost de same oldt nest.
 Man had not vings or fedders,
 Und in oder dings, 'tis set,
 He tont coom up to shparrows,
 But on nests he goes aheth.

"O! vliest dou droo bornin' vorldts.
 Und nebulozer foam,

Shoost ash dish vordt vent outvarts,
 Hans dinked he saw a vlash,
 Und oonterwards de dable
 He doompelt mit a crash.
 Und to him, moong de glasses,
 Und pottles ash vas proke,
 Mit his het in a cigar-box,
 A foice to Breitmann spokoe.

* * * * *

Denn Breitmann see a biece of chalk
 Which riset vrom de vloor,
 Und signed a fine philosopede
 Alone, oopon de toor.
 De von dat Schnitzerl fobricate
 Und oonderneat' he see:
Probate inter equitibus
 (Try dis in de cavallrie).

Der Breitmann shtood oop from de vloer,
 Und leanet on a post ;
 Und saidt : " If dis couldt, shouldt hafe peen,
 Dat vouldt, mighdt peen a ghosdt ;
 Boot if id pe nouomenon,
 Phenomenoned indeed
 Or de soobyectif obyected,
 I'fe cot de philosopede."

Denn out he seekt a plackschmit,
 Ash vork in iron-steel,
 To make him a philosopede
 Mit shoost an only vheel.
 De dings vas maket simple,
 Ash all crate idées shouldt pe,
 For 'tvas noding boot a gart-vheel,
 Mit a dwo-feet axel dree.

De dimes der Breitmann doomple,
 In learnin' for to ride,
 Vas ofdener ash de sand-crains
 Dat rollen in de tide.
 De dimes he cot oopsettet,
 In shdeerin' left und rightd,
 Vas ofdener ash de cleamin' shdars,
 Dat shtud de shky py night.

Boot de vorstest of de veadures
 In dis von-vheel horse, you pet,
 Ish dat man couldt go so nicely,
 Pefore he get oopset.
 Some dimes he co like plazes,
 Und doorn her, extra-fine ;
 Und denn shlop ofer—dis is hot
 Hafe kill der Schnitzerlein.

Soosh droples ash der Breitmann hafe,
 To make dis 'vention go,
 Vas nefer seen py mormal man,
 Opon dis vorltd pelow.
 He doomplet rightd—he doomplet left,
 He hafe a dousand doomps ;
 Dere nefer vas a gricket ball
 Ash get soosh 'fernal boomps.

* * * * *

Nun-goot ! At lasht he cot it,
 Und peautifool he goed,
 " Dis day," saidt he, " I'll 'stonish folk
 A ridin' in de road.
 Dis day, py shings ! I'll do it,
 Und knock dings oud of sight :"—
 Ach weh !—for Breitemann dat day
 Vas not be-markt mit white.

De noombers of de Deutsche voik,
 Dat coomed dis sighdt to see,
 I dink, in soper earnst-hood,
 Mighdt not ge-reckonet pe.

For miles dey shtoodt along de road,
 Potzttausend !—boot dey wer'n dry ;
 Dey trinket den lager-bier shops out,
 Pefore der Hans coom py.

Vhen all at vonce drementous gries
 De fery coondry shook,
 Und beople's shkreemt, " Da ist er !—Schau !
 Here cooms der Breitmann, look !"
 Mein Gott ! vas efer soosh a sighdt !
 Vas efer soosh a gry !
 Vhen like a brick-pat in a vighdt,
 Der Breitemann roosh py ?

Oh mormal man ! Why ish idt, dov
 Hast passion to go vast ?
 Why ish id dat te tog und horse
 Likes shbeed too quick to lasht ?
 De pugs, de pirds, de pumple-pees,
 Und all dat ish, 'tvouldt seem,
 Ish nefer hobby boot, exsepd,
 Vhen pilin' on de shdeam.

Der Breitmann flew ! Von mighdy gry
 Ash he vent scootin' bast ;
 Von derriple, drementous yell ;—
 Dat day de virst—und lasht.
 Vot ha ! Vot ho ! Why ish it dus ?
 Vot makes dem shdare aghasht ?
 Why cooms dat vail of vild deshbaire ?
 Ish somedings cot ge-shmasht ?

Yea, efen so. Yea, ferily,
 Shbeak, soul !—it ish dy biz !
 Der Breitmann shkeet so vast along
 Dey fairly heard him whizz.
 Vhen shoost oopon a hill-top point
 It caught a pranch ge-bent,
 Und like an apple from a shling,
 Afay Hans Breitemann vent.

Vent droo de air an hoondert feet
 Allowin' more or lees :—
 Denn, *pob—pob—pob*—a mile or dwo
 He rollet along—I guess.
 Say—hast dou seen a gannon-ball
 Half shpent, shtill poundin' on,
 Like made of gummi-lasticum ?—
 So vent der Breitemann.

Dey bick him oop—dey pring him in,
 No wort der Breitmann shboke.
 Der doktor look—he shwear erstaunt
 Dat nodings ish peen proke.
 " He rollt de rocky road entlang;
 He pounce o'er shtock und shtone,
 You'd dink he'd knocked his outsites in,
 Yet nefer preak a pone !"

All shtill Hans lay, bevilderfied
 He seemt not mind de shaps,
 Nor mofed oontil der medicus
 Hafe dose him vell mit schnapps.
 De schmell voke oop de boetry
 Of tays vhen he vas yoong,
 Und he murmulde de fragments
 Of an sad romantish song.

* * * * *

Dey laid der Hans im bette,
 Peneat' de eider down,
 Und sembelet all de doktors
 Who doktor in de town,—

Und a bier-kur man from Munich,
 Und a grape-curist from Rhein,
 Und von who shkare tiseases
 Mit a dose of Schlesier-wein.

So dey meet in consooldation,
 Mit Doktor Winkeleck,
 Who proctise "renovation"
 Mit sauer-kraut und speck.
 Und dat no man shouldt pe shlightet,
 Or dreatet ash a tunce,
 Dey 'greed to dry deir systems
 Oopon Breitinann—all at vonce.



"LIKE AN APPLE FROM A SHLING, AFAY HANS BREITMANN VENT." (Drawn by W. Ralston.)

Dat ish, de Deutsche Aertzte,—
 For Breitmann always says,
 De Deuschers ish de onlies
 Mit originell idées.

Der vas Doktor Moritz Schlinkenschlag,
 Dat vork ash Caféopath,
 Und de learned Cobus Schoepfskopf,
 Who use de milchy bath ;
 Und Korschaltitschky aus Boehmen,
 Vhat cure mit slibovitz,
 Und Wechselbalg, der Preusse,
 Who only 'tend to fits.

Dere vas Stroblich aus Westfalen,
 Who mofe all eart'ly ills
 Mit concentrirter Schinken juice,
 Und Pumpernickel pills.

Dat ish, mit de exsception
 Of gifin' Schlesier-wein :
 For de remedy vas dangerfull
 For von who trink from Rhein
 Ash der Teufel vonce deklaret,
 Vhen he taste it on a shpree,
 Dat a man, to trink soosh liquor,
 Moost a porn Silesian pe.

So dey all vent los at Breitmann,
 Und woonderfool to dell,
 He coom to his Gesundheit,
 Und pooty soon cot vell.
 Some hinted at *Natura*,
 Mit her olt *vis sanatrix*,
 Boot eash doktor shvore he curet him,
 Und de rest vere taugenix.

SUSAN COMES BACK.

[From "Salem Chapel." By MRS. OLIPHANT.]

WAS it possible that she had slept? A moment ago and it was daylight—a red sunset afternoon: now the pale half light, struggling with the black darkness, filled the apartment. She was lying on the sofa where Mary had laid her, and by her side, upon a chair within her reach, was some tea untasted, which Mary must have brought after she had fallen into that momentary slumber. The fire burned brightly, with occasional little outbreaks of flame. Such a silence seemed in the house—silence that crept and shuddered—and to think she should have slept!

The night had found covert in all the corners, so dark they were; but one pale line of light came from the window, and the room had a little ruddy centre in the fire. Mrs. Vincent, in the poignant anguish of her awakening, grew superstitious; some other breath—some other presence—seemed in the room besides her own. She called "Mary," but there was no answer. In her excited condition anything was possible, the bounds of the living world, and the possible seemed gone for ever. She might see anything—hear anything—in the calm of her desperation. She got up, and hastily lighted the candle which stood on the table. As she looked over the little light a great cry escaped her. What was it? rising darkly, rising slowly, out of the shadows in which it had been crouching, a huddled indistinct figure. Oh, God! not Susan! not her child! As it rose slowly facing her, the widow cried aloud once more, and put her hand over her eyes to shut out the dreadful vision. Ghastly white, with fixed dilated eyes—with a figure dilated and grandiose—like a statue stricken into marble, raised to grandeur—could it be Susan who stood there, without a word, without a movement, only with a blank dark gaze at the horrified woman, who dared not meet those dreadful eyes? When life rallied in Mrs. Vincent's horror-stricken heart, she went to the ghastly creature, and put warm arms round it, and called it Susan! Susan! Had it any consciousness at all, this dreadful ghost? Had it come from another world? The mother kissed it with lips that woke no answer—held it motionless in her trembling arms. She cried again aloud—a great outcry—no longer fearing anything. What were appearances now? If it was Susan, it was Susan dead whom she held, all unyielding and terrible, in her warm human arms.

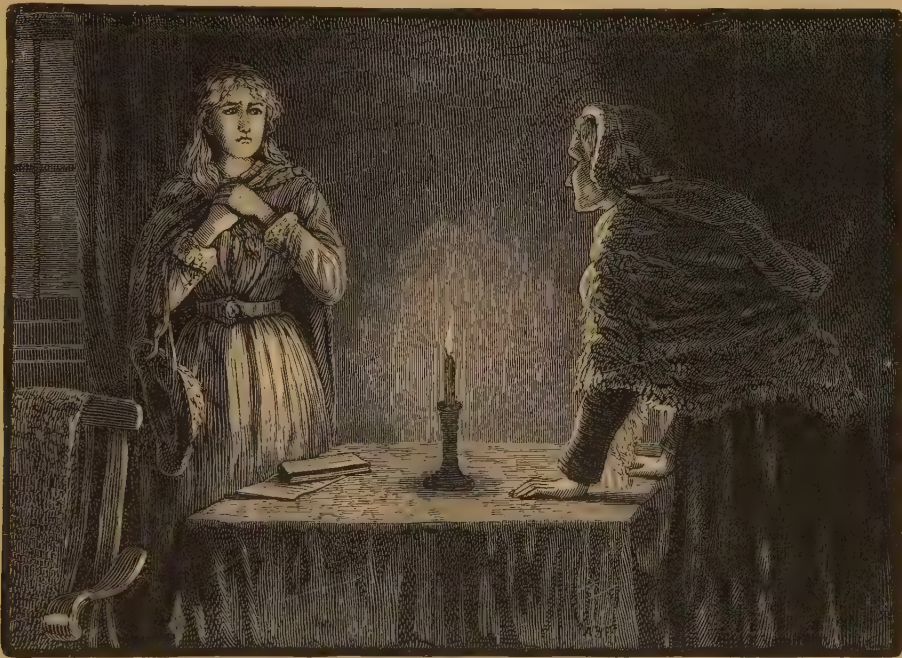
Mary heard and came with exclamations of terror and sympathy. They got her between them to the

fire, and chafed her chill hands and feet. Nobody knew how she had got in, where she had come from; no one was with her—no one had admitted her. She sat a marble woman in the chair where they had placed her, unresistant, only gazing, gazing—turning her awful eyes after her mother. At last she drew some long gasping breaths, and, with a shudder which shook her entire frame, seemed to come to herself. "I am Susan Vincent," said the awful ghost. No tears, nor cries, nor wild pressure of her mother's arms, nor entreaties poured into her cold ear, could extract any other words. Mrs. Vincent lost her self-possession: she rushed out of the room for remedies—rang the bell—called for Arthur in a voice of despair—could nobody help her, even in this horrible crisis? When she had roused the house she recollected herself and shut the door upon the wondering strangers, and returned once more to her hopeless task. "Oh, Mary! what are we to do? Oh, Susan, my child, my darling! speak to your poor mother," cried the widow; but the marble figure in the chair, which was Susan, made no reply. It began to shiver with dreadful trembling fits—to be convulsed with long gasping sobs. "I am—Susan—Susan Vincent," it said at intervals, with a pitiful iteration. The sight of her daughter in this frightful condition, coming after all her fatigue and strain of excitement, unnerved Mrs. Vincent completely. She had locked the door in her sudden dismay. She was kneeling, clasping Susan's knees—wasting vain adjurations upon her—driven beyond hope, beyond sense, beyond capacity. Little rustic Mary had all the weight of the emergency thrown upon her shoulders. It was she who called to the curious landlady outside to send for the doctor, and who managed to get Susan put into her mother's bed. When they had succeeded in laying her down there, a long interval, that seemed like years, passed before Dr. Rider came. The bed was opposite the window, through which the pale rays of the twilight were still trembling. The candle on the other side showed Mrs. Vincent walking about the room wringing her hands, now and then coming to the bedside to look at the unconscious form there, rent by those gasping sobs, uttering those dreadful words. Mary stood crying at the foot of the bed. As for the widow, her eyes were tearless—her heart in an intolerable fever of suffering. She could not bear it. She said aloud she could not bear it—she could not bear it! Then she returned again to call vainly upon her child, her child! Her strength

had given way—she had spent all her reserves, and had nothing to resist this unexpected climax of misery.

It was quite dark when Dr. Rider came. Mary held the candle for him as he felt Susan's pulse, and examined her wide open eyes. The doctor knew nothing about her any more than if he had not been a doctor. He said it must have been some dreadful mental shock, with inquiring looks at Mrs. Vincent, who began to recover herself. He put back the heavy locks of golden brown hair, which had been loosened down from Susan's head,

her son, the only living creature from whom she could have entire sympathy. Was it necessary that they should speak so loudly as they came upstairs?—could he be bringing a stranger with him to Susan's sick-room? Her heart began to beat louder with mingled expectation and displeasure. It was not like Arthur—and there was no sound of his voice in the noise that swept up the stair. She rose up instinctively as the footsteps approached—heavy steps, not like her son's. Then the door was thrown open. It was not Arthur who stood upon the dim threshold. It was



"GHASTLY WHITE, WITH FIXED DILATED EYES." (Drawn by A. S. Fenn.)

and said he was afraid there was pressure on the brain. What could he say?—he knew nothing more about it. He left some simple directions, said he would send some medicine, and took Mrs. Vincent into a corner to ask what it was. "Some severe mental shock?" asked Dr. Rider; but, before she could reply, a cab drove rapidly up to the door, and sounds of a sudden arrival were audible in the house. "Oh, doctor, thank God, my son is come—now I can bear it," said the widow. Dr. Rider, who was of a compassionate nature, waited with pitying eyes till the minister should come up, and went to take another look at the patient, relieved to think he could speak to her brother, instead of racking her mother's heart. Mrs. Vincent grew calm in the sudden consolation of thinking Arthur at hand. She sat down by the bedside, with her eyes fixed on the door, yearning for

a stranger in a rough travelling coat, excited, resolute, full of his own errand. He made a stride into the room to the bedside, thrusting Mrs. Vincent aside, not wittingly, but because she was in his way. Mary stood at the other side with the doctor, holding up the one pale candle, which threw a flickering light upon the marble white figure on the bed, and the utter consternation and surprise in Dr. Rider's face. Mrs. Vincent, too much alarmed and astonished to offer any resistance, followed the man who had thus entered into her sanctuary of anguish. He knew what he was doing, though nobody else did. He went straight forward to the bed. But the sight of the unconscious figure there appalled the confident stranger. "It is she, sure enough," he said? "are you a doctor, sir? is the lady taken ill? I've come after her every step of the way. She's in my

custody now. I'll not give any trouble that I can help, but I must stay here."

Mrs. Vincent, who scarcely could endure to hear, and did not understand, rushed forward while he was speaking and seized him by the arm—"Leave the room!" she cried with sudden passion—"He has made some impudent mistake, doctor. God help me!—will you let my child be insulted? Leave the room, sir—leave the room, I say! This is my daughter, Miss Vincent, lying here. Mary, ring the bell—he must be turned out of the room. Doctor, doctor! you are a man; you will never let my child be insulted because her brother is away."

"What does it mean?" cried Dr. Rider—"go outside and I will come and speak to you. Miss Vincent is in a most dangerous state—perhaps dying. If you know her——"

"Know her, doctor! you are speaking of my child," cried Mrs. Vincent, who faced the intruder with blazing eyes. The man held his ground, not impertinently, but with steadiness.

"I know her fast enough," he said; "I've tracked her every step of the way; not to hurt the lady's feelings. I can't help what I'm doing, sir. It's murder;—I can't let her out of my sight."

Mrs. Vincent clasped her hands together with a grasp of desperation. "What is murder?" she said, in a voice that echoed through the room. The doctor, with an exclamation of horror, repeated the same question. Murder! it seemed to ring through the shuddering house.

"It's hard upon a lady, not to say her mother," said the man, compassionately; "but I have to do my duty. A gentleman's been shot where she's come from. She's the first as suspicion falls on. It often turns out as the one that's first suspected isn't the criminal. Don't fret, ma'am," he added, with a glance of pity, "perhaps it's only as a witness she'll be wanted—but I must stay here. I daren't let her out of my sight."

There was a dreadful pause. Mrs. Vincent looked up at the two men before her with a heart-rending appeal in her eyes. Would anybody tell her what it meant?—would nobody interfere for Susan? She moaned aloud inarticulate in her voiceless misery. "And Arthur is not here!" was the outcry which at last burst from her heart. She was beyond feeling what this was—her senses were confused with extremity of suffering. She only felt that another blow had been dealt at her, and that Arthur was not here to help to bear it. Then the stranger, who had put himself so horribly in possession of Susan's sick-room, once more began to speak. The widow could not tell what he said—the voice rang in her ears like a noise of unmeaning sound, but it stirred her to a flush of female passion, as violent as it was short-lived. She sprang forward and took hold of his arm with

her white little trembling hand: "Not here—not here!" cried the mother in her passion. With her feeble force excited into something irresistible, she put the astonished stranger out of the room before he knew what she was doing. If an infant had done it the man could not have been more utterly astonished. Outside, the people of the house were standing in an excited group. She thrust the dreadful messenger of justice out with those hands that shook with tremors of anguish and weakness. She shut the door upon him with all her feeble strength, locked it, put a chair against it; then she stumbled and fell as she stretched out for another—fell down upon her knees, poor soul! and remained so, forgetting, as it seemed, how she came there, and gradually, by instinct, putting together the hands which trembled like leaves in the wind—"Lord, Lord!" cried the mother, hovering on the wild verge between passion and insensibility. She called Him by name only as utter anguish alone knows how; she had nothing to tell Him; she could only call upon Him by His name.

Dr. Rider took the half-insensible form up in his arms and carried her to the bedside, where Susan lay still motionless with her eyes wide open, in an awful abstraction and unconsciousness. He put Mrs. Vincent tenderly into the chair, and held the hands that shook with that palsied irrestrainable tremor. "No one can bring her to life but you," said the doctor turning the face of the miserable mother towards her child. "She has kept her senses till she reached you; when she was here she no longer wanted them; she has left her life in your hands." He held those hands fast as he spoke; pressed them gently, but firmly; repeated his words over again, "In your hands," said the doctor once more, struck to his heart with horror and pity. Susan's bare beautiful arm lay on the coverlid, white, round, and full, like marble. The doctor, who had never seen the fair Saxon girl who was Mrs. Vincent's daughter a week ago, thought in his heart that this full developed form and face, rapt to grandeur by the extremity of woe, gave no contradiction to the accusation he had just heard with so much horror. That week had obliterated Susan's soft girlish innocence, and the simplicity of her eighteen years. She was a grand form as she lay there upon that bed—might have loved to desperation—fallen—killed. Unconsciously he uttered aloud the thought in his heart—"Perhaps it would be better she should die!"

Then the mother rose. Once more her painful senses came back to the woman who was still the minister's mother, and, even in this hideous dream of misery, had not forgotten the habits of her life. "When my son comes he will settle it all," said Mrs. Vincent. "I expect him—any

time—he may come any minute. Some one has made—a mistake. I don't know what that man said; but he has made—a mistake, doctor. My son, Mr. Vincent, will see to all that. It has nothing to do with us. Tell me what we are to do for my child. Cut off her hair? Oh, yes, yes, anything! I don't mind it, though it is a sacrifice. She has had—a—a great fright, doctor. She could not tell me particulars. When her brother comes home, we will hear all," said the widow, looking with a jealous gaze in his eyes to see if he believed her.

The scene altogether overcame Dr. Rider. He turned away and went to the other side of the room, and took a glass of water from the table before he could answer her or meet that appeal. Then he soothed her as he best could with directions about Susan. He went away immediately to come back in an hour, if perhaps there might be any change—so he said; but, in reality, he wanted to escape, to hear this dreadful story, to think what was best. Friendless, with nobody near to protect them, and the officer of justice waiting at the door, what were these women to do; perhaps death waited closer than the visible messenger of fate. Would it be well to stay that more merciful executioner on his way?

The doctor found the officer outside the door, waiting, not without pity, at his post. He heard what was this man's version of the strange tragedy—strange, and yet not unfamiliar to human ears. The young woman had been betrayed and ruined. In wild vengeance and misery she had seized one of her seducer's pistols and shot him through the head—such was the story. And now she had fled from the scene of the murder, tracked step by step by the avenger. The whole house was in a tumult, as may be supposed. The indignant landlady, who was a member of Salem, could scarcely be prevented going into the jealously-closed room and turning out the unhappy criminal. Another lodger, a nervous woman, had already collected her goods to fly from the place. Outside, some mysterious instinct had collected a few people about the door of the hitherto irreproachable house, which imagination magnified into a crowd. Already Tozer had set out from his shop, red with anger, to inquire into this incipient excitement, which nobody could explain. And still Arthur had not appeared to stand by the miserable woman in this horrible climax of fate.

When the doctor went back to the room where Susan was, he found Mrs. Vincent in a state of agitated activity. Mary and she were flitting

about the room, moving lights before Susan's eyes, making what noises they could with the furniture, keeping a fantastic commotion about the bed. "She stirred, doctor, and we are trying to rouse her," said the widow, who had put everything but Susan's bodily extremity from her eyes at the moment. The doctor, who was desperate, and whose heart was moved, resorted to desperate measures. He gathered them about the bed, set Mrs. Vincent to support the insensible form, and raising that white marble arm which had developed into such glorious proportion, touched the swollen blue vein with his lancet. The touch acted like magic. In another moment she had struggled up out of her mother's grasp, and thrown out the arm, from which the blood flowed, up above her head, the crimson stream caught her wild eye as she raised her arm in the air. A convulsive shudder shook her frame. She threw herself over on her face with a cry of horror, far more than a match, in her strength of youth and passion, for the agitated arms that held her.

"Mother, mother, mother! it is his blood! it is his life!" cried that despairing voice. The confused bed, the convulsed frame, the flowing blood, all pitifully lighted up by Mary's candle, made up of themselves a scene like murder; and Dr. Rider vainly tried to forget the dreadful words which forced upon his mind their untimely testimony. He shuddered at the touch of that white woman's hand as he bound up the wounded arm. He withdrew his eyes from the pallid grandeur of the stricken face. In spite of himself, horror mingled with his pity. A heavier stain was upon her than those crimson traces on her pearly skin. Other words followed in an incoherent stream. Fever of the heart and brain, burning up into consuming frenzy, had seized upon this lost creature, who was no longer a girl or innocent. Ere long they had to send for nurses to restrain her delirium. She, raving with a wild madness which betrayed in every wandering exclamation the horror upon her soul, lay desperate in the room which had enclosed for so many lingering hours her mother's anguish of suspense and fear. In an adjoining room, the man who had followed her to this refuge still waited, watchful yet pitiful, intent that his prisoner should not escape him. While outside a few gazers lingered, looking up at the lights in the windows, with a strange perception that something unusual had happened, though nobody knew what it was. Such was the scene upon which Arthur Vincent, not unwarned, yet incredulous, came suddenly with eyes of horror and wild indignation as he reached his own door.



A GREAT BATTLE.

[From "Charles O'Malley." By CHARLES LEVER.]

HIS is the officer that I spoke of," said an aide-de-camp, as he rode up to where I was standing, bare-headed and without a sword. "He has just made his escape from the French lines, and will be able to give your lordship some information."

The handsome features and gorgeous costume of Lord Uxbridge were known to me; but I was not aware, till afterwards, that a soldier-like, resolute-looking officer beside him was General Graham. It was the latter who first addressed me.

"Are you aware, sir," said he, "if Grouchy's force is arrived?"

"They had not: on the contrary, as, shortly before I escaped, an aide-de-camp was despatched to Gembloux, to hasten his coming. And the troops, for they must be troops, were debouching from the wood yonder. They seem to form a junction with the corps to the right; they are the Prussians. They arrived there before noon from St. Lambert, and are part of Bulow's corps. Count Lobau and his division of ten thousand men were despatched, about an hour since, to hold them in check."

"This is great news," said Lord Uxbridge. "Fitzroy must know it at once."

So saying, he dashed spurs into his horse, and soon disappeared amid the crowd on the hill-top.

"You had better see the Duke, sir," said Graham. "Your information is too important to be delayed. Captain Calvert, let this officer have a horse; his own is too tired to go much further."

"And a cap, I beg of you," added I, in an undertone, "for I have already found a sabre."

By a slight circuitous route we reached the road, upon which a mass of dismounted artillery-carts, baggage-waggons, and tumbrils were heaped together as a barricade against the attack of the French dragoons, who more than once had penetrated to the very crest of our position. Close to this, and on a little rising ground, from which a view of the entire field extended, from Hougoumont to the far left, the Duke of Wellington stood, surrounded by his staff. His eye was bent upon the valley before him, when the advancing columns of Ney's attack still pressed onwards; while the fire of sixty great guns poured death and carnage into his lines. The second Belgian division, routed and broken, had fallen back upon the 27th Regiment, who had merely time to throw themselves into square, when Milhaud's cuirassiers, armed with their

terrible, long, straight swords, came sweeping down upon them. A line of impassable bayonets, a living *chevaux-de-frise* of the best blood of Britain, stood firm and motionless before the shock. The French *mitraille* played mercilessly on the ranks, but the chasms were filled up like magic, and in vain the bold horsemen of Gaul galloped round the bristling files. At length the word "Fire!" was heard within the square, and, as the bullets at pistol range rattled upon them, the cuirass afforded them no defence against the deadly volley. Men and horses rolled indiscriminately upon the earth. Then would come a charge of our dashing squadrons, who, riding recklessly upon the foe, were in their turn to be repulsed by numbers, and fresh attacks poured down upon our unshaken infantry.

"That column yonder is wavering. Why does he not bring up his supporting squadrons?" inquired the Duke, pointing to a Belgian regiment of light dragoons, who were formed in the same brigade with the 7th Hussars.

"He refuses to oppose his light cavalry to cuirassiers, my lord," said an aide-de-camp, who had just returned from the division in question.

"Tell him to march his men off the ground," said the Duke, with a quiet and impassive tone.

In less than ten minutes the "Belgian regiment" was seen to defile from the mass, and take the road to Brussels, to increase the panic of that city, by circulating and strengthening the report that the English were beaten, and Napoleon in full march upon the capital.

"What's Ney's force? can you guess, sir?" said the Duke of Wellington, turning to me.

"About twelve thousand men, my lord."

"Are the Guard among them?"

"No, sir; the Guard are in reserve above La Belle Alliance."

"In what part of the field is Bonaparte?"

"Nearly opposite to where we stand."

"I told you, gentlemen, Hougoumont never was the great attack. The battle must be decided here," pointing, as he spoke, to the plain beneath us, where Ney still poured on his devoted columns, where yet the French cavalry rode down upon our firm squares.

As he spoke, an aide-de-camp rode up from the valley.

"The Ninety-second requires support, my Lord. They cannot maintain their position half an hour longer without it."

"Have they given way, sir?"

"No——"

"Well, then, they must stand where they are. I hear cannon towards the left; yonder, near Frischermont."

At this moment the light cavalry swept past the base of the hill on which we stood, hotly followed by the French heavy cuirassier brigade. Three of our guns were taken; and the cheering of the French infantry, as they advanced to the charge, presaged their hope of victory.

men, forward; but steady, hold your horses in hand, threes about, and together, charge."

"Charge!" he shouted; while, as the word flew from squadron to squadron, each horseman bent upon his saddle, and that mighty mass, as though instinct with but one spirit, dashed like a thunderbolt upon the column beneath them. The French, blown and exhausted, inferior besides in weight, both of man and horse, offered but a short



"CHARGE!" (Drawn by J. Bell.)

"Do it then," said the Duke, in reply to some whispered question of Lord Uxbridge; and shortly after the heavy trot of advancing squadrons was heard behind.

They were the Life Guards and the Blues, who, with the 1st Dragoon Guards and the Enniskilleners, were formed into close column.

"I know the ground, my lord," said I to Lord Uxbridge.

"Come along, sir, come along," said he, as he threw his hussar jacket loosely behind him, to give freedom to his sword-arm. "Forward, my

resistance. As the tall corn bends beneath the sweeping hurricane, wave succeeding wave, so did the steel-clad squadrons of France fall before the nervous arm of Britain's cavalry. Onward they went, carrying death and ruin before them, and never stayed their course until the guns were recaptured, and the cuirassiers, repulsed, disordered, and broken, had retired beneath the protection of their artillery.

There was, as a brilliant and eloquent writer on the subject mentions, a terrible sameness in the whole of this battle. Incessant charges of cavalry

upon the squares of our infantry, whose sole manœuvre consisted in either deploying into line to resist the attack of infantry, or falling back into square when the cavalry advanced; performing these two evolutions under the devastating fire of artillery, before the unflinching heroism of that veteran infantry whose glories had been reaped upon the blood-stained fields of Austerlitz, Marengo, and Wagram, or opposing an unbroken front to the whirlwind swoop of infuriated cavalry. Such were the enduring and devoted services demanded from the English troops, and such they failed not to render. Once or twice had temper nearly failed them, and the cry ran through the ranks, "Are we never to move forward? Only let us at them!" But the word was not yet spoken which was to undam the pent-up torrent, and bear down with unrelenting vengeance upon the now exulting columns of the enemy.

It was six o'clock: the battle had continued with unchanged fortune for three hours. The French, masters of La Haye Sainte, could never advance further into our position. They had gained the orchard of Hougoumont, but the château was still held by the British Guards, although its blazing roof and crumbling walls made its occupation rather the desperate stand of unflinching valour than the maintenance of an important position. The smoke which hung upon the field rolled in slow and heavy masses back upon the French lines, and gradually discovered to our view the entire of the army. We quickly perceived that a change was taking place in their position. The troops, which on their left stretched far beyond Hougoumont, were now moved nearer to the centre. The attack upon the château seemed less vigorously supported, while the oblique direction of their right wing, which, pivoting upon Planchenoit, opposed a face to the Prussians, all denoted a change in their order of battle. It was now the hour when Napoleon, at last convinced that nothing but the carnage he could no longer support could destroy the unyielding ranks of British infantry; that although Hougoumont had been partially, La Haye Sainte completely won; that upon the right of the road the farm-houses Papelotte and La Haye were nearly surrounded by his troops, which with any other army must prove the forerunner of defeat, yet still the victory was beyond his grasp. The bold stratagems, whose success the experience of a life had proved, were here to be found powerless. The decisive manœuvre of carrying one important point of the enemy's lines, of turning him upon the flank, or piercing him through the centre, were here found impracticable. He might launch his avalanche of grape-shot, he might pour down his crashing columns of cavalry,

he might send forth the iron storm of his brave infantry; but, though death in every shape heralded their approach, still were others found to fill the fallen ranks, and feed with their heart's blood the unslaked thirst for slaughter. Well might the gallant leader of this gallant host, as he watched the reckless onslaught of the untiring enemy, and looked upon the unflinching few who, bearing the proud badge of Britain, alone sustained the fight, well might he exclaim, "Night or Blücher!"

It was now seven o'clock, when a dark mass was seen to form upon the heights above the French centre, and divide into three gigantic columns, of which the right occupied the Brussels road. These were the reserves, consisting of the Old and Young Guards, and amounting to twelve thousand—the *élite* of the French army—reserved by the Emperor for a great *coup de main*. These veterans of a hundred battles had been stationed, from the beginning of the day, inactive spectators of the fight; their hour was now come, and with a shout of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" which rose triumphantly over the din and crash of battle, they began their march. Meanwhile, aides-de-camp galloped along the lines, announcing the arrival of Grouchy, to reanimate the drooping spirits of the men; for, at last, a doubt of victory was breaking upon the minds of those who never before, in the most adverse hour of fortune, deemed *his* star could be set that led them on to glory.

"They are coming; the attack will be made on the centre, my lord," said Lord Fitzroy Somerset, as he directed his glass upon the column. Scarcely had he spoken, when the telescope fell from his hand, as his arm, shattered by a French bullet, fell motionless to his side.

"I see it," was the cool reply of the Duke, as he ordered the Guards to deploy into line, and lie down behind the ridge, which now the French artillery had found the range of, and were labouring at their guns. In front of them the Fifty-second, Seventy-first, and Ninety-fifth were formed; the artillery stationed above and partly upon the road, loaded with grape, and waited but the word to open.

It was an awful, a dreadful moment: the Prussian cannon thundered on our left, but so desperate was the French resistance, they made but little progress: the dark columns of the Guard had now commenced the ascent, and the artillery ceased their fire as the bayonets of the grenadiers showed themselves upon the slope. Then began that tremendous cheer from right to left of our line, which those who heard never can forget. It was the impatient, long-restrained burst of unslaked vengeance. With the instinct which valour teaches, they knew the hour of

trial was come ; and that wild cry flew from rank to rank, echoing from the blood-stained walls of Hougomont to the far-off valley of La Papelotte. "They come ! they come !" was the cry ; and the shout of "*Vive l'Empereur !*" mingled with the outburst of the British line.

Under an overwhelming shower of grape, to which succeeded a charge of cavalry of the Imperial Guard, the head of Ney's column fired its volley and advanced with the bayonet. The British artillery now opened at half range, and, although the plunging fire scathed and devastated the dark ranks of the Guard, on they came, Ney himself, on foot, at their head. Twice the leading division of that gallant column turned completely round, as the withering fire wasted and consumed them ; but they were resolved to win.

Already they gained the crest of the hill, and the first line of the British were falling back before them. The artillery closes up ; the flanking fire from the guns upon the road opens upon them ; the head of their column breaks like a shell ; the Duke seizes the moment, and advances on foot towards the ridge.

"Up, Guards, and at them !" he cried.

The hour of triumph and vengeance had arrived. In a moment the Guards were on their feet ; one volley was poured in ; the bayonets were brought to the charge ; they closed upon the enemy : then was seen the most dreadful struggle that the history of all war can present. Furious with long-restrained passion, the Guards rushed upon the leading divisions ; the Seventy-first, and Ninety-fifth, and Twenty-sixth overlapped them on the flanks. Their generals fell thickly on every side ; Michel, Jamier, and Mallet are killed ; Friant lies wounded upon the ground ; Ney, his dress pierced and ragged with balls, shouts still to advance ; but the leading files waver ; they fall back ; the supporting divisions thicken ; confusion, panic succeeds ; the British press down ; the cavalry come galloping up to their assistance ; and at last, pell-mell, overwhelmed and beaten, the French fall back upon the Old Guard. This was the decisive moment of the day—the Duke closed his glass, as he said,

"The field is won. Order the whole line to advance."

On they came, four deep, and poured like a torrent from the height.

"Let the Life Guards charge them," said the Duke ; but every aide-de-camp on his staff was wounded, and I myself brought the order to Lord Uxbridge.

Lord Uxbridge had already anticipated his orders, and bore down with four regiments of heavy cavalry upon the French centre. The Prussian artillery thundered upon their flank and at their rear. The British bayonet was in their

front ; while a panic fear spread through their ranks, and the cry of "*Sauve qui peut !*" resounded on all sides. In vain Ney, the bravest of the brave ; in vain Soult, Bertrand, Gourgaud, and Labedoyère, burst from the broken disorganised mass, and called on them to stand fast. A battalion of the Old Guard, with Cambronne at their head, alone obeyed the summons ; forming into square, they stood between the pursuers and their prey, offering themselves a sacrifice to the tarnished honour of their arms : to the order to surrender they answered with a cry of defiance ; and as our cavalry, flushed and elated with victory, rode round their bristling ranks, no quailing look, no craven spirit was there. The Emperor himself endeavoured to repair the disaster ; he rode with lightning speed hither and thither, commanding, ordering, nay imploring too ; but already the night was falling, the confusion became each moment more inextricable, and the effort was a fruitless one. A regiment of the Guards and two batteries were in reserve behind Planchenoit ; he threw them rapidly into position ; but the overwhelming impulse of flight drove the mass upon them, and they were carried away upon the torrent of the beaten army. No sooner did the Emperor see this his last hope desert him, than he dismounted from his horse, and, drawing his sword, threw himself into a square, which the first regiment of Chasseurs of the Old Guard had formed with a remnant of the battalion. Jerome followed him, as he called out,—

"You are right, brother : here should perish all who bear the name of Bonaparte."

The same moment the Prussian light artillery rend the ranks asunder, and the cavalry charge down upon the scattered fragments. A few of his staff, who never left him, place the Emperor upon a horse and fly through the death-dealing artillery and musketry. A squadron of the Life Guards, to which I had attached myself, came up at the moment, and as Blucher's hussars rode madly here and there, where so lately the crowd of staff officers had denoted the presence of Napoleon, expressed their rage and disappointment in curses and cries of vengeance.

Cambronne's battalion stood yet unbroken, and seemed to defy every attack that was brought against them. To the second summons to surrender they replied as indignantly as at first ; and Vivian's brigade was ordered to charge them. A cloud of British horse bore down on every face of the devoted square ; but firm as in their hour of victory, the heroes of Marengo never quailed ; and twice the bravest blood of Britain recoiled, baffled and dismayed. There was a pause for some minutes, and even then, as we surveyed our broken and blood-stained squadrons, a cry of admiration burst from our ranks at the gallant

bearing of that glorious infantry. Suddenly the tramp of approaching cavalry was heard; I turned my head, and saw two squadrons of the Second Life Guards. The officer who led them on was bare-headed; his long dark hair streaming wildly behind him and upon his pale features, to which not even the headlong enthusiasm of battle had lent one touch of colour. He rode straight to where I was standing, his dark eyes fixed upon me with a look so fierce, so penetrating, that I

"Then follow me!" shouted he, pointing with his sword to the glistening ranks before us.

"Come on!" said I, with a voice hoarse with passion, while, burying my spurs in my horse's flanks, I sprang on a full length before him, and bore down upon the enemy. A loud shout, a deafening volley, the agonising cry of the wounded and the dying, were all I heard, as my horse, rearing madly upwards, plunged twice into the air, and then fell dead upon the earth, crushing



"FOLLOW ME!" SHOUTED HE." (Drawn by J. Bell.)

could not look away: the features, save in this respect, had almost a look of idiocy. It was Hammersley.

"Ha!" he cried at last, "I have sought you out the entire day, but in vain. It is not yet too late. Give me your hand, boy. You once called on me to follow *you*, and I did not refuse; I trust you'll do the like by *me*. Is it not so?"

A terrible perception of his meaning shot through my mind as I clasped his clay-cold hand in mine, and for a moment I did not speak.

"I hoped for better than this," said he bitterly, and as a glance of withering scorn flashed from his eye. "I did trust that he who was preferred before me was at least not a coward."

As the word fell from his lips I nearly leaped from my saddle, and mechanically raised my sabre to cleave him on the spot.

me beneath his cumbrous weight, lifeless and insensible.

* * * * *

The day was breaking; the cold, grey light of morning was struggling through the misty darkness, when I once more recovered my consciousness. There are moments in life when memory can so suddenly conjure up the whole past before us that there is scarcely time for a doubt ere the disputed reality is palpable to our senses. Such was this to me. One hurried glance upon the wide, bleak plain before me, and every circumstance of the battle-field was present to my recollection. The dismounted guns, the broken waggons, the heaps of dead or dying, the straggling parties who on foot or horseback traversed the field, and the dark litters which carried the

wounded, all betokened the sad evidences of the preceding day's battle.

Close around me where I lay the ground was marked with the bodies of our cavalry, intermixed with the soldiers of the Old Guard. The broad brow and stalwart chest of the Saxon lay bleaching beside the bronzed and bearded warrior of Gaul, while the torn-up ground attested the desperation of that struggle which closed the day.

As my eye ranged over this harrowing spectacle, a dreadful anxiety shot through me as I asked myself whose had been the victory. A certain confused impression of flight and of pursuit remained in my mind; but, at the moment, the circumstances of my own position in the early part of the day increased the difficulty of reflection, and left me in a state of intense and agonising uncertainty. Although not wounded, I had been so crushed by my fall that it was not without pain I got upon my legs. I soon perceived that the spot around me had not yet been visited by those vultures of the battle-field who strip alike the dead and dying. The distance of the place from where the great conflict of the battle had occurred was probably the reason; and now, as the straggling sunbeams fell upon the earth, I could trace the helmet of the Enniskilleners, or the tall bearskin of the Scotch Greys, lying in thick confusion where the steel cuirass

and long sword of the French dragoons showed the fight had been hottest. As I turned my eyes hither and thither I could see no living thing near me. In every attitude of struggling agony they lay around; some buried beneath their horses, some bathed in blood, some, with clenched hands and darting eyeballs, seemed struggling even in death: but all was still—not a word, not a sigh, not a groan was there. I was turning to leave the spot, and, uncertain which way to direct my steps, looked once more around, when my glance rested upon the pale and marble features of one who, even in that moment of doubt and difficulty, there was no mistaking. His coat, torn widely open, was grasped in either hand, while his breast was shattered with balls, and bathed in gore. Gashed and mutilated as he lay, still the features wore no trace of suffering; cold, pale, motionless, but with the tranquil look of sleep, his eyelids were closed, and his half-parted lips seemed still to quiver in life. I knelt down beside him; I took his hand in mine; I bent over and whispered his name; I placed my hand upon his heart, where even still the life-blood was warm—but he was dead. Poor Hammersley, his was a gallant soul; and as I looked upon his blood-stained corpse, my tears fell fast and hot upon his brow to think how far I had myself been the cause of a life blighted in its hope, and a death like his.

THE RIVER.

[By COVENTRY PATMORE.]



It is a venerable place,
An old ancestral
ground,
So broad the rainbow
wholly stands
Within its lordly
bound;
And here the river waits
and winds
By many a wooded
mound.

Upon a rise, where
single oaks
And clumps of
beeches tall
Drop pleasantly their
shade beneath,

Half-hid amidst them all,
Stands in its quiet dignity
An ancient manor-hall.

About its many gable-ends
The swallows wheel their flight;
Its huge fantastic weather-vanes
Look happy in the light;
Its warm face through the foliage gleams,
A comfortable sight.

The ivied turrets seem to love
The butterflies and bees;
And, though this manor-hall hath seen
The snow of centuries,
How freshly still it stands amid
Its wealth of swelling trees!

The leafy summer-time is young;
The yearling lambs are strong;
The sunlight glances merrily;
The trees are full of song;
The valley-loving river flows
Contentedly along.

Look where the merry weather-vanes
 Veer upon yonder tower ;
 There, amid starry jessamine
 And clasping passion-flower,
 The sweetest Maid of all the land
 Is weeping in her bower.

Alas, the lowly Youth she loves
 Loves her, but fears to sue :
 He came this morning hurriedly ;
 Then forth her blushes flew !
 But he talk'd of common things, and so
 Her eyes are fill'd with dew.

But unto one, who stands alone,
 Among the mists without,
 Watching the windows, bright with shapes
 Of king and saint devout,
 Strangely across the muffled air
 Pierces the laughter-shout.

No sound or sight this solemn night
 But moves the soul to fear :
 The faded saints stare through the gloom,
 Askant, and wan, and blear ;
 And wither'd cheeks of watchful kings
 Start from their purple gear.



"THE BASHFUL BRIDE IS AT HIS SIDE," (Drawn by M. L. Gow.)

Time passes on ; the clouds are come ;
 The river, late so bright,
 Rolls foul and black, and gloomily
 Makes known across the night,
 In far-heard splash and weary drench,
 The passage of its might.

The noble Bridegroom counts the hours ;
 The guests are coming fast ;
 (The vanes are creaking drearily
 Within the dying blast !)
 The bashful Bride is at his side ;
 And night is here at last.

The guests are gay ; the minstrels play ;
 'Tis liker noon than night ;
 From side to side, they toast the Bride,
 Who blushes ruby light :
 For one and all within that hall,
 It is a cheerful sight.

The burthen of the wedding-song
 Comes to him like a wail ;
 The stream, athwart the cedar-grove,
 Is shining ghastly pale ;
 His cloudy brow clears suddenly !
 Dark soul, what does thee ail ?

He turns him from the lighted hall ;
 His sad breast scarcely heaves ;
 He paces t'wards the gloomy wood ;
 Across it breaks and cleaves ;
 And now his footfall dies away
 Upon the wither'd leaves.

The restless moon, among the clouds,
 Is loitering slowly by ;
 Now in a circle like the ring
 About a weeping eye ;
 Now left quite bare and bright, and now
 A pallor in the sky.

And now she's looking through the mist,
Cold, lustreless, and wan;
And wildly past her dreary form
The watery clouds rush on,
A moment white beneath her light,
And then, like spirits, gone.

Silent and fast they hurry past,
Their swiftness striketh dread,
For earth is hush'd, and no breath sweeps
The spider's rainy thread,
And everything, but those pale clouds,
Is dark, and still, and dead.

The lonely stars are here and there,
But weak and wasting all;
The winds are dead, the cedars spread
Their branches like a pall;
The guests, by laughing twos and threes,
Have left the bridal hall.

Beneath the mossy, ivied bridge,
The river slippeth past:
The current deep is still as sleep,
And yet so very fast!
There's something in its quietness
That makes the soul aghast.

No wind is in the willow-tree,
That droops above the bank;
The water passes quietly
Beneath the sedges dank;
Yet the willow trembles in the stream,
And the dry reeds talk and clank.

The weak stars swoon; the jagged moon
Is lost in the cloudy air.
No thought of light! save where the wave
Sports with a fitful glare.
The dumb and dreadful world is full
Of darkness and night-mare.

The hall-clocks clang; the watch-dog barks;
What are his dreams about?
Marsh lights leap, and tho' fast asleep
The owlets shriek and shout;
The stars, thro' chasms in utter black,
Race like a drunken rout.

"Wake, wake, oh wake!" the Bridegroom now
Calls to his sleeping Bride:
"Alas, I saw thee, pale and dead,
Roil down a frightful tide!"
He takes her hand: "How chill thou art!
What is it, sweet my Bride?"

The Bride bethinks her now of him
Who last night was no guest.
Sweet Heaven! and for me? I dream!

Be calm, thou throbbing breast.
She says, in thought, a solemn prayer
And sinks again to rest.

Along, along, swiftly and strong
The river slippeth past;
The current deep is still as sleep,
And yet so very fast!
There's something in its quietness
That makes the soul aghast.

The morn has risen: wildly by
The water glides to-day;
Outspread upon its eddying face,
Long weeds and rushes play;
And on the bank the fungus rots,
And the grass is foul'd with clay.

Time passes on: the park is bare;
The year is scant and lean;
The river's banks are desolate;
The air is chill and keen;
But, now and then, a sunny day
Comes with a thought of green.

Amid bleak February's flaw,
Tremulous snow-drops peep;
The crocus, in the shrewd March morn,
Starts from its wintry sleep;
The daisies sun themselves in hosts,
Among the pasturing sheep.

The waters, in their old content,
Between fresh margins run;
The pike, as trackless as a sound,
Shoots thro' the current dun;
And languid new-born chestnut-leaves
Expand beneath the sun.

The summer's prime is come again;
The roses bloom anew;
The current keeps the doubtful past
Deep in its bosom blue,
And babbles low thro' quiet fields
Grey with the falling dew.

The sheep-bell tolls the curfew-time;
The gnats, a busy rout,
Fleck the warm air; the distant owl
Shouteth a sleepy shout;
The voiceless bat, more felt than seen,
Is flitting round about;

The poplar's leaflet scarcely stirs;
The river seems to think;
Across the dusk, the lily broad
Looks coolly from the brink;
And knee-deep in the freshet's fall,
The meek-eyed cattle drink.

The chafers bloom ! the white moths rise
 Like spirits from the ground ;
 The grey-flies sing their weary tune,
 A distant, dream-like sound ;
 And far, far off, in the slumberous eve,
 Bayeth a restless hound.

At this sweet time, the Lady walks
 Beside the gentle stream ;
 She marks the waters curl along,

Beneath the sunset gleam,
 And in her soul a sorrow moves,
 Like memory of a dream.

She passes on. How still the earth,
 And all the air above !
 Here, where of late the scritch-owl shriek'd,
 Whispers the happy dove ;
 And the river, through the ivied bridge,
 Flows calm as household love.



UPON THE SCAFFOLD.*

[From "John Inglesant." By J. H. SHORTHOUSE.]

THE Council sat in Essex House, and some gentlemen, who had surrendered Pembroke upon terms that they should depart the country in three days, but—accounting it base to desert their prince, and hoping that there might be farther occasion of service to his Majesty—had remained in London, were upon their trial. When Inglesant arrived with his guard these gentlemen were under examination, and one of them, who had a wife and children, was fighting hard for his life, arguing the case step by step with the lawyers and the Council. Inglesant was left waiting in the anteroom several hours ; from the conversation he overheard, the room being constantly full of all sorts of men coming and going—soldiers, lawyers, divines—he learnt that the King's trial was coming on very soon, and he fancied that his name was mentioned, as though the nearness of the King's trial had something to do with his own being hurried on. It was a cold day, and there was a large fire in the anteroom. Inglesant had had nothing to eat since morning, and felt weak and faint. He wished the other examinations over that his own might come on ; his, he thought, would not take long. At last the gentlemen were

referred to the Council of War, to be dealt with as spies, and came out of the Council chamber with their guards. The one was a plain country gentleman, and neither of them knew Inglesant, but, stopping a moment in the anteroom, while the guard prepared themselves, one of them asked his name, saying he was afraid they had kept him waiting a long time. This was Colonel Eustace Powell, and Inglesant met him again when he thought he had only a few minutes to live.

The Council debated whether they should hear Inglesant that day, as it was now late in the afternoon, and the candles were lighted, but finally he was sent for into the Council.

As soon as he came to the bar, Bradshaw asked him suddenly when he saw the King last, to which he replied that he had not seen the King since Naseby field.

"You were at Naseby, then ?" said Bradshaw.

"Yes," said Inglesant.

"And you ran away, I suppose ?"

"Yes," said Johnny, "I ran away."

"Then you are a coward as well as a traitor," said Bradshaw.

"I am not braver than other men," said Inglesant.

* By permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

Inglesant was then examined more in form, but very shortly ; everything he said having been said so often before.

The president then told him that, by his own confession, he was guilty of death, and should be

To this he replied that if they had evidence to prove what they said, they did not want his ; that he could not put his name to evidence so contrary to what he had always confessed, and was prepared to stand by to death ; that, as to his fate before



IN THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER. (Drawn by J. Bell.)

hanged at once if he persisted in it, but that the Council did not believe his confession—indeed, had evidence and confessions from others to prove the reverse ; and, therefore, if he persisted in his course, he was his own murderer, and could hope for no mercy from God. That if he would sign the declaration which they offered him which they knew to be true, and which stated that he had only acted under the King's orders, he should not only have his life spared, but should very shortly be set at liberty.

God, he left his soul in His hands, who was more merciful than man.

To this Bradshaw replied that they were most merciful to him, and desired to save him from himself ; that, if he died, he died with a lie upon his lips, from his own obstinacy and suicide.

Making no answer to this, he was ordered back to the Tower, and warned to prepare himself for death. He saw clearly that their object was to bring out evidence signed by him on the eve of the King's trial, which no doubt would have been

a great help to their cause. As he went back in his barge to the Tower, he wondered why they did not publish something with his name attached, without troubling themselves about his consent. As they went down the river, the darkness became denser, and the boat passed close to many other wherries, nearly running them down; the lights on the boats and the barges glimmered indistinctly, and made the course more difficult and uncertain. They shot the bridge under the mass of dark houses and irregular lights, and proceeded across the pool towards the Tower stairs. The pool was somewhat clear of ships, and the lanterns upon the wharves and such vessels as were at anchor made a clearer light than that above the bridge. As they crossed the pool, a wherry, rowed by a single man, came towards them obliquely from the Surrey side, so as to approach near enough to discern their persons, and then, crossing their bows, suffered itself to be run down before the barge could be stopped. The waterman climbed in at the bows, as his own wherry filled and went down. He seemed a stupid, surly man, and might be supposed to be either deaf or drunk. To the abuse of the soldiers and watermen he made no answer but that he was an up-river waterman, and was confused by the lights and the current of the bridge. The officer called him forward into the stern, and as he came towards them Inglesant knew him in spite of his perfect disguise. It was the Jesuit. He answered as many of the officer's questions as he appeared to understand, and took no manner of notice of Inglesant, who, of course, appeared entirely indifferent and uninterested. When they landed at the stairs, the waterman, with a perfectly professional manner, swung himself over the side into the water, and steadied the boat for the gentlemen to land, which act the officer took as an awkward expression of respect and gratitude. As Inglesant passed him, he put his hand up for his to rest on, and Johnny felt a folded note passed into it. Without the least pause, he followed the officer across the Tower wharf, and was conducted to his room. As soon as he was alone he examined the paper, which contained these words only :—

"You are not forgotten. Keep on a little longer. The end is very near."

The fatal morning arrived at last. Inglesant had passed a sleepless night; he had not the slightest fear of death, but excitement made sleep impossible. He thought often of his brother, but he had learned that he was in Paris alone; and even had he been in England, he felt no especial desire to see him under circumstances which could only have been intensely painful. Mary Collett he thought of night and day, but he knew it was impossible to obtain permission to see her, and he was tired of fruitless requests. He was tired and

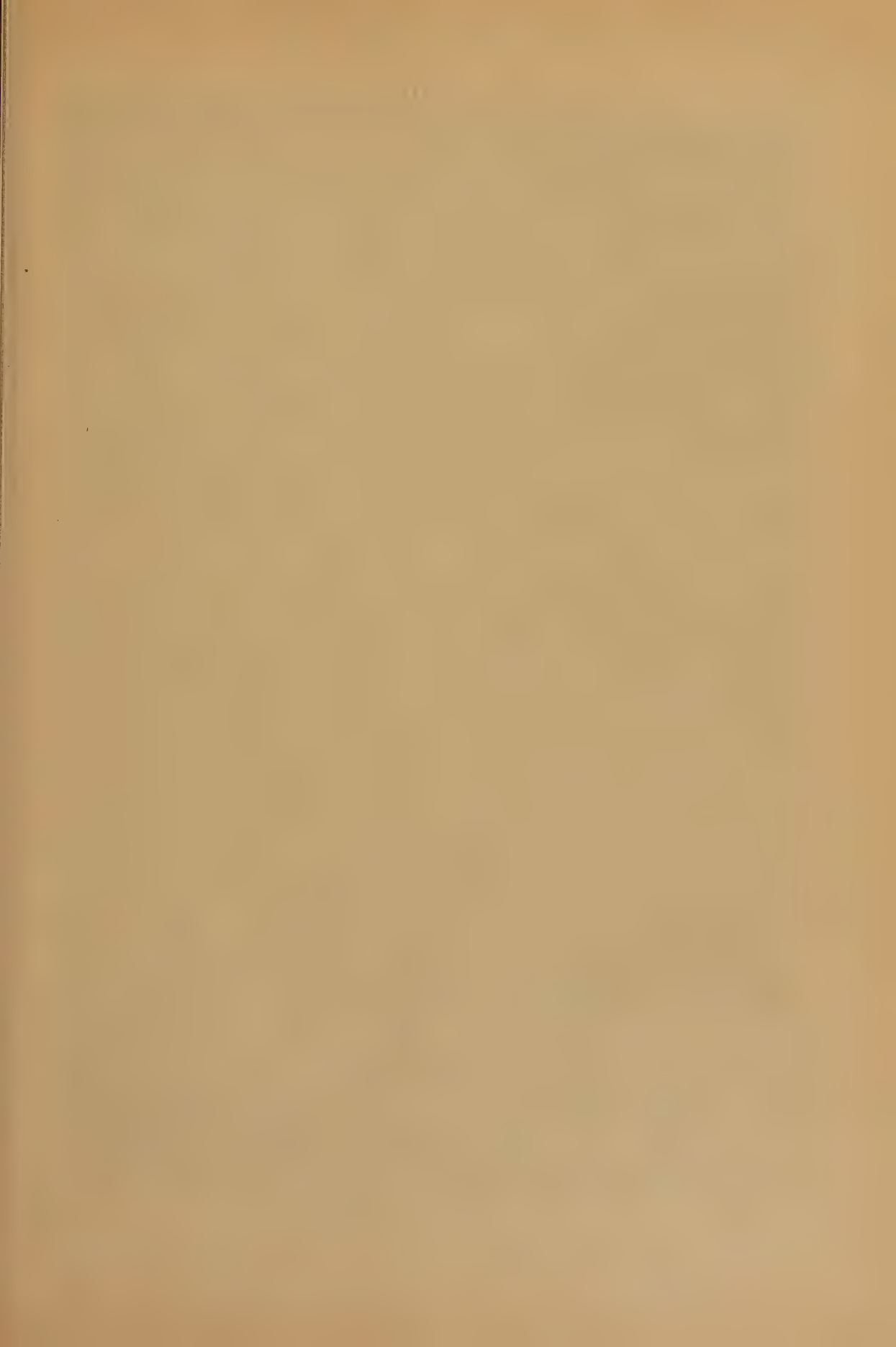
wearied of life, and only wished the excitement and strain over, that he might be at rest. It struck him that the greatest harshness was used towards him; his food was very poor and of the smallest quantity, and no one was admitted to him; but he did not wonder at this, knowing that his case differed from any other Loyalist prisoner.

At about eight o'clock on the appointed morning, the same officer who had conducted him before entered his room with the lieutenant of the Tower, bringing the warrant for his death. The lieutenant parted from him in a careless and indifferent way. They went by water and landed by York Stairs, and proceeded by back ways to a house nearly adjoining Northumberland House, facing the wide street about Charing Cross. From one of the first floor windows a staircase had been contrived, leading up to a high scaffold or platform on which the block was fixed. Inglesant had not known till that morning whether he was to be hanged or beheaded; like every other thought, save one, it was indifferent to him—that one, how he should keep his secret to the last. In the room of this house opening on the scaffold, he found Colonel Eustace Powell, whom he had met at Essex House, who was to precede him to death. He greeted Inglesant with great kindness, but, as Johnny thought, with some reserve. He was a very pious man, strongly attached to the Protestant party in the Church of England, and he had passed the last three days entirely in the company of Dr. S—, who was then in the room with him, engaged in religious exercises, and his piety and resignation had attached the Doctor to him very much.

The Colonel, having wished all who were present in the room farewell, went up on the scaffold accompanied by the Divine. The scaffold was so near that Inglesant and the officers and the guards, who stood at the window screened from the sight of the people, could hear every word that passed. They understood that the whole open place was densely crowded, but they could scarcely believe it, the silence was so profound.

Colonel Powell made a speech of some length, clearing himself of Popery in earnest language, not blaming his judges, but throwing the guilt on false witnesses, whom, however, he forgave. He bore no malice to the present Government, nor pretended to decide controversies, and spoke touchingly of the sadness and gloom of violent death, and how mercifully he was dealt with in being able to face it with a quiet mind. He finally thanked the authorities for their courtesy in granting him the death of the axe—a death somewhat worthy of his blood, answerable to his birth and qualification—which courtesy had much helped towards the pacification of his mind.

Inglesant supposed the end was now come, but





UPON THE SCAFFOLD. (Drawn by J. Bell.)

to his surprise the Doctor again stepped forward, and before all the people repeated the whole former questions, to each of which the Colonel replied in nearly the same words.

Then stepping forward again to the front of the scaffold, the Colonel said, speaking to the people in a calm and tender voice—

“There is not one face that looks upon me, though many faces, and perhaps different from me in opinion and practice, but methinks hath something of pity in it; and may that mercy which is in your hearts now be meted to you when you have need of it! I beseech you join with me in prayer.”

The completest silence prevailed, broken only by a faint sobbing and whispering sound from the excited and pitying crowd. Colonel Powell prayed for a quarter of an hour with an audible voice; then, taking leave again of his friends, and directing the executioner when to strike, he knelt down to the block, and repeating the words, “Lord Jesus, receive me,” his head was smitten off with a blow.

A long deep groan, followed by an intense silence, ran through the crowd. The officer who accompanied Inglesant looked at him with a peculiar expression; and, bowing in return, Inglesant passed through the window, and as he mounted the steps and his eyes came to the level of, and then rose higher than the interposing scaffold, he saw the dense crowd of heads stretching far away on every hand, the house windows and roofs crowded on every side. He scarcely saw it before he almost lost the sight again. A wild motion that shook the crowd, a roar that filled the air and stunned the sense, a yell of indignation, contempt, hatred, hands shook and clutched at him, wild faces leaping up and staring at him, cries of “Throw him over!” “Give over the Jesuit to us!” “Throw over the Irish murderer!” made his senses reel for a moment and his heart stop. It was inconceivable that a crowd, the instant before placid, pitiful, silent, should in a moment become like that, deafening, mad, thirsting for blood. The amazing surprise and reaction produced the greatest shock. Hardening himself in a moment, he faced the people, his hat in his hand, his pale face hard set, his teeth closed. Once or twice he tried to speak; it would have been as easy to drown the Atlantic’s roar. As he stood, apparently calm, this terrible ordeal had the worst possible effect upon his mind. Other men came to the scaffold calm in mind, prepared by holy thoughts, and the sacred, tender services of the Church of their Lord, feeling His hand indeed in theirs. They spoke, amid silence and solemn prayers, to a pitying people; the name of Jesus on their lips, the old familiar words whispered in their ears, good wishes, deference,

respect all around, their path seemed smooth and upward to the heavenly gates. But with him—how different! Denied the aid of prayer and sacrament, alone, overwhelmed with contempt and hatred, deafened with the fiendish noise which racked his excited and overwrought brain. He was indifferent before; he became hardened, fierce, contemptuous now. Hated, he hated again. All the worst spirit of his party and of his age became uppermost. He felt as though engaged in a mad duel with a despised yet too powerful foe. He turned at last to the officer, and said, his voice scarcely heard amid the unceasing roar—

“You see, sir, I cannot speak; do not let us delay any longer.”

The officer hesitated, and glanced at another gentleman, evidently a Parliament man, who advanced to Inglesant, and offered him a paper, the purport of which he knew by this time too well.

He told him in his ear that even now he should be set at liberty if he would sign the true evidence, and not rush upon his fate and lose his soul. He repeated that the Parliament knew he was not guilty, and had no wish to put him to death.

Inglesant saw the natural rejoinder, but did not think it worth his while to make it. Only get this thing over, and escape from this maddening cry, tearing his brain with its terrible roar, to something quieter at any rate.

He rejected the paper, and turning to the officer he said, with a motion towards the people of inexpressible disdain—

“These good people are impatient for the final act, sir; do not let us keep them any longer.”

The officer still hesitated, and looked at the Parliament man, who shook his head, and immediately left the scaffold. The officer then leaned on the rail, and spoke to his lieutenant in the open space round the scaffold within the barriers. The latter gave a word of command, and the soldiers fell out of their rank so as to mingle with the crowd. As soon as the officer saw this manœuvre completed, he took Inglesant’s arm, and said, hurriedly—“Come with me to the house, and be quick.” Not knowing what he did, Inglesant followed him hastily into the room. They had need to be quick. A yell, to which the noise preceding it was as nothing—terrible as it had been, a shower of stones, smashing every pane of glass, and falling in heaps at their feet—showed the fury of a maddened injured people, robbed of their expected prey.

The officer looked at Inglesant, and laughed.

“I thought there would be a tumult,” he said; “we are not safe here; the troops will not oppose them, and they will break down the doors. Come with me.”

He led Inglesant, still almost unconscious,

through the back entries and yards, the roar of the people still in their ears, till they reached a stair leading to the river, where was a wherry, and two or three guards. The officer stepped in after Inglesant, crying, "Pull away! The Tower!"

then, leaning back, and looking at Inglesant, he said—

"You stood that very well. I would rather mount the deadliest breach than face such a sight as that."

THE BALLAD OF "BEAU BROCADE."

[By AUSTIN DOBSON.]



*This is the Ballad
of "Beau Brocade":—
How he was trapped
by a serving maid!*

I.
Seventeen hundred and
thirty-nine:—
That was the
date of this
tale of mine.

First great
GEORGE was
buried and
gone;

GEORGE the Second was plodding on.

LONDON, then, as the "Guides" aver,
Shared its glories with *Westminster*;

And people of rank, to correct their tone,
Went out of town to *Marybone*.

Those were the days of the War with *Spain*,
PORTO-BELLO would soon be ta'en;

Whitefield preached to the colliers grim,
Bishops in lawn sleeves preached at him;

Walpole talked of "a man and his price";
Nobody's virtue was over-nice:—

Those, in fine, were the brave days when
Coaches were stopped by *Highwaymen*!

And of all the knights of the gentle trade
Nobody bolder than "BEAU BROCADE."

This they knew on the whole way down;
Best, maybe, at the "*Oak and Crown*."

(For timorous folk on their pilgrimage
Would "club" for a "Guard" to ride the stage;

And the Guard that rode on more than one
Was the Host of this hostel's sister's son.)

Open we here on a March-day fine,
Under the oak with the hanging sign.

There was Barber DICK with his basin by;
Cobbler JOE with the patch on his eye;

Portly product of Beef and Beer,
JOHN the host, he was standing near.

Straining and creaking, with wheels awry,
Lumbering came the "*Plymouth Fly*";—

Lumbering up from *Bagshot Heath*,
Guard in the basket armed to the teeth;

Passengers heavily armed inside;
Not the less surely the coach had been tried!

Tried!—but a couple of miles away,
By a well-dressed man!—in the open day!

Tried successfully, never a doubt,
Pockets of passengers all turned out!

Cloak-bags rifled, and cushions ripped,
Even an Ensign's wallet stripped!

Even a Methodist hosier's wife
Offered the choice of her Money or Life!

Highwayman's manners no less polite,
Hoped that their coppers (returned) were
right;—

Sorry to find the company poor,
Hoped next time they'd travel with more;—

Plucked them all at his ease, in short:—
Such was the "*Plymouth Fly*'s" report.

Sympathy! horror! and wonderment!
"Catch the Villain!" (But Nobody went.)

Hosier's wife led into the Bar;—
That's where the best strong waters are!

Followed the tale of the hundred-and-one
Things that somebody ought to have done.

Ensign (of Bragg's) made a terrible clangour:
But for the ladies had drawn his hanger!

Robber, of course, was "BEAU BROCADE ;"
Out spoke DOLLY the Chambermaid,

Devonshire DOLLY, plump and red,
Spoke from the gallery overhead ;—

Spoke it out boldly, staring hard :—
"Why didn't you shoot him, GEORGE the
Guard?"

And JOHN the Host, in his wakefullest state,
Was not, as a rule, immaculate.

But nobody's virtue was over-nice
When WALPOLE talked of "a man and his
price ;"

And wherever Purity found abode,
'Twas certainly *not* on a posting road.



"DEVONSHIRE DOLLY." (Drawn by A. S. Fenn.)

Spoke it out bolder, seeing him mute :—
"GEORGE the Guard, why didn't you shoot?"

Portly JOHN grew pale and red
(JOHN was afraid of her, people said),

Gasped that "DOLLY was surely cracked."
(JOHN was afraid of her—that's a fact !)

GEORGE the Guard grew red and pale,
Slowly finished his quart of ale :—

"Shoot? Why—Rabbit him!—didn't he
shoot?"
Muttered—"The Baggage was far too 'cute!"

"Shoot? Why he'd flashed the pan in his
eye!"
Muttered—"She'd pay for it by-and-by!"
Further than this made no reply.

Nor could a further reply be made,
For GEORGE was in league with "BEAU
BROCADE!"

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II.

"Forty" followed to "Thirty-nine."
Glorious days of the *Hanover* line!

Princes were born, and drums were banged ;
Now and then batches of Highwaymen hanged.

"Glorious news!"—from the *Spanish Main* ;
Porto-Bello at last was ta'en.

"Glorious news!" for the liquor trade!
Nobody dreamed of "BEAU BROCADE."

People were thinking of Spanish Crowns ;
Money was coming from seaport towns!

Nobody dreamed of "BEAU BROCADE,"
(Only DOLLY the Chambermaid !)

Blessings on Vernon! Fill up the flagons ;
Money was coming in "*Flys*" and "*Waggons*."

Possibly JOHN the Host had heard ;
Also, certainly, GEORGE the Guard.

And DOLLY had possibly tidings, too,
That made her rise from her bed anew,

Plump as ever, but stern of eye,
With a fixed intention to warn the "*Fly*."

Lingering only at JOHN his door,
Just to make sure of a jerky snore ;

Saddling the grey mare, *Dumpling Star* ;
Fetching the pistol out of the bar ;

(The old horse-pistol that, they say,
Came from the battle of *Malplaquet* ;)

Loading with powder that maids would use,
Even in "Forty," to clear the flues ;

And a couple of silver buttons, the Squire
Gave her, away in *Devonshire*.

These she wadded—for want of better—
With the B—sh—p of L—nd—n's "Pastoral
Letter ;"

Looked to the flint, and hung the whole,
Ready to use, at her pocket-hole.

Thus equipped and accoutred, DOLLY
Clattered away to "*Exciseman's Folly* ;"—

Such was the name of a ruined abode,
Just on the edge of the *London* road.

Thence she thought she might safely try
As soon as she saw it, to warn the "*Fly*."

But, as chance would have it, her rein she
drew,
As the BEAU came cantering into the view.

By the light of the moon she could see him
drest
In his famous gold-sprigged tambour vest ;

And under his silver-grey surtout,
The laced, historical coat of blue,

That he wore when he went to *London-Spaw*,
And robbed Sir MUNGO MUCKLETHRAW.

Out spoke DOLLY the Chambermaid
(Trembling a little, but not afraid),
"Stand and deliver, O 'BEAU BROCADE!'—"

But the BEAU drew nearer, and would not
speak,

For he saw by the moonlight a rosy cheek ;

And a spavined mare that was worth a
"cole ;"

And a girl with her hand at her pocket-hole.

So never a word he spoke as yet,
For he thought 'twas a freak of MEG or
BET ;—

A freak of the "*Rose*" or the "*Rummer*" set.

Out spoke DOLLY the Chambermaid,
(Tremulous now, and sore afraid),
"Stand and deliver, O 'BEAU BROCADE!'—"

Firing then, out of sheer alarm,
Hit the BEAU in the bridle-arm.

Button the first went none knows where,
But it carried away his *solitaire* ;

Button the second a circuit made,
Glanced in under the shoulder-blade ;—
Down from the saddle fell "BEAU BROCADE!"

Down from the saddle, and never stirred !—
Dolly grew white as a *Windsor* curd.

Slipped not less from the mare, and bound
Strips of her kirtle about his wound.

Then, lest his Worship should rise and flee,
Fettered his ankles—tenderly.

Jumped on his chestnut, BET the fleet
(Called after BET of *Portugal Street*) ;

Came like the wind to the old Inn-door ;—
Roused fat JOHN from a threefold snore ;—

Vowed she'd 'peach if he misbehaved . . .
Briefly, the "*Plymouth Fly*" was saved !

Staines and *Windsor* were all on fire :—
DOLLY was wed to a *Yorkshire* squire ;
Went to Town at the K—G's desire !

But whether His M—J—STY saw her or not,
HOGARTH jotted her down on the spot ;

And something of DOLLY one still may trace
In the fresh contours of his "*Milkmaid's*"
face.

GEORGE the Guard fled over the sea :
JOHN had a fit,—of perplexity ;

Turned King's evidence, sad to state ;—
But JOHN was never immaculate.

As for the BEAU, he was duly tried,
When his wound was healed, at *Whitsuntide* ;

Served—for a day—as the last of "sights,"
To the world of *St. James's Street* and
"*White's* ;"

Went on his way to TYBURN TREE,
With a pomp befitting his high degree.

Every privilege custom grants :—
At the gate of the prison a dram of *Nants*;

Bouquet of flowers at *Holborn Bar* ;
Friends (in mourning) to follow his car—
("t" is omitted where *Heroes* are !)

Everyone knows the speech he made ;
Swore that he "rather admired the Jade !"—

Waved to the crowd with his gold-laced
hat ;
Talked to the Chaplain after that ;

Turned to the Topsman undismayed . . .
This was the finish of "BEAU BROCADE !"

*And this is the Ballad that seemed to hide
In the leaves of a dusty "LONDONER'S GUIDE ;"*

"*Humbly Inscrib'd*" (with curls and tails)
By the Author to FREDERICK, Prince of
WALES :—

"Published by FRANCIS and OLIVER PINE ;
*Ludgate-Hill, at the Blackmoor Sign.
Seventeen-Hundred-and-Thirty-Nine."*

A DELIGHTFUL VISIT.

[From "George Geith." By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.]



As he drove up the Holloway Road, little did Mr. Geith think of all the preparations which had been made in his honour ; of the tortments Mrs. Bemmidge had passed through, wondering what he liked best to eat and drink. Every imaginable dish, every obtainable beverage, was had in his honour ; and Mrs. Bemmidge herself, and Mrs. B.'s mother and sister, were duly ready to receive the stranger.

As for Mr. Bemmidge, he was waiting for his friend in the highway : and as soon as Mr. Geith's cab came to a stand, the wine merchant opened the door, wrung his visitor's hand, wished him a merry Christmas, hurried him through the little green gate, up the gravel-walk, and into the house, where Mrs. Bemmidge met him, and saying, "this is kind," shook his hand with her own two, one being quite insufficient to express her feelings of pleasure and satisfaction.

"I really thought Mr. Grant—Geith, I mean—that we never were going to see you ;" and as she made this assertion Mrs. Bemmidge took him out of the dark hall into the lighter drawing-room, where he was introduced to Mrs. Gilling, Miss Gilling, and Mr. Foss.

After that ceremony he was permitted to sit down and commence making himself agreeable.

Whilst he did so, he looked at the ladies, and I should like you also, reader, to look at the

feminine trio for a moment, before proceeding with my story.

Shall we give the *pas* to Miss Gilling?—a creature all nature, all curls, all enthusiasm, all frankness, who had a very white skin and very black hair, very fine eyes, very small feet and hands, and a very passable figure.

Her age, you ask ? I really do not know it. What with her manners, her curls, her *naïveté*, and her delight at small atoms of pleasure, she might have passed for sweet seventeen ; but then Mrs. Bemmidge was three-and-thirty ; and intimate friends said there was not much more than five or six years between them.

Anyhow, there was Miss Gilling, let her age be what it would, for Mr. Geith to fall in love with, if he liked.

As for Mrs. Gilling, she was a widow of small property and with many wants ; a lady who said she had kept a set of servants—whatever number that may be ; who had once had things "very different," and who was now very glad to drop in about supper time three or four nights a week and partake of such hospitality as Mrs. Bemmidge extended to her. A dignified old lady, in a prodigious cap, who snubbed Andrew Bemmidge, and paid court to her daughter ; and told everybody that "Sarah" was the best wife and mother in the world. "I am sure," added Mrs. G., pathetically, "she makes a perfect slave of herself for her family."

Slavery seemed to agree with Mrs. Bemmidge, who looked plump on her work. She was a woman of about the middle height, with dark-brown eyes, brown hair, a perfectly straight mouth, and a broad, fair forehead, with rather bustling manners, and a temper—I had better stop there, for George Geith saw only the face.

As for Mr. Foss, he seemed to be regarded as a

perfect nonentity. A friend, Mrs. Bemmidge called him; and he certainly seemed to have all a friend's undesirable privileges conceded to him. He rang the bell, he was hustled into corners, he was sent errands, he played with the children, he was forgotten in the conversation, and made himself "quite at home," sitting in a direct draught.

He was a distant relation of Andrew Bemmidge, and had all the wine merchant's natural modesty, sweetness of temper, and forgetfulness of himself.

Like the wine merchant also, he could not see what was best for his domestic happiness, for he was over head and ears in love with Gertrude Gilling, and walked miles along the London pavements to fulfil her slightest behest.

"You found it cold, sir," said Mrs. Gilling, in her usual manner, only with the chill off.

"On the contrary, very warm," answered George; "but then, to be sure, I drove. I daresay the wind is cold to-day when walking. Have you been out?"

"Only to church," answered Mrs. Gilling, virtuously; and the accountant, remembering what his friend had said on that head, let the subject drop.

"What a nice little place you have here, Bemmidge," he said; "I should scarcely have supposed that near London there had been a house so much in the country."

"Nothing but fields at the back," replied Mr. Bemmidge, while the ladies mentally repeated the word "little," and marvelled at what size of house Mr. Geith had been accustomed to visit. "Nothing but fields most part of the way to Hornsey; pretty neighbourhood; beautiful walks about Highgate; the cemetery is well worth seeing. You must come down often in the summer time and explore the country."

Whereupon Mrs. Bemmidge at once expressed a hope that now Mr. Geith had found his way out to Holloway, he would make no stranger of himself, but come often and "take them as they were;" which could not be supposed to mean as they were then, seeing heaven and earth had been moved to put a good face on things in his honour.

George, in reply, stated his opinion that Mrs. Bemmidge was too kind, and Mrs. Bemmidge became duly satisfied that Mr. Geith was a delightful man.

That half-hour before dinner the accountant firmly believed never would end—not because he was hungry and wished for dinner, but because he was wearied to death of trying to find something to say.

The children had, indeed, promised a temporary diversion when they came in duly brushed, washed, and combed, to make the lives of all on

whom they cast their affections a weariness unto them. One little girl in especial, who had inquired pointedly, "Aint oo Mr. Rant?" seemed inclined to take him under her protection; but Mr. Foss presented such attractions as the children tried vainly to resist: pockets filled with presents—pockets that he let them turn inside out at their sweet will and pleasure—pockets from which halfpence might be abstracted and sweatmeats procured.

To be sure, Mrs. Bemmidge exhibited the little girl aforementioned in every possible light; called the pert ugly imp her "pretty queen," retailed all her stupid, forward speeches, and kept the child in a grin at the repetition of her own wit.

"She said she was not to call you Mr. Rant any more, but Mr. Teeth," observed her mother. "Why did you call him Mr. Rant, after all, dearie?"

In answer to which question, Miss Bemmidge drew her shoulder completely out of her dress and rubbed herself sideways against her mother. A churn of a child the thing was, too, thicker round its waist than any other part of its body, and with the most astonishing pair of legs George Geith had ever beheld on a creature of its age.

"Just six last birthday," said Mrs. Bemmidge, with a triumphant smile, as though she were stating some fact greatly to the credit of her offspring.

"May I doo now, and 'peak to Harry, 'ma?" whispered the young lady, who could have spoken a great deal less like a two-year-old had she chosen; and mamma giving permission, she rushed over to Mr. Foss, and claimed her share of the spoil.

"Oh! you've been and given Tommy a sugar-plum more than me," shrieked mamma's queen; and forthwith Mr. Foss had to make up the deficit.

"And your'n are bigger nor mine," said Tommy, with his tongue out; all of which by-play Mr. Geith affected not to hear.

"We have one younger than any of them," remarked Mr. Bemmidge, who was accustomed to the juvenile concert. "Mamma, Mr. Geith has not seen baby."

"I am sure Mr. Geith does not want to see any more children until after dinner," answered Mrs. Bemmidge: which statement would have been perfectly true, had she only added that he did not want to see any more children at all; but politeness prevented Mr. Geith acquiescing in her proposition, and so he declared that of all things he should like best to see the baby.

Straight away went the hostess to fetch her youngest born; and during her absence George racked his brains what to say to Mrs. Gilling.

The theatres? Miss Gilling was so well up in them that his ignorance was exposed in a minute. How the country looked at Christmas? How the old customs were still kept up in many a squire's house?

Mrs. Gilling knew nothing about the country: for her part, she liked the gas and the shops; but Miss Gilling was enthusiastic concerning the snow on the tombstones, about frost on the evergreens, about the village choristers singing under the windows. Oh! better than anything on earth,

Gilling blushed and simpered, whilst her mother smiled, with the chill more off than ever.

At this juncture, in came the baby; and it may not be out of place here to state that if there were one domestic animal for which, more than another, Mr. Geith entertained a settled abhorrence, it was a baby—more particularly the kind of baby which now made its appearance, red in the face, blue in the arms, long in the legs, small in the eyes, and puckered about the mouth: a baby which cried without tears, and kicked without reason, and



"THE QUIETTEST LITTLE LAMB." (Drawn by T. W. Wilson.)

Miss Gilling would like to spend a Christmas in a real old haunted house, where the olden fashions were observed.

"Had Mr. Geith ever spent a Christmas in the country?" and every hair on Miss Gilling's head seemed to quiver as she asked the question.

"Yes," he answered, "I have spent several Christmas Days in the country."

"And in a baronial hall?" gasped Miss Gilling.

"In an old hall, at any rate," he replied, laughing, "where Christmas was given every honour it deserves, and when we were all very happy, because we were assembled together on the happiest day in the year."

"Oh! you will be contrasting that day with this," said Miss Gilling pathetically.

"Certainly not to the disadvantage of the present," was Mr. Geith's reply; at which Miss

was, so said its mamma, "the quietest little lamb that ever breathed."

Long and weary had been George Geith's experience of babies. Never any part of his clerical duty had been so irksome to him as the christenings. The funeral service was nothing to the baptismal. He would rather have had to do with half-a-dozen corpses than one baby. He did not know how to hold them, how to quiet them, what in the name of wonder to do with them. His rector used to be able to nurse a child as cleverly as a good cook can turn a pancake, but he never could learn the trick; and so surely as he had a christening, so certainly there was weeping and wailing beside the font, dissatisfaction amongst the mothers, and muttered remarks that it was plain to be seen he was a bachelor.

And now, here was another autocrat for him to serve and honour : another mass of jelly, provided with lungs, for him to essay to touch.

"A fine fellow, isn't he?" said the father, who really believed the child to be perfection.

"A darling, itzy, witzzy pet!" capped mamma, handing the bundle of white cambric to Mr. Geith.

No, it did not cry ; it just remained quiet long enough to get well into his arms, when it bent itself double backwards, in order to get a good view of his face. Then its cheeks wrinkled, and with limbs drawn up, it screamed as though its last hour was come.

"Let mamma take it, then, a darling ! Shall mamma take it? Didn't it like strangers? there, there!" And Mrs. Bemmidge tried to pacify the wretch, and bore it off to its own especial apartment, whence George heard shrieks proceeding during the whole of dinner, which, much to his relief, was at last announced.

It was a nice little party—only six. Mr. Bemmidge took care of his mother-in-law, Mr. Foss of Miss Gilling, and Mr. Geith of Mrs. Bemmidge. A nice little party—at least, it would have been a convenient number had the children not swarmed after the adults into the dining-room, where they mounted high chairs, and surveyed the table from a vantage-ground.

Mrs. Gilling was good enough to say grace : perhaps because her son-in-law would not. George Geith had never dined at any man's table since the days when that ceremony was usually performed by him ; and somehow, Mrs. Gilling's grace struck him as the funniest thing about her.

For the sake of his friend, for the genuine liking he bore for that simple-hearted, honest man, who believed in his wife and his house, and who had not an atom of humbug in his composition, the accountant strove to enjoy himself, and to eat and drink enough to satisfy his host.

But had he succeeded in this endeavour, he would certainly never have eaten and drank any more, for Mr. Bemmidge not merely wanted him to taste everything that was on the table, but also to take two or three helpings of each dish, like Mrs. Gilling, whose appetite, it was satisfactory to see, had not been impaired by trouble. Of course, it was not civil of George to notice such matters, but being a man who noticed everything, he could not avoid seeing that Mrs. Gilling did justice to the good fare set before her.

She would trouble Andrew for sucking-pig, because it was years since she had tasted one ; and, as it was Christmas, she positively must have a slice of turkey. Goose was a thing dear Sarah knew she could relish if she was dying ; and roast beef—well, if Mr. Geith would be so kind, it was an English dish, and it was as well to follow old

customs. So the lady rambled about, whilst the children ate stuffing, and spilt gravy, and messed their pinafores, and their father employed his time in alternately scolding and giving them tit-bits.

"I am so sorry, Mr. Geith, that we have nothing you like," said Mrs. Bemmidge plaintively, after she had vainly pressed Mr. Geith to take a little more, "if it was only a morsel of beef."

"Nothing I like!" repeated George, "I assure you, Mrs. Bemmidge, I have not eaten such a dinner for seven years."

"Then I wonder you are alive," remarked the lady, as she helped her mother to turkey again. "Tommy, do sit up ; Andrew, keep your fingers out of the gravy ; papa, do not let Amy have any more ; Harry, if you do not behave yourself you shall not taste the pudding," and so forth, the courtesies of life being blended with a strict attention to its duties.

"What am I to do with it?" thought George Geith, as he had about a pound of plum-pudding set before him, with an intimation from Mrs. Bemmidge that it was a triumph of her own culinary skill. And the accountant longed for the days of his youth, when he had a knack of secreting pieces of fat and other unsavoury viands, unknown by mortal man. "If I could but leave it!" he sighed ; but no, there it was to be finished, and by him.

Mrs. Bemmidge would hear of no smaller portion ; and indeed, in comparison to his, that allotted to Mrs. Gilling was a very Benjamin's.

"I am quite sure, Sarah, those children will make themselves ill," said their grandmother, as Miss Bemmidge slyly put forth her hand to secure another mince-pie.

"You naughty girl! how dare you?" said mamma to her queen. "Papa, push her chair from the table. I suppose it is because Mr. Geith is here she thinks she may do as she likes. Mr. Geith, have you found the ring? There is a ring in the pudding. I hope you will get it ; I shall be so pleased."

"Perhaps, Mrs. Bemmidge, you have taken care I shall get it," answered George, with a ghastly attempt at a smile, as he still worked his way through the mass before him.

"Oh no! it was fairly mixed, I assure you," broke in Miss Gilling. "My sister dropped in the ring, and we all stirred the pudding after that. Even Andrew ventured into the kitchen to do his part," which was the less to be wondered at, perhaps I may add, as Andrew very often had to venture into the kitchen in search of his boots.

"And suppose I do find the ring," said George ; "what will be the consequences?"

"Why, you will be married before the year is out," answered Mrs. Bemmidge, with a simper.

"Then I shall certainly not continue the search," exclaimed the accountant, laying down his spoon.

"Oh! but that is not fair," cried Mrs. Bemmidge. "You must finish your pudding. And, besides, it is my guard ring, and I cannot have it lost."

"I never willingly put myself in the way of misfortune," said Mr. Geith solemnly.

"Only hear him," exclaimed Mrs. Gilling, with her mouth full of plums.

"I hope, ring or no ring, you will be married by this time next year," said Mr. Bemmidge, "for a man never knows what true comfort and happiness is till he has a wife to take care of him."

"You speak from a fortunate experience," answered Mr. Geith. "If all marriages were as happy as yours—" and the hypocrite turned to Mrs. Bemmidge and the young olive-branches round the table, who were by this time busy with his plate, looking out "mamma's ring," and quarrelling for the candied lemon.

Suddenly came a little scream from Miss Gilling—she had nearly swallowed the ring.

"Gerty's got it! Gerty's got it!" cried parents and children in chorus.

"We may hope, then," said George, "to meet again before next Christmas on a different occasion. That is," he added, "if I may be allowed the honour of being present."

But at this point Miss Gilling's confusion and blushes became so painful that Mrs. Bemmidge desired Amy to ring the bell. "If you *won't* have a mince-pie, Mr. Geith," she said, quite piteously.

"You really must excuse me," he replied. And then the servant came, and went through a ceremony that Mrs. Bemmidge called "clearing away;" after which Mrs. Gilling again officiated, and dessert was placed on the table.

"May I 'tay with papa and Mr. Teeth, mamma?" asked Amy, when the ladies rose to depart.

"Yes, if you are good," said mamma; and Miss Bemmidge, and consequently the boys, remained.

Certainly, if the condition mentioned in her mother's speech had been enforced, the young lady would have been summarily expelled from the apartment. So long as the quartet could get Mr. Foss to supply them with fruit, they remained preternaturally quiet; but when even Mr. Foss thought they had made sufficient inroads on the oranges and walnuts, Miss Bemmidge commenced to be dictatorial towards her brothers, and so aggravated Tommy that he pushed her off her chair, for which offence he was ejected from the delights of after dinner-chat, and sent in disgrace to his mother.

"You smoke, I know, Geith," said Mr. Bemmidge; and thereupon Amy rushed away for the

cigar-case, procured matches, and made herself busy, getting a saucer to hold the ashes.

"That is my useful little girl," remarked Mr. Bemmidge. "I wonder if she could eat an orange?" Whereupon Amy put her finger in her mouth, and looked as if she had never dexterously appropriated an orange in her life.

After that, she climbed on the knees of all the gentlemen in succession, and reversing the position of Mr. Foss's cigar when it lay on the table, had the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing him put the hot end in his mouth.

Shrieks of laughter from Andrew and Henry, however, exposed the culprit, and Miss Amy, together with her brothers, was shown the door by her father, who remarked apologetically to his cousin that "children would be children."

Whether Mr. Foss found the aphorism cool his mouth, I cannot say, but it is certain he declined further smoking for that night.

It was all very well talking to Mr. Bemmidge and Mr. Foss when the children were away. Of course the conversation turned on business topics, but business was a topic George Geith liked.

The mysteries of the wine trade were unveiled for the visitor's edification. The adulteration, tricks, the doctoring, were all duly discussed over—shall I write it, reader?—brandy-and-water. Mr. Bemmidge talked about Messrs. Reuben and Issachar, "who had been exchequered for eighty thousand, and paid the fine," said Mr. Bemmidge, taking the cigar out of his mouth, "with a cheque. They were exchequered," he went on, "for filling barrels with water, and shipping them as brandy, in order to get the draw-back. They managed, by fitting a tin tube to the bung-hole, to enable the Custom-house officers to taste the very finest brandy. How much they made, nobody ever knew," added Mr. Bemmidge, "nor how much they might have made, but for a row with one of their men, who informed against them."

Then there were Cripple, Hold, and Sons, who ran their spirit off through the streets; beside gas-pipes and water-pipes, through houses, stables, and warehouses, and only paid duty on about a third they made.

Further, there was Mr. Briggins, who sold thousands of pipes of wine, and yet, still, who scarcely ever took a single pipe out of bond. "He made it all—heaven only knows how," said Mr. Bemmidge, regretfully; "and the secret died with him. I could not have told his wine from the best Portuguese; and, indeed, nobody could, if the wine would have kept. But it would not. It mildewed in a month. The firm sold it at forty shillings a dozen, and twenty to the trade. And didn't the trade push it—only trust them!"

So the talk went on till it was time to join the

ladies, who were seated in the drawing-room, all domestic arrangements over, waiting for the evening guests, who arrived in due season, attired in dresses that were certainly very gay, determined to enjoy themselves and make Christmas-day a merry one indeed.

Can you picture the evening, my reader? the tea, handed round by awkward yet gallant cavaliers, who upset the cups, trampled on the ladies' dresses, and made funny little speeches that kept the company in a roar. The card-tables, where whist was played for sixpenny

dance a minuet with the tongs. There was "blind man's buff," in which game Miss Gilling caught Mr. Geith, and exclaiming, "I have got you at last, Mr. Jones," blushed becomingly when she discovered her mistake—"If it was a mistake," whispered Mrs. Jones, nudging her neighbour, Mrs. Thomas.

And the singing after supper! The comic songs, at which George laughed as he had not laughed before since he was a boy, not because of any especial comicality in the songs, but because of the intense funniness of the singers. The



"THE EVENING." (Drawn by T. W. Wilson.)

stakes, and old ladies appropriated George Geith's winnings with an activity which it was cheering to remark in persons of their age—

The dancing, for which Mrs. Bembridge played Sir Roger de Coverley, Hertz quadrilles, and Scotch reels—

The games, mistakes in which entailed forfeits, and forfeits involved a young gentleman seeking about for the prettiest girl in the room to kiss; a young lady standing in the corner, and remarking—

'Here I stand as stiff as a stake—

Who'll come and release me for charity's sake?"

Upon hearing which pathetic appeal a rush was usually made towards the spot she occupied. This person was to eat three inches off the poker; that to compose a verse of poetry, and another to

sentimental ditties, emanating chiefly from the ladies, that were all pitched somewhere about F sharp, and went up into screams from thence. To say nothing of Mrs. Bembridge, who, being too shy to favour the company, was yet overpowered by numbers, and induced at length to break forth into melody.

It was impossible she could sing, however, if people looked at her; so, to obviate this difficulty, she turned her chair round, and sat with her back to the table, in which position she delighted her guests with the account of a lady—

"Who left her home

To fly with a Christian knight."

When that was finished, her sister followed with "Love not," which performance Mr. Foss immediately capped with "Love on"—a song which

was rapturously encored by all the young men and married ladies of the party.

After supper, more forfeits, more dancing, and louder and faster revelry, that reminded George Geith of the sounds that used to be borne to his ear when he kept solitary state in furnished apartments.

"Things went off capitally," Mrs. Bembridge said to her mother, when the door closed behind the last batch of departing guests, "and I am sure Mr. Geith enjoyed himself."

"If he did not, he ought to," remarked Mrs. Gilling in a tone of the liveliest conviction; albeit her voice was a little thick.

Meantime, George Geith was walking with a splitting head-ache through the deserted City streets.

"If that be pleasure," he ungratefully soliloquised, as he entered Fen Court, where the grave-yard looked ghastly in the grey morning light—"If that be pleasure, give me work."

HUNTED BY THE EAST WIND.

[By J. ASHEY-STERRY.]

NOTWITHSTANDING my profound admiration for the author of "Westward Ho," I propose to start a "Society for the Suppression of Kingsley." Ever since he uttered his memorable words in praise of the east wind, this abominable blast has persisted in blowing with more untiring constancy and more blighting bitterness than formerly. It is high time that some protest should be made. If the great writer already alluded to likes to be poet laureate to the east wind let him, but let them both go away to some uninhabited island and shiver and howl to the music of chattering teeth. We want none of the music of the east wind, nor songs sung in its praise here. I think I am expressing the feelings of the entire population of London when I say we are absolutely disgusted with the east wind.

The east wind is totally different from other breezes, it has not a blustering honesty about it. Not by any means. It is a nasty, sneaking, insidious, underhand, unprincipled kind of a wind. It appears to open the pores of your skin till it is like a colander; it riddles your bones with fine pinholes, and then blows through them till you seem to have neuralgia all over your body. It penetrates the thickest of cloths and the most formidable of friezes. You may fortify yourself with flannel waistcoats, you may don double-breasted sealskin waistcoats, you may wear three or four pairs of trousers, but the east wind will penetrate everything and make you as miserable, as hopelessly wretched, as man can possibly be. And yet a man of such eloquence and erudition as Canon Kingsley can be found to sing in praise of it.

Far more sensible was a certain obscure individual who sang simply but expressively "The wind in the east is neither good for man nor beast." How beautiful and how true is this! How true in its simplicity, and how simple in its truth! I am inclined to think that there must be a mistake

in the proverb "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good." It should run in this wise: "It is an *east* wind that blows nobody good." Did you ever know an east wind blow any good to anybody? Did you ever know it to do any good to anything? A bitter, remorseless, scathing, revengeful kind of wind is that of the east.

The worst of it is you cannot escape from it. It follows you everywhere. It hunts you down. Like the famous "Goosey Gander" of nursery lore celebrity, it goes "upstairs, and down-stairs, and in my lady's chamber." You cannot get rid of it. If it were like that unprincipled elderly individual spoken of in the same poem, who omitted to perform his devotional exercises on every possible occasion, you might treat it in the same summary fashion. You might "take it by its left leg and throw it downstairs." There is, however, no getting hold of the east wind. It is a nasty, dodgy, disreputable, sneaking kind of wind that would not meet you in *duello* in an honest gentlemanly fashion. It will wait for you round corners, and give you a stab in the back when you are not looking; it will come upon you suddenly in the dark and wound you. It holds an everlasting and blasting *vendetta* against every man, woman, and child in the universe.

I think it is high time that a protest was made against Canon Kingsley's praise of this most abominable of breezes, otherwise people may begin to believe that there really is some good in the east wind after all. I own that I should love to write a satire, for which I would like Mr. Arthur Sullivan to compose the music. I would call it "The East Wind: a Catarrhic Cantata, in Three Blows." I have a host of characters I could introduce most effectively. Fancy Baron Bronchitis, Prince Pneumonia, Sergeant Stethoscope, the Fair Neuralgia, Rheu Matticks the Robber, and Tic the Dolorous. Imagine a sneezing song, a coughing trio, and a

gargling duet. I see a wide field for both musician and librettist in this work, and I fancy we should be doing good work in undoing the harm that the powerful influence of the Kingsleyan pen may already have accomplished. Some years ago I endeavoured to establish a musical society especially with a view to people who were suffering from the evils of the east wind. No one was eligible for election unless he had had at least three severe colds during the preceding two months; and no member was allowed to sing at the concerts unless he could produce a medical certificate to the effect that he was totally unfit to appear in public, and ought to be in bed. The following is one of the programmes:

FIRST CONCERT OF THE ACRID PULMONIC SOCIETY AND
COUGHRAL UNION, AT THE ASTHMAEUM, COLD
HARBOUR LANE.

Conductor MR. HOARSLEY.

PART I.

Overture, "La Influenza" Tramontana.
Duet, "Rub in the Croton Oil" Smart.
Tenor Solo, "Come and have a Gargle, Maud" Bron. Chitis.
(With catarrh accompaniment.)
Glee, "The Cough and Cold" Tischoff.
Galop, "The East Wind" Kingsley.
Polka, "The Sore Throat" Hoarsley.
Song, "Cough, Cough, said the Stranger"
Russian Melody, "Tishooatishoo"... Prince Gotsuchacorff.
Selection from "Il Lumbago" Oftenback.
Galop, "The Treacle Posset" M. O. Lasses.
(Possetively the first time of performance.)

Between the parts, Mr. Titkins will gargle for ten minutes, in eighteen different languages; and the Committee will sit with their feet in hot mustard and water and have their noses solemnly tallowed to slow music in a minor key.

PART II.

Overture, "Garglielmo Tell."
Glee, "The Hardy Hoarseman."
Comic Song, "The Sneeze" Leschetitzky.

This song will last five minutes, during which the performer will sneeze no less than 568 times.

Madrigal, "Come, let us all a Coughing go" Grufflin, 1582.
Tenor solo, "Who shall be Gruffest?" Snorter.
Catarrhic solo, "So early id the bordig" Hollah.
Valse, "Black Currant Tea" Frohsdorf.
Song, "A cup of Cough Mixture come fill,
fill for me" Tschubert.
Sneezing Trio, from "Der Tischutz" Tschumann.
Selection from "Il Cornomore" Tryfisher.
Slipper Sonata List.

Stalls (with an endless supply of gargles, mustard-and-water, and every other catarrhic luxury), 5s.; area (with cough lozenges), 2s. 6d.; back seats (with unlimited draughts), 1s.

Doors open at half-past seven. Performance to commence as soon as people are a little comfortable, and their coughs easy.

N.B.—A medical gentleman will be in attendance.

The society, though favourably noticed in some

of the musical journals of the day, failed to command the success it deserved.

I feel strongly, I may say very strongly, on this subject. I have been hunted by the east wind for many days past. I have dodged it as well as I can. It is, however, stalking after me, it is following me, and will run me down sooner or later. It chivied me to the opening of a new theatre the other night, it crept under the stalls and caught hold of my legs in the most unceremonious manner. I subsequently went by underground railway, and was pursued by the east wind through its cavernous depths. It caught me at the back of the neck, it nipped my ears, it iced my teeth, it gripped me in every conceivable way. In vain I tried to shake it off. It hunted me from pillar to post. It pursued me until I reached the comfortable smoking-room of the club. Here I left it at the door for awhile and forgot all about it when basking in the genial warmth of the fire. O, vile east wind, thought I, I have jockeyed thee at last!

I was mistaken. The east wind is not so easily thrust aside. I felt a sharp twinge at the back of my neck, wafted through a crack in the window frame that showed me my enemy was waiting for me outside, and reminded me there was more torture in store for me on my way home. I endeavoured to put off the evil day. I remained in front of the blazing fire far into the small hours, endeavouring to put off the evil hour. But, alas! I knew it must come! It came! My old enemy was waiting round the corner, and pounced down on me with his vile talons directly I emerged from the warm shelter of the club. I put my coat collar up, I muffled my neck with a woollen comforter, but all to no purpose. Pitiless and savage, he persecuted me all the way home. O! east wind, O! terrible east wind, mayest thou blow for the future only upon him who has sung thy praises.

The east wind delights to pretend it is not the east wind. It likes to make believe to leave off blowing when the sun is brightly shining in order that it may tempt delicate people out of doors, and then strike them down with a remorseless cruelty. It delights to devour delicate maidens, and to annihilate young children. It is cruel, vindictive, heartless, and inhuman. It loves to blight the flowers and to hinder vegetation, and its greatest joy is to make havoc with early spring and trample under its cloven foot violets and primroses. The east wind loveth desolation, despair and death.

The east wind is terrible. It loves to visit the habitations of the poor: to blow the last rag of clothing off their backs and the faintest spark of fire out of their grates; to torture them till they are so numb and faint with its cruelty that they have scarcely any feeling whatever remaining. It loves to do the work of the destroyer: to blight, to wither, and to blast.

UNCLE JACK.*

[From "The Caxtons." By LORD LYTTON.]



WAS somewhere about sixteen when, on going home for the holidays, I found my mother's brother settled among the household *Lares*. Uncle Jack, as he was familiarly called, was a light-hearted, plausible, enthusiastic, talkative fellow, who spent three small fortunes in trying to make a large one.

Uncle Jack was a great speculator; but in all his speculations he never affected to think of himself—it was always the good of his fellow-creatures that he had at heart, and in this ungrateful world fellow-creatures are not to be relied upon! On coming of age, he inherited £6,000 from his maternal grandfather. It seemed to him then that his fellow-creatures were sadly imposed upon by their tailors. Those ninth parts of humanity notoriously eked out their fractional existence by asking nine times too much for the clothing which civilisation, and perhaps a change of climate, render more necessary to us than to our predecessors, the Picts. Out of pure philanthropy, Uncle Jack started a *Grand National Benevolent Clothing Company*, which undertook to supply the public with inexpressibles of the best Saxon cloth at 7s. 6d. a pair; coats, superfine, £1 18s.; and waistcoats at so much per dozen. They were all to be worked off by steam. Thus the rascally tailors were to be put down, humanity clad, and the philanthropists rewarded (but that was a secondary consideration) with a clear return of 30 per cent. In spite of the evident charitable-ness of this Christian design, and the irrefragable calculations upon which it was based, this company died a victim to the ignorance and unthankfulness of our fellow-creatures. And all that remained of Jack's £6,000 was a fifty-fourth share in a small steam-engine, a large assortment of ready-made pantaloons, and the liabilities of the directors.

Uncle Jack disappeared, and went on his travels. The same spirit of philanthropy which characterised the speculations of his purse attended the risks of his person. Uncle Jack had a natural leaning towards all distressed communities: if any tribe, race, or nation was down in the world, Uncle Jack threw himself plump into the scale to redress the balance. Poles, Greeks (the last were then fighting the Turks), Mexicans, Spaniards—Uncle Jack thrust his nose into all their squabbles!—Heaven forbid I should mock thee, poor Uncle Jack! for those generous predilections

towards the unfortunate; only, whenever a nation is in a misfortune, there is always a job going on! The Polish cause, the Greek cause, the Mexican cause, and the Spanish cause are necessarily mixed up with loans and subscriptions. These continental patriots, when they take up the sword with one hand, generally contrive to thrust the other hand deep into their neighbours' breeches pockets.

Uncle Jack went to Greece, thence he went to Spain, thence to Mexico. No doubt he was of great service to those afflicted populations, for he came back with unanswerable proof of their gratitude, in the shape of £3,000. Shortly after this appeared a prospectus of the "New, Grand, National, Benevolent Insurance Company, for the Industrious Classes." This invaluable document, after setting forth the immense benefits to society arising from habits of providence, and the introduction of insurance companies—proving the infamous rate of premiums exacted by the existent offices, and their inapplicability to the wants of the honest artisan, and declaring that nothing but the purest intentions of benefiting their fellow-creatures, and raising the moral tone of society, had led the directors to institute a new society, founded on the noblest principles and the most moderate calculations—proceeded to demonstrate that twenty-four and a half per cent. was the smallest possible return the shareholders could anticipate. The company began under the fairest auspices: an archbishop was caught as president, on the condition always that he should give nothing but his name to the society. Uncle Jack—more euphoniously designated as "the celebrated philanthropist, John Jones Tibbets, Esquire"—was honorary secretary, and the capital stated at two millions. But such was the obtuseness of the industrious classes, so little did they perceive the benefits of subscribing one-and-nine-pence a week from the age of twenty-one to fifty, in order to secure at the latter age an annuity of £18, that the company dissolved into thin air, and with it Uncle Jack's £3,000. Nothing more was then seen or heard of him for three years. So obscure was his existence, that on the death of an aunt who left him a small farm in Cornwall, it was necessary to advertise that "If John Jones Tibbets, Esq., would apply to Messrs. Blunt and Tin, Lothbury, between the hours of ten and four, he would hear of something to his advantage." But, even as a conjuror declares that he will call the ace of spades, and the ace of spades, that you thought you had safely under your foot, turns up

* By permission of Messrs. George Routledge and Sons.

on the table—so with this advertisement suddenly turned up Uncle Jack. With inconceivable satisfaction did the new landowner settle himself in his comfortable homestead. The farm, which was about two hundred acres, was in the best possible condition, and saving one or two chemical preparations, which cost Uncle Jack, upon the most scientific principles, thirty acres of buckwheat, the ears of which came up, poor things, all spotted and speckled, as if they had been inoculated with the small-pox, Uncle Jack for the first two years was a thriving man. Unluckily, however, one day Uncle Jack discovered a coal mine in a beautiful field of Swedish turnips; in another week the house was full of engineers and naturalists, and in another month appeared, in my uncle's best style, much improved by practice, a prospectus of the "Grand National, Anti-Monopoly Coal Company, instituted on behalf of the poor householders of London, and against the Monster Monopoly of the London Coal Wharfs.

"A vein of the finest coal has been discovered on the estates of the celebrated philanthropist, John Jones Tibbets, Esq. This new mine, the Molly Wheal, having been satisfactorily tested by that eminent engineer, Giles Compass, Esq., promises an inexhaustible field to the energies of the benevolent and the wealth of the capitalist. It is calculated that the best coals may be delivered, screened, at the mouth of the Thames, for 18s. per load, yielding a profit of not less than forty-eight per cent. to the shareholders. Shares £50, to be paid in five instalments. Capital to be subscribed, one million. For shares, early application must be made to Messrs. Blunt and Tin, solicitors, Lothbury."

Here, then, was something tangible for fellow-creatures to go on—there was land, there was a mine, there was coal, and there actually came shareholders and capital. Uncle Jack was so persuaded that his fortune was now to be made, and had, moreover, so great a desire to share the glory of ruining the monster monopoly of the London wharfs, that he refused a very large offer to dispose of the property altogether, remained chief shareholder, and removed to London, where he set up his carriage, and gave dinners to his fellow-directors. For no less than three years did this company flourish, having submitted the entire direction and working of the mines to that eminent engineer, Giles Compass—twenty per cent. was paid regularly by that gentleman to the shareholders, and the shares were at more than cent. per cent., when one bright morning Giles Compass, Esq., unexpectedly removed himself to that wider field for genius like his, the United States; and it was discovered that the mine had for more than a year run itself into a great pit of water, and that Mr. Compass

had been paying the shareholders out of their own capital. My uncle had the satisfaction this time of being ruined in very good company; three doctors of divinity, two county members, a Scotch lord, an East India director, were all in the same boat—that boat which went down with the coal mine into the great water pit!

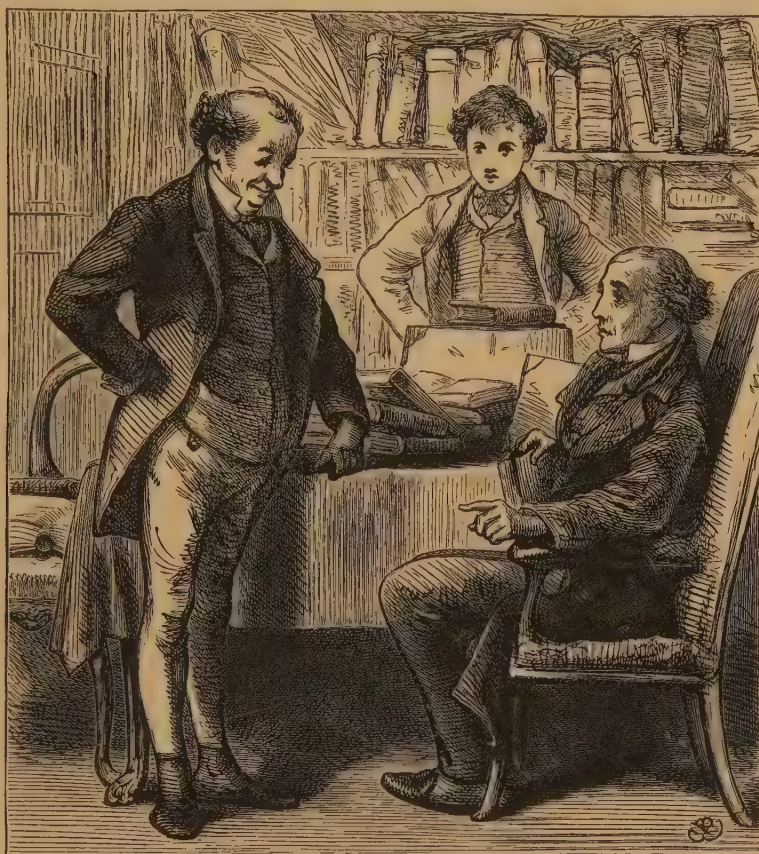
That Uncle Jack should win my heart was no wonder; my mother's he had always won from her earliest recollection of his having persuaded her to let her great doll (a present from her god-mother) be put up to a raffle for the benefit of the chimney-sweepers. "So like him—so good!" she would often say, pensively; "they paid sixpence a-piece for the raffle—twenty tickets, and the doll cost £2. Nobody was taken in, and the doll, poor thing (it had such blue eyes!) went for a quarter of its value. But Jack said nobody could guess what good the ten shillings did to the chimney-sweepers." Naturally enough, I say, my mother liked Uncle Jack! but my father liked him quite as well, and that was a strong proof of my uncle's powers of captivation. However, it is noticeable that when some retired scholar is once interested in an active man of the world, he is more inclined to admire him than others are. Sympathy with such a companion gratifies at once his curiosity and his indolence; he can travel with him, scheme with him, fight with him, go with him through all the adventures of which his own books speak so eloquently, and all the time never stir from his easy-chair. My father said "that it was like listening to Ulysses to hear Uncle Jack!" Uncle Jack, too, had been in Greece and Asia Minor, gone over the site of the siege of Troy, eaten figs at Marathon, shot hares in the Peloponnesus, and drunk three pints of brown stout at the top of the Great Pyramid.

I was still more delighted than my father with Uncle Jack. He was full of amusing tricks, could conjure wonderfully, make a bunch of keys dance a hornpipe, and if ever you gave him half-a-crown, he was sure to turn it into a halfpenny. He was only unsuccessful in turning my halfpennies into halfcrowns.

We took long walks together, and in the midst of his most diverting conversation my uncle was always an observer. He would stop to examine the nature of the soil, fill my pockets (not his own) with great lumps of clay, stones, and rubbish to analyse when he got home, by the help of some chemical apparatus he had borrowed from Mr. Squills. He would stand an hour at a cottage-door, admiring the little girls who were straw-platting, and then walk into the nearest farmhouse, to suggest the feasibility of "a national straw-plat association." All this fertility of intellect was, alas! wasted in that "ingrata terra" into which Uncle Jack had fallen. No

squire could be persuaded into the belief that his mother-stone was pregnant with minerals; no farmer talked into weaving straw-plat into a proprietary association. So, even as an ogre, having devastated the surrounding country, begins to cast a hungry eye on his own little ones, Uncle Jack's mouth, long defrauded of

4,000 trees for 100 acres, £300; labour of digging, trenching, say £10 an acre—total for 100 acres £1,000. Pave the bottoms of the holes to prevent the tap-root striking down into the bad soil—oh, I am very close and careful, you see, in all minutiae!—always was—pave 'em with rubbish and stones, 6d. a hole; that for 4,000



"YOUR FORTUNE'S MADE, MAN!" (Drawn by Gordon Browne.)

juicier and more legitimate morsels, began to water for a bite of my innocent father.

"My dear brother," said Uncle Jack, "I was just looking with admiration at these apple-trees of yours. I never saw finer. I am a great judge of apples. I find, in talking with my sister, that you make very little profit by them. That's a pity. One might establish a cider orchard in this county. You can take your own fields in hand; you can hire more, so as to make the whole, say a hundred acres. You can plant a very extensive apple-orchard on a grand scale. I have just run through the calculations; they are quite startling. Take 40 trees per acre—that's the proper average—at 1s. 6d. per tree;

trees the 100 acres is £100. Add the rent of the land, at 30s. an acre, £150. And how stands the total?" Here Uncle Jack proceeded rapidly ticking off the items with his fingers:—

"Trees	£300
Labour	1,000
Paving holes	100
Rent	150
Total	£1,550

That's your expense. Mark.—Now to the profit. Orchards in Kent realise £100 an acre, some even £150; but let's be moderate, say only £50 an acre, and your gross profit per year, from a capital of £1,500, will be £5,000—£5,000 a year. Think

of that, brother Caxton. Deduct 10 per cent., or £500 a year, for gardeners' wages, manure, &c., and the net product is £4,500. Your fortune's made, man—it is made—I wish you joy!" And Uncle Jack rubbed his hands.

"Bless me, father," said eagerly the young Pisistratus, who had swallowed with ravished ears every syllable and figure of this inviting calculation. "Why, we should be as rich as Squire Rollick; and then, you know, sir, you could keep a pack of fox-hounds."

"And buy a large library," added Uncle Jack, with more subtle knowledge of human nature as to its appropriate temptations. "There's my friend the archbishop's collection to be sold."

Slowly recovering his breath, my father gently turned his eyes from one to the other; and then, laying his left hand on my head, while with the right he held up Erasmus rebukingly to Uncle Jack, said—

"See how easily you can sow covetousness and avidity in the youthful mind. Ah, brother!"

"You are too severe, sir. See how the dear boy hangs his head! Fie!—natural enthusiasm of his years—'gay hope by fancy fed,' as the poet says. Why, for that fine boy's sake, you ought not to lose so certain an occasion of wealth, I may say, untold. For, observe, you will form a nursery of crabs; each year you go on grafting and enlarging your plantation, renting, nay, why not buying, more land? Gad, sir! in twenty years you might cover half the county; but say you stop short at 2,000 acres, why, the net profit is £90,000 a year. A duke's income—a duke's—and going a-begging, as I may say."

"But stop," said I, modestly: "the trees don't grow in a year. I know when our last apple-tree was planted—it was five years ago—it was then three years old, and it only bore one half-bushel last autumn."

"What an intelligent lad it is!—Good head there. Oh, he'll do credit to his great fortune, brother," said Uncle Jack, approvingly. "True, my boy. But in the meanwhile we could fill the ground, as they do in Kent, with gooseberries and currants, or onions and cabbages. Nevertheless, considering we are not great capitalists, I am afraid we must give up a share of our profits to diminish our outlay. So, harkye, Pisistratus—(look at him, brother—simple as he stands there, I think he is born with a silver spoon in his mouth)—harkye, now to the mysteries of speculation. Your father shall quietly buy the land, and then, presto! we will issue a prospectus, and start a company. Associations can wait five years for a return. Every year, meanwhile, increases the value of the shares. Your father

takes, we say, fifty shares at £50 each, paying only an instalment of £2 a share. He sells 35 shares at cent. per cent. He keeps the remaining 15, and his fortune's made all the same; only it is not quite so large as if he had kept the whole concern in his own hands. What say you now, brother Caxton? *Visne edere pomum?* as we used to say at school."

"I don't want a shilling more than I have got," said my father, resolutely. "My wife would not love me better; my food would not nourish me more; my boy would not, in all probability, be half so hardy, or a tenth part so industrious; and——"

"But," interrupted Uncle Jack, pertinaciously, and reserving his grand argument for the last, "the good you would confer on the community—the progress given to the natural productions of your country, the wholesome beverage of cider, brought within cheap reach of the labouring classes. If it was only for your sake, should I have urged this question? should I now? is it in my character? But for the sake of the public! mankind! of our fellow-creatures! Why, sir, England could not get on if gentlemen like you had not a little philanthropy and speculation."

"Papæ!" exclaimed my father, "to think that England can't get on without turning Austin Caxton into an apple merchant! My dear Jack, listen. You remind me of a colloquy in this book; wait a bit—here it is—*Pamphagus and Cocles*.—Cocles recognises his friend, who had been absent for many years, by his eminent and remarkable nose.—Pamphagus says, rather irritably, that he is not ashamed of his nose. 'Ashamed of it! no, indeed,' says Cocles: 'I never saw a nose that could be put to so many uses!' 'Ha,' says Pamphagus (whose curiosity is aroused), 'uses! what uses?' Whereon (*lepidissime frater!*) Cocles, with eloquence as rapid as yours, runs on with a countless list of the uses to which so vast a development of the organ can be applied. 'If the cellar was deep, it would sniff up the wine like an elephant's trunk; if the bellows were missing, it could blow the fire; if the lamp was too glaring, it would suffice for a shade; it would serve as a speaking-trumpet to a herald; it could sound a signal of battle in the field; it would do for a wedge in wood cutting—a spade for digging—a scythe for mowing—an anchor in sailing;' till Pamphagus cries out, 'Lucky dog that I am! and I never knew before what a useful piece of furniture I carried about with me.' My father paused and strove to whistle, but that effort of harmony failed him—and he added, smiling, "So much for my apple-trees, brother John. Leave them to their natural destination of filling tarts and dumplings."

TO AN INSECT.*

[By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.]

I LOVE to hear thine earnest voice,
Wherever thou art hid,
Thou testy little dogmatist,
Thou pretty Katydid!
Thou mindest me of gentlefolks,—
Old gentlefolks are they,—
Thou say'st an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way.

Thou art a female, Katydid!
I know it by the trill
That quivers through thy piercing notes,
So petulant and shrill.
I think there is a knot of you
Beneath the hollow tree,—
A knot of spinster Katydids,—
Do Katydids drink tea?

O tell me where did Katy live,
And what did Katy do?
And was she very fair and young,
And yet so wicked, too?
Did Katy love a naughty man,
Or kiss more cheeks than one?
I warrant Katy did no more
Than many a Kate has done.

Dear me! I'll tell you all about
My fuss with little Jane,
And Ann, with whom I used to walk
So often down the lane,
And all that tore their locks of black,
Or wet their eyes of blue,—
Pray tell me, sweetest Katydid,
What did poor Katy do?

Ah no! the living oak shall crash,
That stood for ages still,
The rock shall rend its mossy base
And thunder down the hill,
Before the little Katydid
Shall add one word, to tell
The mystic story of the maid
Whose name she knows so well.

Peace to the ever-murmuring race!
And, when the latest one
Shall fold in death her feeble wings
Beneath the autumn sun,
Then shall she raise her fainting voice,
And lift her drooping lid,
And then the child of future years
Shall hear what Katy did.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

[From "Debenham's Vow." By AMELIA B. EDWARDS.]

IT is about three hours after daybreak—a light breeze coming and going; the water sparkling, flashing, breaking into ripples that scintillate as if each drop were a glowing sapphire; the sea-birds skirling round and about on rapid wing; the sky already one blaze of sunlight—when that excellent, English-built, double-screw steamer, the *Stormy Petrel*, Captain Frank Hay, from Liverpool, steams into the port of Nassau, having made the run out in the short space of thirteen days and eleven hours from the moment of lifting anchor at Birkenhead. The history of the *Stormy Petrel* may be told, and her portrait sketched, in a few lines.

Built for Messrs. Bodger and Twelvetrees, of Leadenhall Street, and originally known to the commercial world by the less euphonious name of

the *Molly Carew*, this vessel had, for some five years past, plied as a merchant steamer between Liverpool and the Mauritius. She was an iron boat, trim and graceful enough, of 1,070 tons burden and 350 horse-power. Her length was 279 feet; her breadth of beam, 35 feet; her ordinary rate of speed, thirteen and a half knots (*i.e.*, fifteen miles) an hour. She drew eleven feet of water when loaded, and six feet four inches when unloaded; and her consumption of coal at half-speed was just twenty tons in twenty-four hours. At her fullest speed, she consumed about thirty. She carried coal for twelve days. Such was the *Molly Carew*; such, with certain novel peculiarities lately superadded, is the *Stormy Petrel*.

For the *Molly Carew* has changed owners, been re-christened, and, with a view to the new class of

* There is an insect in America named the "Katydid," on account of its emitting a sound resembling that combination of syllables.

work in which she is now about to be employed, has undergone sundry alterations and repairs. Her speed is now increased to fifteen and a half knots an hour. She used to carry passengers and "an experienced surgeon;" but now her cabin accommodation is of the scantiest, every spare inch of space below decks being given up for the stowage of cargo, and everything above deck being cleared away so as to bring down the visible proportions of the *Stormy Petrel* to the lowest minimum. The coal-bunkers, by means of an ingenious contrivance originated by De Benham himself, are disposed in the form of upright recesses lining the hull on either side of the waist of the vessel; thus, as it were, *armour-plating with coal that important part where the engines are placed*. Her spars are reduced to a light pair of lower masts, with only a "crow's nest" on the foremast for a watch, and no cross-yards whatever. Her boats are lowered to the level of the gunwales. Her funnel, of the "telescope" kind, lies low and raking aft. And her hull is painted of a dull, bluish, sea-green hue, which even by daylight is scarcely distinguishable from that of the waves, and by night, or in the lightest fog, is wholly invisible. The *Stormy Petrel*, it should be added, burns only anthracite coal, which yields neither smoke nor sparks; and her engines are so constructed that, in case of a sudden stop, the steam can be blown off noiselessly under water.

Such are the outward lineaments and characteristics of the vessel which steams into Nassau Harbour this glorious early morning in the month of June, 1861, seeking fresh coal and a pilot; and a more stealthy-looking craft, or one more cleverly adapted to thread the perilous ways of a blockaded coast, never dropped anchor in that wild far-away British port. For the *Stormy Petrel* is bound for Charleston, having on board an assorted cargo of Manchester goods, ready-made clothing, and munitions of war; and this is her first trip in the character of a blockade-runner.

Not the boat alone, however, but her captain and crew are alike new to the work. Indeed, the work in itself is new. Blockade-running, so soon to develop into an organised system, has as yet scarcely begun; and the *Stormy Petrel* is the first well-appointed vessel in the field. But her commander has been accustomed to the navigation of these waters before ever the war was dreamed of on either side, and knows the whole coast and all the West India Isles by heart. He is a West-of-England man—a born sailor—short, active, hairy, broad-shouldered, taciturn, cross-grained, fearless as a lion, and about forty-four years of age. This officer, with three mates, a chief engineer, two assistant engineers, eight firemen, six seamen, supercargo, and one passenger are all the souls on board.

This passenger (who puts up, by the way, with a mattress and rug in the supercargo's cabin, and enjoys none of the usual passengers' comforts) is a certain ex-senator, magistrate, and planter of South Carolina, now stealing home to Charleston under the assumed name of Heneage. That supercargo (charged with the care and sale of the present cargo, and with the purchase of as much raw cotton as the vessel can carry back from Charleston to Nassau) is Temple De Benham.

And now the *Stormy Petrel* anchors, for the nonce, not far from the lighthouse at the mouth of the harbour, keeping well away from the quays, which, however, are soon alive with spectators. De Benham hangs over the ship's side, sweeping the shore with his glass—that low-lying palm-fringed shore, with its stunted shrubs, white-washed houses, and dazzling coral sands all ablaze in the sunshine; watching the little silver fish that keep perpetually leaping and springing along the surface of the water; inhaling the soft and perfumed air; and revelling in this his first glimpse of the New World. The captain at once despatches his first mate to the town to purchase fuel, but permits none of the others of his crew to go on shore. The *Stormy Petrel*, however, is soon beset by a swarm of small boats filled with free niggers of both sexes, clamorous, grinning, importunate, who offer bananas, alligator pears, pine-apples, cocoa-nuts, shaddocks, and other tropical fruits for sale. Towards mid-day, the *Stormy Petrel* is brought in closer to the shore and moored alongside a private wharf, so as more conveniently to take the coal on board.

The crowd upon the quays, though constantly shifting and changing, continues, meanwhile, to increase. Here are sailors, soldiers, English officers wearing white linen hats with a flap behind the neck, porters, free niggers, and all the miscellaneous loungers of a small British West India station. A motley crowd, gathered together, apparently, from every quarter of the little town—a crowd to whom this low-lying sea-green steamer is evidently an object of the intensest curiosity.

And now towards evening, when the cooler breeze is beginning to set in from the sea, and the band is playing in front of the barracks, and the harbour is gay with pleasure-boats, the *Stormy Petrel*, having taken in her coal, moves out again to her former anchorage, and there awaits the arrival of her pilot—a seasoned, experienced, New Englander, native of a certain well-known whaling-station, yclept Martha's Vineyard, on the coast of Massachusetts—one Zachary Polter by name, who comes off presently in a row-boat with his wife, and has a private interview with the captain before bidding her good-bye.

This man's price for running the *Stormy Petrel*

into Charleston and back again to Nassau is seven hundred and fifty pounds for the round trip, and half the money down before starting. His risk is great, and, therefore, his pay is high. He will be roughly dealt with if the *Stormy Petrel* falls in with one of the Northern blockaders on the way. So he has five minutes with closed doors in the captain's cabin before starting, and there receives across the table three hundred and seventy-five pounds in good and true Bank of England notes. These he stows carefully away in

"Wa'al, cap'n, I guess our people hev skinned their eyes pretty clean for the work, this time."

"What ships have they now off Charleston Harbour?"

"The *Wabash*, the *Seminole*, and the *Roanoke*; not keowntin' all kinder little wasps o' gunboats and other small fry," says Mr. Zachary Polter.

"Humph! Only three ships of war."

"Wa'al, cap'n, I won't swear to that. The *Pawnee* and the *Pocahontas* hev been off that coast, I know; and thar's bin a whisper afloat



"THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE POUNDS." (Drawn by G. C. Hindley.)

the recesses of a well-worn pocket-book, which he hands over to his wife, who puts it carefully in her bosom. A hard-faced, weather-beaten, rough fellow of a pilot, ready to take his life in his hand; but tender-hearted withal, and not ashamed to draw his sleeve across his eyes and kiss his wife at parting! This over, she goes away quite quietly and steadily, rowed by a stalwart young nigger in a striped jersey; and when she is some little way from the steamer, puts her handkerchief to her eyes, and looks back no more.

"And now, Mr. Polter," says the captain, "what have we to expect out yonder? The Federals, I suppose, are on the look-out for visitors?"

Mr. Zachary Polter, regarding the deck in the light of a monster spittoon, and behaving accordingly, replies drily:—

this last day or tew that the *Mohican* is expected to jine."

"This is not your first attempt at running the blockade, Mr. Pilot?" says the captain, sharply.

"Why, no, cap'n. It is the second time. I ran a rotten old Mississippi tug-boat over, jest three days arter them ships had come down; and pretty smart work it was, tew, with a crack in her steam-pipe big enough to let in a dollar piece edgeways. But it'll be smarter work this time. There's more ships out; and them Parrot guns dew hit at a confounded long range."

"Psha! we can afford to laugh at the Parrot guns, if only we keep well away from 'em," says the captain, contemptuously.

To which Mr. Zachary Polter (still labouring under that little misapprehension with regard to the deck) replies in his driest manner:—

"Wa'al, cap'n, I guess it ain't exactly a pleasure trip we air takin' together. We'll laugh, if *you* please, when we git back agin into this here harbour."

And now the rapid dusk comes on. The men are at their posts; the captain gives the word; and the *Stormy Petrel*, which has been busily getting up her steam for the last hour or more, swings slowly round, and works out of port as composedly and unobtrusively as she had worked in. The chain of lamps along the quays, the scattered lights sparkling along the shores of the bay, the steady fire of the beacon at the mouth of the harbour, fade, and diminish, and are lost one by one in the distance. For a long time the *Stormy Petrel* skirts the coast-line, keeping in with the Bahamas, and pursuing her way through British waters; but a little after midnight (the crescent moon now dropping down the west, and a light breeze blowing from the south-east) she stands out to sea.

A lovely night! the horizon somewhat hazy after the heat of the day, but the sea breaking all over into phosphorescent smiles and dimples, and the heavens one glowing vault of stars. The *Stormy Petrel*, her steam being now well up, rushes on with a foam of fire at her bows and a train of molten diamonds in her wake. Now and then a shark plays round her in her course, distinctly visible in the light of his own progress, and then shoots off like a meteor. Thus the night wears, and at grey dawn the boy in the crow's-nest reports a steamer on the starboard quarter.

Scarcely has this danger been seen and avoided than another and another is sighted at some point or other of the horizon. And now swift orders, prompt obedience, eager scrutiny, are the rule of the day; for the *Stormy Petrel* is in perilous waters, and her only chance of safety lies in the sharpness of her look-out, and the speed with which she changes her course when any possible enemy appears in sight. All day long, therefore, she keeps doubling like a hare; sometimes stopping altogether, to let some dangerous-looking stranger pass on ahead; sometimes turning back upon her course; but, thanks to her general invisibility and the vigilance of her pilot, escaping unseen, and even making fair progress in the teeth of every difficulty.

And now the sun goes down, half-gold, half-crimson, settling into a rim of fog-bank on the western horizon. Lower it sinks, and lower; the gold diminishing, the crimson gaining. Now, for a moment, it hangs, a bloody shield, upon the verge of the waters; and the sky is flushed to the zenith, and every ripple crested with living fire. And now, suddenly, it is gone—and before the glow has yet had time to fade, the southern night rushes in.

An hour or so later the wind drops, and the *Stormy Petrel* steams straight into a light fog, which lies across her path like a soft, fleecy, upright wall of cloud.

"This fog is in our favour, Mr. Polter," says De Benham, pacing the deck with rapid steps; for the night has now turned somewhat chill and raw.

"Wa'al, sir, that's as it may be," replies the pilot, cautiously. "The fog helps to hide us; but then, yew see, it likewise helps to run us into danger."

And the event proves that that sagacious renegade is right; for at a little after midnight, when all seems to be solitude and security, and no breath is stirring, and no sound is heard save the rushing of the *Stormy Petrel* through the placid waters, there suddenly rises up before the eyes of all on board a great, ghostly, shadowy Something—a Phantom Ship, vague, mountainous, terrific—from the midst of which there issues a trumpet-tongued voice, saying:—

"*Steamer ahoy! heave-to, or I'll sink you.*"

"Guess it's the *Roanoke*," observed the pilot, calmly.

Even as he said the words the American loomed out distincter, closer, within pistol-shot from deck to deck.

The captain of the *Stormy Petrel* answered the hostile summons.

"Ay, ay, sir," he shouted through his speaking-trumpet. "We are hove-to."

And then he called down the tube to those in the engine-room, "Ease her!"

"You won't stop the vessel, Captain Hay?" exclaimed De Benham, breathlessly.

"I *have* stopped her, sir," snarled the captain.

Then thundered a second mandate from the threatening phantom alongside.

"Lay-to, for boats!"

To which the captain again responded, "Ay, ay, sir!"

De Benham ground his teeth. "But, man," he said, scarcely conscious of the vehemence of his tone, "do you give in thus—without an effort?"

The captain turned upon him with an oath.

"Who says I'm going to give in?" he answered, savagely. "Wait till you see me do it, sir."

And now the *Stormy Petrel*, her steam being suddenly turned off, had ceased to move. All on deck stood silent, motionless, waiting with suspended breath. They could hear the captain of the cruiser issuing his rapid orders—trace, through the fog, the outline of the quarter-boats as they were lowered into the water—hear the splash of the oars, and the boisterous gaiety of the men.

De Benham uttered a suppressed groan, and the perspiration stood in great beads upon his

forehead. He was powerless ; and the sense of his powerlessness was intolerable.

"Will you let them board us?" he said, hoarsely, pointing to the boats, now half-way between the two vessels.

The captain grinned, put his lips again to the tube, shouted down to the engineer, "Full speed a-head!" and, with one quivering leap, the *Stormy Petrel* shot out again upon her course, like a greyhound let loose.

"There, Mr. Supercargo," said the captain, grimly, "that's my way of giving in. Our American friend will hardly desert his boats upon the open sea on such a night as this—even for the fun of capturing a blockade-runner."

At this moment a red flash and a tremendous report declared the prompt resentment of the Federal commander. But almost before these rolling echoes had died away the *Stormy Petrel* was half a mile a-head, and not an outline of the cruiser was visible through the fog.

"Wa'al now," said Mr. Zachary Polter, "that's what I call sinful extravagance. I calculate them chaps will come to want good powder and shot some day afore they die."

De Benham went up to the captain with extended hand.

"Captain Hay," he said, frankly, "I spoke just now under excitement—I beg your pardon."

The captain grunted, and yielded his hand somewhat unwillingly.

"It is not the supercargo's place, Mr. De Benham, to question the discretion of the captain," he said, with some asperity—and turned away.

De Benham accepted the rebuke in silence, knowing that he had deserved it.

The night passed over without further incident, and by five o'clock next morning the *Stormy Petrel* was within eight hours of her destination. Both captain and pilot had calculated on making considerably less way in the time, and had allowed a much wider margin for detours and delays ; so that now they were not a little perplexed at finding themselves so near the end of their journey. To go on was impossible, for they could only hope to slip through the cordon under cover of the night. And yet to remain where they were was almost as bad. However, they had no alternative ; so, after some little consultation, they agreed to lie-to for the present, keeping up their steam meanwhile, and holding themselves in readiness to repeat the manoeuvres of yesterday whenever any vessel hove in sight.

The fog had now cleared off. The day was brilliant ; the sky one speckless dome of intensest blue ; the sun, an intolerable splendour, fast climbing to the zenith. The blockade-runners, who would have given much for dark and cloudy

weather, revenged themselves by saying uncivil things of the glorious luminary ; till presently a long black trail of smoke on the horizon warned them of a steamer in the offing, whereupon they edged away in the opposite direction as quickly as possible.

And now their troubles had begun again ; sometimes it was a frigate, sometimes a merchant-ship, sometimes a steamer, sometimes a sloop of war—but it was always something ; and the *Stormy Petrel* was perpetually sheering off to one or other point of the compass.

Towards sunset Mr. Zachary Polter began to look grave.

"Guess we shan't know whar we air if this game goes on much longer," said he. "It aren't in natur not to get out of one's reck'ning arter dodgin' and de-vi-atin' all day long in this style."

Still, there was no help for it. Dodge and deviate the *Stormy Petrel* must, if she was to be kept out of harm's way ; and even so, with all her dodging and deviating, it seemed well-nigh miraculous that she should escape observation.

At length, as evening drew on and the sun neared the horizon, preparations were made for the final run. Both captain and pilot, by help of charts, soundings, and so forth, had pretty well satisfied themselves as to their position ; and Mr. Zachary Polter, knowing at what hour it would be high tide on the bar, had calculated the exact time for going into the harbour.

"'Twouldn't be amiss, cap'n," said this latter, "if you was to change that white weskit for suthin dark ; nor if you, sir," turning to De Benham, "was to git quit o' that light suit altogether for the next few hours."

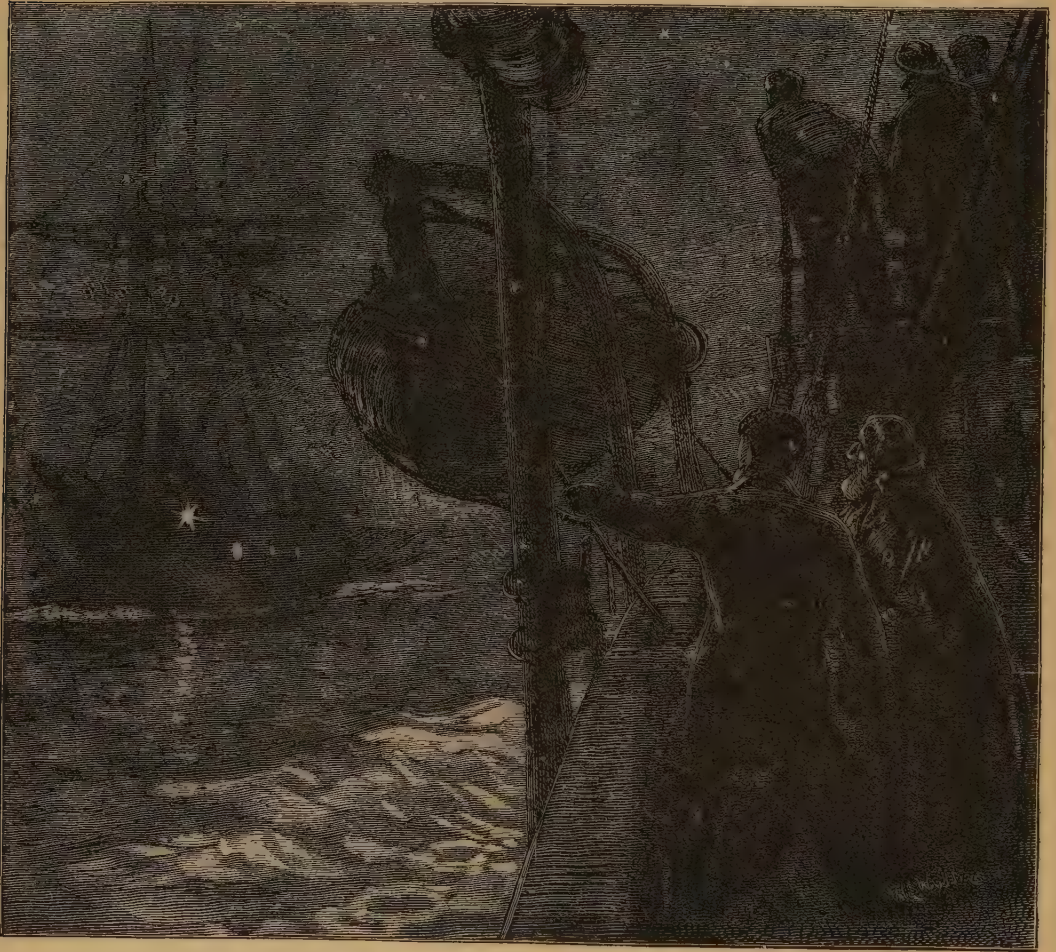
The captain muttered something about "infernal nonsense ;" but went to his cabin, all the same, to change the obnoxious garment. Whereupon Mr. Zachary Polter gave it as his opinion that if the captain and all on board were to black the whites of their eyes and put their teeth in mourning it would not be more than the occasion warranted.

After this an unlucky cock, which had travelled with them in the character of a deck passenger all the way from Liverpool (but was addicted to crowing lustily about midnight and the small hours of the morning) was hurried by the steward to an untimely end. And then, the brief twilight being already past, the engineers piled on the coal, the captain gave the word, and the *Stormy Petrel* steered straight for Charleston.

And now it is night ; clear, but not over clear, although the stars are shining. Objects, however, are discernible at some distance, and ships are sighted continually. But as none of these lie directly in his path, and as he knows his own boat to be invisible by night beyond a certain

radius, the captain holds on his course unhesitatingly. In the meanwhile, the hours seem to fly. The *Stormy Petrel*, now clearing the waters at full speed, stretches herself like a racer to her work, flinging the spray over her sharp bows, and speeding onward gallantly. About midnight the stars

hours. Beacons there are none to guide them, for the harbour-lights have all been abolished since the arrival of the enemy's ships outside the bar; but those on board begin to ask themselves whether some outline of the coast ought not, ere this, to be visible. And then comes that other



"A LARGE VESSEL LYING AT ANCHOR." (Drawn by W. L. Wyllie.)

begin to cloud over and the night thickens; but there is still no mist upon the sea. Towards two in the morning their patent lead tells that they are nearing shore. Then the pilot gives orders to "slow down the engines"—a breathless silence prevails—every eye is on the watch, every ear on the alert—and, momentarily expecting to catch their first glimpse of the blockading squadron, they steal slowly and cautiously on their way.

And now the sense of time becomes suddenly reversed. Up to this point the hours have gone by like minutes; but now the minutes go by like

question—have they indeed so "dodged and deviated" that the pilot has lost his reckoning?

Still the *Stormy Petrel* creeps on—still each fresh sounding brings her into shallower water—still those eager watchers stare into the darkness, knowing that the tide will turn and the dawn be drawing on ere long, and that after sunrise neither speed nor skill can save them.

At length, when suspense is sharpened almost to pain, there comes into sight a faint indefinite something which presently resolves itself into the outline of a large vessel lying at anchor with her

head to the wind and a faint spark of light at her prow.

Mr. Zachary Polter slaps his thigh triumphantly.

"That ar's the senior officer's ship," he whispers. "She lies jest tew miles off the mouth o' Charleston Bar—an' she's bound, yer see, to show a light to her own cruisers. Darned, now, if we ain't fixed it uncommon tidy this time!"

And now, not one by one, but, as it were, simultaneously, the whole line of blockaders comes into sight—some to the right, some to the left of that which shows the light. Of these they count six besides the flag-ship, all under way, and gliding slowly, almost imperceptibly, to and fro in the darkness.

Between some two of these the *Stormy Petrel* must make her final run; and upon this point there ensues a momentary altercation between captain and pilot—the former insisting that the widest passage lies between two cruisers a little way off to the right, and the latter preferring to go in between the flag-ship and the nearest blockader on the left.

"Tell yer, cap'n," says he, emphatically, "ye'r downright wrong this fit. I guess we shall git threw as right as a fiddle; but if we air cotched sight of—wa'al, then, we *know* that one of the tew's at anker and can't run arter us. Besides, the flag-ship allers lies highest in with the channel."

So the captain gives in sulkily, as is his wont; steam is again got up to the highest pressure; and the *Stormy Petrel* rushes on at full speed. Then the two ships between which lies her perilous path grow momentarily clearer and nearer, and a dark ridge of coast becomes dimly visible beyond them.

And now the supreme moment is at hand. Straight and fast the good boat flies, her propellers throbbing furiously, like a pulse at high fever, and the water hissing past her bows. Now every man on board holds his breath. Now flag-ship and cruiser (the one about half a mile to the right, the other about half a mile to the left) lie out a few hundred yards ahead—now, for the briefest second, the *Stormy Petrel* is in a line with both—now she has left them as many hundred yards astern—and now, all at once, she is in the midst of the current, and rushing straight at that long white ridge of boiling surf which marks the position of the bar!

"By Jove!" says the captain, drawing a long breath, "we've done it!"

"Don't yer make tew sartin, cap'n, till we're over the bar," replies Mr. Zachary Polter. "We ain't out o' gunshot range yet awhile."

Over the bar they are, however, ere long, safe and successful.

And now the steam-whistle is blown twice, shrill and fearlessly, and two white lights are hung out over the bows of the vessel; for their pilot has been in before, and knows the signals necessary to be observed inside the cordon. Were these signals neglected, the *Stormy Petrel* would be fired upon by the Confederate forts.

And now, too, lights are lit, and tongues are loosened, and even Captain Frank Hay unbends for once, promising the men a double allowance of grog, and inviting De Benham and Heneage to a bottle of champagne in his own cabin. A long irregular line of coast has meanwhile emerged into the grey of dawn; and just as the first flush of crimson streams up the eastern sky, the *Stormy Petrel* casts anchor under the sand-bag batteries of Morris Island.

THE VAGABONDS.

[By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.]

WE are two travellers, Roger and I,
 Roger's my dog.—Come here,
 you scamp;
 Jump for the gentlemen—mind
 your eye!

Over the table—look out for the lamp!
 The rogue is growing a little old:
 Five years we've tramped through wind and
 weather,
 And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
 And ate and drank—and starved together.

We've learn'd what comfort is, I tell you!
 A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,

A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!
 The paw he holds up there's been frozen),
 Plenty of catgut for my fiddle,
 This outdoor business is bad for strings),
 Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the
 griddle,
 And Roger and I set up for kings.

No, thank ye, sir—I never drink;
 Roger and I are exceedingly moral—
 Aren't we, Roger?—see him wink—
 Well, something hot, then—we won't quarrel.
 He's thirsty, too—see him nod his head;
 What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!

He understands every word that's said ;
And he knows good milk from water-and-
chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here's to you, sir) even of my dog.
But he sticks by, through thick and thin ;
And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
Would do it, and prove, through every
disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
To such a miserable, thankless master !
No, sir ! see him wag his tail, and grin !
By George ! it makes my old eyes water ;
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow, but no matter.

We'll have some music, if you're willing,
And Roger here (what a plague a cough is, sir)
Shall march a little.—Start, you villain !
Paws up ! Eyes front ! Salute your officer !
'Bout face ! Attention ! Take your rifle !
(Some dogs have arms, you see.) Now hold
your
Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle
To aid a poor old patriot soldier.

March ! Halt ! Now show how the Rebel shakes
When he stands up to hear his sentence.
Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honour a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps—that's five ; he's mighty knowing ;
The night's before us, fill the glasses ;
Quick, sir ! I'm ill—my brain is going !
Some brandy—thank you—there ! it passes.

Why not reform ? That's easily said ;
But I've gone through such wretched treat-
ment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform ;
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think ?
At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,

A dear girl's love—but I took to drink—
The same old story ; you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features—
You needn't laugh, sir ; they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures :
I was one of your handsome men !

If you had seen HER, so fair and young,
Whose head was happy on this breast !
If you could have heard the songs I sung
When the wine went round, you wouldn't
have guessed
That ever I, sir, should be straying
From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing
To you to-night for a glass of grog !

She's married since—a parson's wife :
'Twas better for her that we should part—
Better the soberest, prosiest life
Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
I have seen her ! Once : I was weak and spent
On the dusty road : a carriage stopped :
But little she dream'd, as on she went,
Who kiss'd the coin that her fingers dropp'd !

You've set me talking, sir, I'm sorry :
It makes me wild to think of the change !
What do you care for a beggar's story ?
It is amusing ? you find it strange ?
I had a mother so proud of me !
'Twas well she died before—Do you know
If the happy spirits in heaven can see
The ruin and wretchedness here below ?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
This pain ; then Roger and I will start.
I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
Aching thing, in place of a heart ;
He is sad sometimes, and would weep if he
could,
No doubt, remembering things that were—
A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now ; that glass was warming.
You rascal ! limber your lazy feet !
We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed, or starve in the street.
Not a very gay life to lead, you think ?
But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor
drink :
The sooner the better for Roger and me.



A STRANGE TRAVELLER.

[From "Gurney Married." By THEODORE HOOK.]

"SIR," said Daly, "I mean to discard the dramatic and take to the literary line. I have already made a bargain with a London bookseller to commence publishing a couple of volumes of 'Travels in the Interior of Africa,' which I have written, and of which, to tell you truth, I have brought a specimen in my pocket: these things, they tell me, sell admirably well now; and with half-a-dozen views and the portraits of a chief or two, will, I have no doubt, fetch the bibliopole a pretty penny; at least, he thinks so by his offer. Here is my specimen—I will leave it with you till I start, for I shall be off this evening."

"And did you mean to have passed through Blissford without paying me a visit?" said I.

"No," said Daly, "not exactly that; but I think if I had known you were established here, I should not have passed through Blissford at all: owing to my late arrival, I was not aware of it; and most certainly, whatever your surprise last night might have been at seeing *me* as a performer, mine at beholding you as audience was at least equal."

The expressed intention of Daly to leave his interesting manuscript with me till he started, implied a return to Ashmead in the after part of the day, for which I was not altogether prepared.

"I should like your opinion on my manuscript," said Daly, with the pertinacious affection for his literary offspring so remarkable on the part of authors.

"And I should like to read it," said I; "but when do you leave this?"

"I fixed upon going this evening," said Daly; "but I am not tied to time—to-morrow will answer my purpose just as well."

This forced me into a declaration of my imaginary engagement.

"I am very sorry," said I, "that I happen to have promised to dine at the Rectory with my father-in-law, else I should have been delighted if you would have dined here."

"But," continued I, "if you will trust me with a portion of the manuscript which you have with you, it shall be faithfully returned to you this evening; indeed, I will send it back to you when I go to the Rectory."

"I think," said Daly, "you will find it interesting—very little of the interior is known, after all; but—if—as your literary talents are generally recognised—you should see any errors, either in style or language, perhaps you would do me the kindness to use a correcting hand?—that's all."

I promised—disclaiming at the same time any of the qualifications which Daly ascribed to me—to read the book with all due attention, feeling at the same time a strong desire to make myself, in some degree, better acquainted with the state of my friend's finances. That they were low he had confessed, but I did not feel myself at liberty to inquire if I could be of any assistance, nor indeed did I doubt, considering all our foregoing acquaintance, that he would hesitate to constitute me his banker, if he considered it necessary; still, there appeared in his manner a sort of restlessness and nervousness which communicated themselves to me, and I felt, I scarce knew why, an immoderate anxiety for his departure.

When he was gone, I hastened to Harriet's room, and as I never concealed a thought or a wish from *her*, explained to her the necessity I felt for avoiding Daly by dining at her father's—an explanation scarcely necessary, because I had long before told her the whole history of my former adventures with him, even to the episode of my infatuation about Emma. My dear little woman perfectly agreed with me in my views on the subject, and I accordingly wrote to the Rector to announce my intention, and received, as usual, a kindly welcome to his hospitable house. Having done which, I sat myself down to peruse the papers of my volatile friend, in order that they might be punctually restored to him before his departure, which, unencouraged by me to remain where he was, he had positively fixed for that evening, per mail, if there should be a place for him when it arrived.

I untied the packet, and having skimmed the three preliminary chapters, which were occupied in describing the town in which he had been located and its environs, its different institutions and offices, all of which I had previously read about, I passed on to the account of Daly's journey into a part of the interior, which, according to his statement, had never been visited before.

Daly, having travelled upwards of one hundred and sixty miles without meeting with any considerable impediment or remarkable adventure, arrived on the 15th of April at the town of Basfoodo, the residence of the king of the Gummangoes. He then proceeds with his journal:—

"I was accompanied by my own servant, Richard Evans; Woolpo, an intelligent negro who had joined us at Mamfoz; Faz and Borjee, two boys; and a guide. At Basfoodo we were well received, contrary, as it appeared to me, to the

expectations of my conductor. The king, a man of great intelligence, who spoke the Gummango language with peculiar sweetness, made numerous inquiries as to the objects I had in view. Woolpo acted as interpreter: and, after an hour's talk, the king ordered me some qualch, a dish made of horseflesh and melted butter. I contrived to eat some of it, because I was given to understand it was considered a great luxury, and, being sent by the king, it would have been thought disrespectful if I had not partaken of it.

"I was conducted to a hut which had been prepared for me by the king's order, where there were

cocked hat, and a musical snuff-box. His minister seemed to expect something for himself; but when I mounted my horse, and saw that he and two or three of the subordinates were making preparations to follow me, I repeated the word 'Betnot,' which he had himself used the night before, and they gave up the design.

"On the 18th we set out, and, although the road was stony, we reached Pagdouri by nine, where we breakfasted. This is a small village on the side of a hill on the banks of a clear stream. We had rice and milk for breakfast. About twelve we moved on gently. As we were proceed-



"GIVING HIM A DOUBLE-BARRELLED GUN." (Drawn by H. Furniss.)

several extremely large women waiting to give me tamarinds and rice, which they had brought with them. They were accompanied by five or six Pungahs, who appeared to be their daughters, who diverted me much by their grotesque dances. Oggenou Bow Ting, whom I soon discovered to be the king's favourite minister, told me that he had ordered plenty of milk-and-water for my horses; but when I ventured to express an intention of quitting Basfoodo early the next morning, he assumed a somewhat authoritative manner, and said, 'Betnot, betnot,' three or four times. The strong resemblance of his caution in the Gummango language to the English words 'better not' struck me as remarkably curious. In the morning, however, I took leave of the king, who seemed quite grieved to part with me; indeed, I could not prevail upon him to let me quit him till I had soothed his regrets by giving him a double-barrelled gun, a gold-laced waistcoat, a

ing, a young goat crossed our path, which had evidently strayed from its mother. Woolpo advised our catching and killing it. This was accordingly done, and Faz was entrusted with the care of carrying it.

"From this spot we could discover a very lofty ridge of mountains, ranging from N.E. to S.W. None of my companions could give me any information respecting them, except that they were called Bogieminicombo, which I believe to mean the Devil's small-tooth comb. I made a sketch of this wonderful chain, to which the reader is referred. About a mile beyond this we met two women and three children. They seemed remarkably fond of their offspring. They offered us milk, and a composition which the natives call tatumaroo; its savour was not agreeable, and, not being able to understand exactly what it was made of, I declined it, but gave some glass beads to the children and a Paris-made pincushion to

each of the mothers. The soil here assumed a new appearance; it consisted of good red earth, with some flourishing vegetables. One old man showed us his garden, in which tobacco was growing. I plucked one of the leaves and nodded my head, which seemed to give him much pleasure.

"In the evening we reached Agabagadoo, a place of considerable importance, containing not less than two hundred and fifty inhabitants. Here we cooked our goat; and Woolpoo desired Waggumedd, an old chief to whom he was known, to desire one or two of his wives to get a warm

round her left leg, and fastened it round his own waist. He appeared very much amused at our commiserating the poor girl's sufferings, and said, 'Kinki, kokki, nogo'—the precise meaning of which Woolpoo could not interpret, but which I understood to signify that if he had not taken the precaution we noticed his Pungah would not have been induced to go the journey.

"This afternoon we crossed a pretty river, which Woolpoo informed me fell into a larger one, the name of which he did not recollect. The water was very clear; so that, not being deep, we could distinctly see the bottom in many places. I here



"GOING TO THE WEDDING." (Drawn by Harry Furniss.)

bath ready for me, which they did, and I felt greatly refreshed by it—indeed, nothing conduces more speedily to restore and re-invigorate a weary traveller than a warm bath. After supper we had some dancing to the sound of a drum, which is a hollow cylinder, over the top of which is strained a piece of calf's skin. It is beaten on the top with one, and occasionally two, sticks, which produce a hollow but not altogether disagreeable sound. It lightened very much during the evening. I ate some tamarinds, and at nine we all retired to rest, but I could not sleep on account of the heat.

"In the morning I was better, and Woolpoo brought me some lapsuac, a dish made of minced fish and rice. The butter used in this country is a vegetable product, derived from the fruit of the Cé and Nedé. We travelled nearly eleven miles this day, and met a man of some importance taking his daughter with him to Agabagadoo, as Woolpoo said, to be married. He had tied a rope

noticed several fish swimming in the stream, which appeared to me very closely to resemble the *Gasterosteus aculeatus*; but I was unable to satisfy myself upon this point from the rapidity at which they fled at our approach, and the difficulty of catching any of them, a circumstance which I deeply regret. At night we reached Fazelon, where we had a very comfortable supper of cushmakoo, composed of fowl boiled to rags mixed up with oil, tamarinds, and a sweet jam called suckee. I found this, when seasoned with pepper and salt, and well moistened with goats' milk, a remarkably nice dish.

"One of the Fushdous, or priests, came into our hut, and, having regaled himself, proposed to accompany us the next day, in order to point out to us the Pitsi Bow, or Sacred Well, which was consigned to his care. He left us late, with a promise to return early, but he did not make his appearance, and when I awoke I missed my silver snuff-box. I suggested to Woolpoo the necessity

of applying to the chief of the village for restitution, but I was met again with the words 'Betnot.' So I put up with my loss with the best possible grace.

"Having lost my snuff-box, I was certainly not very favourably disposed towards the race of Fushdous, whom I subsequently found were not regular priests of the Hoggamogadoos, but a proscribed race who were constantly endeavouring to make a revenue for themselves by exhibiting the Pitsi Bow, and who were consequently glad to lay their hands upon any tangible object. Having waited for this faithless professor of what appeared to be an unorthodox sect till the sun was nearly up, we recommenced our interesting progress. At Piliivinipou, a small town not remarkable for any peculiar feature, and containing about seventy-two inhabitants, we halted. The wind was westerly; wild roses and olives were seen during the morning, and Woolpoo showed me a mulberry, which, although unripe, was very satisfactory.

On the 31st Evans, my servant, was taken ill; we, of course, halted at Twiddeo, and every attention was shown him. The Pimsonso, or chief of Twiddeo, sent him some qualch, and I recommended him some pulv. rad. jalapii. Whether the horse-flesh or the medicine succeeded the better, I cannot say. On the 1st, Evans was convalescent, and, although several of the Bonjies of the place seemed quite satisfied that he must die, he was able to continue the journey mounted upon one of my she-asses. I certainly think I may with safety say that, at the period at which I now write, I have achieved an object of the highest possible importance to all the civilised world. Woolpoo brought me to-day a man, evidently of deep erudition; for although I did not understand the Gorooga language (for we had now entered that most important kingdom), he made me comprehend his meaning; and from him I gathered, what I consider unquestionable evidence of the fact, that the river which I crossed nine days since was the Runamunaboo, and that (although Woolpoo then forgot the name of that to which it was a tributary stream) it actually falls into the great Pedee. This important fact, if properly substantiated, will infallibly settle the question as to the direction in which the Pedee runs. Subjoined is a map of the country through which these rivers flow, supposing my conclusions to be correct.

"The day after we left Twiddeo we reached the romantic town of Humshug, where we met with a very kind reception from the Bongeywag. Humshug is situate about fourteen miles N.W. from Calliwou—there is nothing particularly interesting in the *trajet*. I observed, however, several interesting specimens of *Alsine* and *Urtica*, of which I

availed myself, but which I regret to say I was not able to bring to England. Plate 34 will, however, afford a pleasing recollection of these interesting novelties. I considered it necessary to give the Bongeywag some mark, not only of my personal esteem, but of the regard in which his character was held in England. I therefore presented him with a six-bladed Sheffield knife and a cornelian necklace; he was much gratified, and insisted upon giving me several cocks and hens, and a goat.

"We took leave of Humshug with great regret, and pursuing our way by the side of the river, or rather, rivulet, Pewennee, reached the beautiful village of Fantod, just in time to accept of the hospitality of the chief, who not only treated me and my people with great kindness, but favoured me with a sort of vocabulary which I found of great use afterwards, and which I have thought it right in part to communicate to my readers.

"Humbo wag?	How do you do?
Pooley frou dowwz.	Pretty well.
Swigglee mogou.	Give me something to drink.
Swinkee sou.	I am hot.
Mombro mullygrubou.	I am ill.
Tatifatitoooro.	Send for a Tackafee (doctor).
Umby widdéou.	It rains.
Bumburirombleebou.	Thunder.
Fiz.	Lightning.
Wadawantou?	How much do you ask?
Coodleadoo.	I love you.
Gitouto.	Go away.
Kisnice.	A lover.
Rooretooro.	A wheelbarrow."

Having read so much of the vocabulary, I turned over a few pages, and came to this—"The next day we saw several goats," &c.

When I had read thus far, I felt, oddly enough, a somewhat powerful inclination to sleep; indeed, it grew so strong, that the manuscript fell from my unconscious hand upon the table, and by its fall awakened me to a "sense of my situation." I had already read the accounts of several similar expeditions, and had, I admit, uniformly felt the same symptoms; but as, by Daly's statement, he had disposed of the copyright of his work to an eminent London publisher, I felt rather ashamed this time of being unable to keep myself alive to its interest.

One thing in a considerable degree consoled me; I should not be obliged to deliver a *viva voce* opinion of the production, nor, indeed, could I, with justice, give any opinion at all, since the chief merit of such a book consists in its correctness and truth. I accordingly refolded the manuscript, tied it up, and sealed it; and enclosing a note, thanking him for the perusal, which had given me much pleasure.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

[By CHARLES J. DUNPHIE.]

LOOK, Warder, forth from thy tower on high,
 I must put to sea ere the light ;
 So, read me the signs of the jewelled sky,
 Say, Watchman—What of the Night ?

Not a breeze disarrayeth the crimson rose ;
 The rivers look fast asleep ;
 The zephyrs are lulled in benign repose
 On the throbless breast of the deep.
 Unclouded and calm is each radiant star
 Begemming the arch on high ;
 And the queenly moon in her silver car
 Glides soft through an amethyst sky.
 Ere the day shall break and the shadows pass,
 Or ever the dawn grow bright,
 Go fearless forth on the sea of glass ;
 'Tis a heavenly gentle night.

Oh ! methinks I hear the uprising gale,
 In its wild and sudden might ;
 Hark ! Warder, hark to its frantic wail !
 Say, Watchman—What of the Night ?
 Yes, the Spirit of Change, in a fell eclipse,
 His remorseless crest uprears ;
 And a breath from his false disenchanting lips
 Has un-paradised all the spheres.

The zephyrs, affrighted from slumber's thrall,
 Have their doleful dirge intoned ;
 The bejewelled sky is an inky pall,
 And the queenly moon's dethroned.
 Like a horde of wolves do the waves appear—
 So clamorous, white, and brave ;
 And the sea of glass is a desert drear,
 Where the savage creatures rave.
 From the clouds' dark bosom the lightnings leap
 In flashes that daze the sight :
 O venture not on the faithless deep ;
 'Tis a wild terrific night !

Nay, Warder, nay ! A Divine command
 Hath come from above to me ;
 'Tis writ in the stars by a HEAVENLY HAND
 That I put this night to sea.
 So, whether the sky be clear or dark,
 Or whatever fate befall,
 To God's dear love I commend my bark,
 And go forth at Honour's call.

Such, such is the course of our earthly task,
 Alternately dark and bright ;
 And full many a cause have we still to ask,
 O, Watchman—What of the Night ?

SKILFUL FENCE.

[From "The Silver Cord." By SHIRLEY BROOKS.]

ON the day following that of Adair's interview with Henderson, at which he had extracted the scrap of paper from the reluctant hand of the lady's maid, Ernest, who had taken up his quarters at the little inn at Versailles, received an unexpected visitor. This was M. Silvain, who presented himself with considerable sternness of manner. The symptom was not lost on the observant Adair, but he had his own reasons for being very little affected by any change of bearing in the usually polite and deferential perfumer.

"Ah, the dear Alphonse !" said Adair, in French, the language in which their subsequent conversation was conducted, and which Ernest Adair spoke with perfect facility.

M. Silvain bowed slightly, upon which Adair rose, mockingly returned an elaborate salute, and then, resuming his seat, proceeded to make a cigarette.

"I wish to be favoured with your attention, Monsieur," said Silvain, coldly.

"You have it, my good Alphonse. Have you discovered a new hair-dye, or does some confiding victim to your last invention in that line threaten you with the tribunals ?"

"I am not here to *badiner*, Monsieur."

"Is that a grateful answer, when a friend anticipates your griefs, and prepares to solace them ?"

"Before we separate you will need another preparation, M. Adair."

"For my hair ?"

"I forbid you to jest at my profession, Monsieur, or on any other subject at the present moment."

"*Diavolo !*" said Adair, opening his eyes. "Let us hear more, and shall I order you some absinthe ? It is very bad, but you are accustomed to deleterious liquids."

"I repeat to you, M. Adair, that I forbid jesting."

"Well, if you will neither be consoled nor treated, the tribune is to you. Speak."

"I had thought you, M. Adair, with certain drawbacks—for which I know how to make allowances—a man of honour."

"I swear to you that I have kept your secrets. Nobody has learned from me how you colour the violet pomade. I only refuse to use it."

"You seek to enrage me, M. Adair, but you have already done so more effectually than by your coarse taunts."

"Enraged you, Alphonse!—you, the pattern of all that is soft and amiable. Nay, then I am a wretch indeed, and miserable to the lowest extent. *De profundis*. I implore you to tell me my crime; only break it to me gently, knowing the feminine tenderness of my heart."

"The word is well chosen, M. Adair, by a man who commits a brutal outrage upon a woman."

"And who has done such a truly shocking thing?"

"You yourself, Monsieur, and in this very apartment."

"I begin to think, my fabulous Alphonse, that my hospitable offer of refreshment was something more than superfluous, and that you were wise to decline it. I would not presume to dictate, but I think that the interests of our trade may suffer if we indulge too freely in the sensuous pleasures—at least during business hours."

This was said very indolently, and the punctuation supplied by light puffs of smoke.

"Your insolence, Monsieur, will not deter me from the purpose I have come for," returned Silvain, who, though pale with anger, preserved much composure of deportment.

"I should be very sorry to deter you from anything, my dear Alphonse," replied Adair. "I cannot charge myself with habitually keeping you out of mischief. But tipsiness is such an exceedingly objectionable frailty that a friend's ardour may be pardoned."

"A friend, M. Adair! That name is never again to be used between us."

"Exactly as you please, Alphonse. Perhaps you are right. Real friends need no parade of their affectionate sentiments."

"In this apartment, M. Adair, you dared to permit yourself, yesterday, to outrage a woman whom you were bound to treat with respect."

"You are rather a tiresome *raconteur*, Alphonse. You told me this just now, with a slight deduction. A narrative should advance—and one would think a perfumer understood fiction."

"It is no fiction, Monsieur. Do you dare to deny having wrrenched from a young girl's hand a certain paper?"

"Suppose I denied it?"

"That would be a fresh insult, because you would

charge her with a falsehood of which she is incapable. Do you know that?"

"Indeed, M. Silvain, with all apologies to you, I know of no falsehood of which any female is incapable."

"The sentiment is worthy of you, M. Adair. But spare yourself the unnecessary trouble. Mademoiselle Matilde has informed me, somewhat reluctantly, of your conduct, and I am here."

"Well," said Ernest, emitting a large puff of smoke.

"Had you been the man of honour I had supposed you, this conversation would have been needless."

"It is."

"That is false, Monsieur. It would have been needless, for you would at once have made your reparation, and charged me with apology. I do not observe that you are in the slightest hurry to do either."

"Did you ever observe me in the slightest hurry about anything?"

"Again I repeat, Monsieur, that I will not be provoked into anger, and I invite you to take the course which is due to the young person you have injured."

"I have injured nobody, and you are a fool, Alphonse."

"We shall see, presently, M. Adair."

"As you please; but I warn you that I was reading something much more pleasant than your conversation, and I may easily be fatigued by a repetition of your absurdities. Have some absinthe, and go away and become tolerable."

"I may have the misfortune to fatigue you without much conversation, M. Adair. But I prefer to act in the first place with consideration. You deprived Mademoiselle Matilde of a paper."

"What, again?"

"You will at once deposit that paper in my hands, first placing it in this envelope." And he produced one from his pocket.

"This envelope," said Adair, affecting to smell it, and then tossing it at Silvain, "is so infernally scented with bad millefleurs that I must protest against touching it again."

M. Silvain's eyes sparkled with rage.

"I produce the envelope, Monsieur, because, although I shall return the paper in question to Mademoiselle, I refuse to be thought to have seen the writing upon it, or to have become acquainted with her least secret."

"Chivalrous Alphonse, worthy to have been christened after Spanish royalty! But your scruples are in excess. There was but one word on the piece of paper, but I half suspect that Mademoiselle's curious French has made you think there was some allusion to yourself or your calling.

Tranquillise your mind. The word was not *couper*, but *coupon*."

"Monsieur, you are a dastard."

"You should not say that, when I have been bold enough to permit you to shave me. I have had wounds from your awkwardness that testify to my bravery."

"You may have others, ere long, Monsieur."

"That is, I think, the third time that you have darkly hinted at some scheme of personal vengeance, my dear Alphonse. You force me also into the

The Frenchman quietly unlocked the box, took out two small swords, and threw off his coat.

"Eh!" said Ernest Adair, affecting pleasure. "That is charming. Two real swords. Did you buy them a bargain, to be cut up into scissors? Well, any improvement in your French cutlery is to be hailed with ecstasy."

But while he spoke his eye was vigilant, and his foot firm on the floor, and ready for a spring, should Silvain offer sudden violence.

The Frenchman had no such base intent. He



"GLARING WITH ANGER AND DISCOMFITURE." (Drawn by Frank Dadd.)

bad and dull habit of repetition, and constrain me again to say that you are a fool."

"Enough, and more than enough, M. Adair."

"The interview is at an end, then. The fates are merciful."

"Perhaps not," said the Frenchman, suddenly rising and leaving the room, and as hastily returning with a long wooden box, which he placed on the table.

"Ah, now you interest me," said Adair. "The dialogue was really flagging. Now we have novelty. And what is that box? You have some new invention, after all, only you meditated an amiable surprise for your friend. Come, no more mystification. Is it a monster bottle of home-made Eau de Cologne?"

placed the box on a chair, pushed away the table so as to leave the centre of the room free, and calmly offered Adair his choice of weapons.

For a moment it crossed Ernest's mind to snatch both, but the next instant he smiled and took one of the swords.

"This looks the prettier handle," he said, without rising, "but both are very nicely cleaned, and do credit to our crystal scouring powder. What next?"

"Next, defend yourself, Monsieur," said Silvain, retiring, and taking up his position in a very determined manner. "The door is behind me," he added, for the first time letting a taunt escape him.

"I am obliged by the counsel and the information," said Adair, still keeping his seat. "But are you sufficiently insane, M. Silvain—and as you

repudiate intoxication, observe the ready charity that offers you another excuse—are you sufficiently insane to suppose that I am going to fight a hair-dresser about a lady's maid?"

"We will not talk, M. Adair. You have long since waived all the considerations of rank, even if I allowed them. You have insulted a young person whom I esteem, Monsieur, therefore defend yourself."

He looked so determined as he spoke that Ernest thought it prudent to rise, in order to repel any sudden attack, but he did not advance upon his antagonist.

"This is a gentleman's reward when he condescends to fraternise with *canaille*," he said, with calm impertinence.

"Fight, and do not talk," replied the Frenchman, advancing upon him with the most evident intention of doing his very worst.

Ernest instinctively fell upon guard, the blades crossed, and M. Silvain's sword, like that of the Corsair, made fast atonement for its first delay. He attacked Adair with downright fury, and any one thrust which he delivered would, unparried, have worked important change in the subsequent destinies of several persons with whom the reader is acquainted. But Adair, retaining his cigarette between his teeth, coolly parried every lunge without making a return.

"How long," he said, as M. Silvain, baffled in a vigorous onslaught, retreated for a moment, and glared vengefully at his antagonist, "how long is this delightful assault of arms to proceed?"

"Until one falls, Monsieur," cried M. Silvain, anew advancing to the combat. Ernest smiled.

But the most cold-blooded man is roused sooner or later by the persistent efforts of another to do him mortal harm; and, moreover, there is something in the rapid clash of steel that fires the soul of the swordsman. Another desperate effort of Silvain's to get home, and Ernest had no longer the paper in his teeth, but had set them, and with a very evil eye was keeping deadly watch on that of his enemy. Adair was rapidly forgetting how inexcusably foolish he would be to derange all his schemes for the sake of punishing a petty shop-keeper, and was on the very point of leaving the defensive and lunging his best, when the voice of Mary Henderson was heard hastily asking whether Mr. Adair was in.

The sound operated differently on the two men. Adair instantly recalled his better judgment to his aid, and, still watching his enraged antagonist, did not return his thrust. But the voice of his mistress roused the lover to heroism, and he felt that he would have given his own life to let her see her enemy stretched on the floor between them. Thirsting to finish the duel, he rushed at Adair, delivered three or four rapid and desperate lunges, and laid himself open to a thrust that, had Adair pleased,

would have speedily ended M. Silvain's life, love, and woes. But Ernest (as will have been perceived), a practised and skilful fencer, did not so please; but at the instant Mary's hand was on the door he suddenly performed one of the feats known in the art, and as the girl entered she had the satisfaction of seeing her lover, with a wrenched wrist, glaring with anger and discomfiture at Ernest, the sword of Silvain having flown to a distance on the floor.

"And I had forbidden you," said Mary, reproachfully, to Silvain.

"Forbidden him to give me a fencing lesson, Mademoiselle?" said Adair, as calmly as usual. "That was indeed cruel, for he is so good a master of the sword that I profit greatly by his teaching."

The girl looked searchingly at her lover, conceiving, from the expression of his face and from his being defenceless, that he might have received a hurt, the rather that Silvain was too mortified to speak on the instant.

"He has not stabbed you?" asked Mary, vehemently.

"What a word, Mademoiselle!" said Ernest. "We do not stab, except under very exceptional circumstances. M. Silvain is perfectly unhurt, and I hope will pardon my awkwardness in knocking his sword out of his hand."

He picked up Silvain's weapon, and replaced it, with his own, in the box, which he quietly locked.

Meantime Mary was administering, in an undertone, that mixture of reproach, consolation, and affection which woman has ever ready for him whom she loves, and Silvain, with his hand in hers, was almost comforted for his defeat by the unwonted kindness with which his usually rather undemonstrative mistress caressed him.

"But I ordered you not," she added.

"I thought of you, and could not obey you," said M. Silvain, tenderly and epigrammatically.

"And now, my dear Alphonse," said Adair, cheerfully, "let me renew my offer of absinthe. After a fencing lesson one requires refreshment. What say you, Mademoiselle? You must teach him to take care of himself."

"And I will," said Mary, firmly, and leading her lover from the room, whence he certainly did not depart very triumphantly.

"I could have spiked the idiot a dozen times," said Ernest, "but what would have been the good? And he has spilled the ink over my papers. If I had seen that before, he should have had something in his arm that would have prevented his snapping his scissors for a month to come. He has been in luck, the insolent hair-cutter! I have not seen anything so laughable for many a long day. Peace to your *manes*, M. Roland, for rendering me so capable of defending my innocent life against frantic barbers!"

POOR MISS TOX.

[By AUSTIN DOBSON.]

*It was an ancient shepherdess,
Forlorn amid the flocks;
The tears she shed for loneliness
Would melt the hardest rocks.*



N Dickens 'twas "Princess's Place,"
But here 'tis "Maiden Row,"
And yet 'tis still the self-same face,
The self-same air I know:
'Tis true the name is plainly "Brown,"
'Tis true the flowers are "stocks,"
And yet I'd wager half-a-crown
That you are—"poor Miss Tox!"

There can't, of course, be more than one;
The cases must be rare
Of maidens left to nurse alone
Dyspepsia and Despair;
Ah, no; that gown of youthful make,
Those tresses dark as Nox,
Those arching brows—I can't mistake,
You must be—"poor Miss Tox!"

And then your daily ways:—I know
Exactly when you dust
The two old candlesticks of Bow,
And good John Wesley's bust;
Exactly as your tea is spread
I set my pair of clocks;
(You take your morning meal in bed,
I fear—my "poor Miss Tox!")

I see you knit, I see you hem,
I see you painting flowers,

I see you read "Affection's Gem,"
Exhaustively—for hours.
And once—I own 'twas somewhat late—
I saw you . . . comb your locks;
Why was not mine Actæon's fate,
O Artemis—and Tox!

But still I look and still I see
That still the days evoke
No youth of artless modesty
Impatient for the yoke:
For "men may come, and men may go,"
But ne'er a suitor knocks
At that green door in "Maiden Row,"
To ask for—"poor Miss Tox!"

I wish one would—I do indeed.
Without some careful guide
To curb his playful ways at need,
And o'er his purse preside;
To square his days to rule and plan,
To mend his gloves and socks,
Ah, what, alas! were helpless man
Ah what?—my "poor Miss Tox!"

And there must still be some, one feels,
Whom no such sway controls;
Who tread this vale with undarned heels,
And voids within their souls;
And I can't see why you should fail
To shield from Fortune's shocks
Some ardent—if not youthful—male—
I can't—my "poor Miss Tox!"

I think it hard that Fate has laid
Your lot "upon the shelf;"
It cramps one's nature so to fade
In that tight pot of Self;
Who knows but you might bud and bloom
Had Wedlock's wider box
But lent you "verge enough and room,"—
Who knows—my "poor Miss Tox!"

MY MASTER.

[By G. MANVILLE FENN.]

I HAVE a master—a very tyrant, whose cry makes me shiver as well in the hottest July day as in the present freezing-time, when one's person blisters on one side while it goose-skinizes upon the other. A dwarf is my master—a very Tom Thumb; but with a mind, an intellect

that seems to require a cork in it to keep it within bounds, though I firmly believe that if a fitting cork were found, the wire to hold that cork down has not yet been made.

I have a wife, too, yet she pities me not a whit, but eggs on the cruel little tyrant till my life

grows sore ; and the end must be—like Mr. O'Gallagher's in "Percival Keene"—"a blow up." A revolution must come of it, for flesh and blood can only bear a certain amount of provocation before tearing the former and spilling the latter.

What had I done that I should be yelled and shouted at ; seized by the hair and dragged ; have fingers thrust into my eyes ; nails plunged into my cheek ; fetched out of bed in the bitter cold winter nights to procure lights, or to heat food over lamps, or to walk my master up and down the room for an hour, because he preferred sleeping in that way to reclining comfortably in his bed ? But it was so ; and the more I resented the disturbance of my ordinary routine, the less peace I obtained.

And strange tastes had my tyrant : not content with demanding meals at all kinds of outrageous and unholy hours, his ravenous appetite taught him to display how much of the old Adam there was in his nature, and to fancy that everything pleasant to the eye was good for food, to the great endangering of his gastric organisation—paint, wax, buttons, hooks and eyes, and half-pence frequently finding a home in his inner man.

Whoever expected they would digest ? No one, of course. But who suffered ? I did. For my master shrieked and screamed and kicked, threatened to go into convulsions, and disordered the whole house for any number of hours. And yet I was expected to pity him—to be proud of him—to admire the lace frock, wet with his idiotic drivellings, and to listen to endless complaints respecting Mary Ann's loose allegiance and endless indifference as to my master's well-being.

I don't wonder at it—not a bit. "Here he comes," said my wife, when she need not have spoken, for my master was announcing his proximate arrival by shrieking and yelling lustily a street off ; and then there was a pleasant crescendo, ending in fortissimo on the steps ; and the maiden vainly endeavouring to quiet the kicking and struggling little entity. But he has waxed larger now.

If at any time a little bit of grit has crept into my mechanism, or a little oil is required to prevent some spindle or cog from grating harshly, I am given to understand that I am cross, or put out, or crabby, and the grit is not removed, neither is there any of the oil of gladness poured upon the chafing parts. But in bygone times, when my master raged, which was about once per hour, there was a rush of willing slaves to assuage his wrath : one bearing a coral and bells to whistle and jingle shrilly, and another rushing forward with a patent feeding-bottle—a horrible-looking instrument, like a juvenile hookah, whose snake-like tube with aspic head was presented to my master ; but he spat out the mouthpiece, fighting

savagely, to the great endangerment of the said glass vessel. Long biscuits he dashed in crumbs upon the carpets ; his fist he thrust into his mouth with boa-constrictor-like ideas, when he discovered his want of elasticity, and choked. The little woolly toy goat, which baa-ed dolefully, had no effect ; mamma's watch—a present—was dashed away ; the little Dresden ornament from the chimneypiece was sent flying into the fender, and my master raged furiously. But was he cross ? Perish the idea ! Nothing of the kind—"a beauty !" It was a pin ; or his teeth ; or his gums ; or his feet were cold ; or the wind. It was a pain of some kind or another. Temper ? Oh, no. But, as before said, he has waxed larger.

"That's my master, that is ; and he's a tyrant !" And who could help looking grim when many encomiums were passed upon his little snub features ? Marriageable young ladies fluttered about one's room, and kissed, and cooed, and shook their tormenting curls in the little wretch's face, to be rewarded by a snatch made at one of their bright ringlets, or a wet, well-sucked fist dabbed upon their downy, damask cheeks ; while a sputtering, bubbling noise was all that was heard. A wretched little Sultan ! What did he care for the attentions ? He was used to slaves, and he flung himself about from one to another with an utter disregard of feelings. But his artfulness was fearful—a more disgusting piece of juvenile wickedness could not be witnessed. Let it be a black-robed matron who approached, and he would howl ; let it be a sharp-nosed spinster, and he would shriek furiously ; but let the soft lineaments and warm hue of eighteen or twenty come, and his Highness grew condescending.

"Spoilt !" For shame ! How can I say so ? Oh, very easily ! Wasn't I spoilt in the same way when I was little ! Perhaps I was. I can't recollect. But I know that I am not spoiled now in that sense ; though in the hands of a spoiler who robs me of the dearest thing I know—rest. It would be very nice to be spoiled like my master, no doubt ; but one gets no chance of trying the experiment. We can't all be Tom Moores, to have eyes brightening or dimming as we lisp sweet lines to the dulcet tones of the piano ; we can't all have noble features or eagle eyes, or silky moustachios, or ample drooping whiskers, or short, crisp, curly beards—that must tickle so at Christmas time when mistletoe is in vogue. Some of us must have Cyclopean, one-eyed features, and be unworthy of notice.

Yes, I can't help pitying Mary Ann, especially at soap-and-water times, when the nursery floor is splashed with suds, and the whole house is splashed with cries and screams, that come sputtering up-stairs, down-stairs, everywhere. Yes ; I

can't help pitying Mary Ann, too, at powder times, or at any of those seasons when it is deemed needful to administer preparations of other than a nutritious character. Mary Ann says, "He's so masterful;" and I must agree with her, for he really is. And though, with a resigned air, I have abdicated my throne, I am not allowed to go my way in peace, but am reserved for a slave. But Mary Ann deserves a word, for she has been a

anxious countenances round; days when steps passed lightly up and down, when eyes rained tears of pity to see so tiny a form racked with pain—the little head heavy with dull agonies, of which the cracked white lips could not tell. No temper now—no passionate scream; but the gentle, sobbing, heartrending moan, and for ever the weary, tossing head, never ceasing, hour after hour the same; while elders hung around to



"WATCHING BY THE COT SIDE." (Drawn by A. Stocks.)

faithful bearer of the small burden, never giving way to the attraction of small heads for table corners, or the angles of doorposts, but using my master tenderly and well, while he has howled and shrieked at her for her pains.

But one has a memory, and that memory is a storehouse wherein repose the pictures of the past. Speak the word, touch the spring, and the particular picture we require is full in view. I touch the spring with trembling hand, when once more I see the scenes of many weary days—days when a little flushed face tossed wearily here and there; when two little eyes were unnaturally bright and dilated, and gazed wildly, recognising none of the

bemoan their utter helplessness to afford that aid which every moan so appealingly asked. The doctor, of serious mien, touching with light hand the tiny wrist, beneath whose transparent skin the pulse throbbed heavily; the doctor's boy, with oil-cloth covered basket, containing the neatly tied up packet of powders—each a tiny pinch of dust to lay upon the little fevered tongue. While watching by the cot side, kneeling that one might be nearer, each hardly drawn breath of that panting breast jarred within one's own, and told how that a wondrous Power had woven heartstrings together, knit them firmly and tightly, and that in very truth this was a part of oneself that fluttered

here—a tiny flame trembling and flickering in the socket.

The same scene; and night, with the wintry wind howling down the street; the fire tinkling as the cinders droppod musically upon the hearth; and the clock upon the chimneypiece beating off the seconds loudly in the stillness of the night. The same scene; and the lamp shaded from the little flushed face, now still, and only a sigh at times to tell of life. Two anxious watchers, daring not to sleep, but ever bending forward to gaze closely at the watched one, lest at any future time an upbraiding voice should whisper, "The gentle spirit stole away, and you knew it not." One night—two nights—three nights—till weary nature would hearken not, and sleep overcame one and the other by turns, to make them start again and again from a dream-fraught, fevered slumber, to ask, "Is all well?" And watching again to wonder whether the oil of that tiny lamp should again flow unchecked to the flame, so that the dried wick might again expand, and shed its brightening rays around; while all still trembled in the balance.

A change! and the heart as if a strong hand clutched it to check its throbs. A change! for what?—for the better; and every hour light coming back to the now dim eyes.

And now days and days of thankfulness and hope, when the silent suffering or the gentle moans were changed for the child's peevish fretfulness. Man in miniature upon the sick couch—fretful, dissatisfied, and asking for novelty; sleeping by day, restless and sleepless by night. A

weary time? No—a blessed, thankful time; when every fretful fancy was smiled upon, and humble, thankful hearts offered their sacrifice for the granted mercy.

My master! my tyrant! The little limb who snatches at my papers, kicks at my inkstand, and jobs my pens upon the floor or table—who roars and screams at not being allowed to enter my den when seemeth him good—who insists upon turning me into a beast of burden, to the detriment of my trouser knees and the toes of my boots—who seats himself upon my shoulders, like an Old Man of the Mountain; disorders my hair with one hand, and with the other, armed with a hard toy, hammers my skull furiously. My master! my tyrant! A very ruffian—a golden-haired savage, who took the house by storm, and maintains his sway. The last to sleep at night—the first to wake in the morning—a monarch who will accept no divided allegiance.

My master! a little tyrant, who resents every attempt at coercion! whose will seems to him law; whose little mind cannot comprehend the words "Must not." One who offends against law and order for ever: whose sole aim seems to be his own gratification. One whose little passions are a study in themselves; for, but in miniature, they are the untutored ways of man himself—the erring child for ever wandering from the beaten path—for ever following this or that myth which takes his fancy; for ever rebellious, angry, struggling against the guiding hands of reason; the child for ever needing the pardon of his Father—God.

ABSA LOM.

[By N. P. WILLIS.]

THE waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low

On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curl'd
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
The reeds bent down the stream; the willow
leaves,

With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
Forgot the lifting winds; and the long stems,
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
And lean'd in graceful attitudes to rest.
How strikingly the course of nature tells,
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashion'd for a happier world!

King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem; and now he stood,

With his faint people, for a little rest
Upon the shores of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and he had not felt
That he could see his people until now.
They gather'd round him on the fresh green bank,
And spoke their kindly words; and, as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bow'd his head upon his hands to pray.
Oh! when the heart is full—when bitter thoughts
Come crowding quickly up for utterance,
And the poor common words of courtesy
Are such an empty mockery—how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!
He pray'd for Israel—and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently. He pray'd for those
Whose love had been his shield—and his deep tones

Grew tremulous. But, oh ! for Absalom—
 For his estranged, misguided Absalom—
 The proud, bright being who had burst away,
 In all his princely beauty, to defy
 The heart that cherish'd him—for him he pour'd,
 In agony that would not be controll'd,
 Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
 Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

* * * * *

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
 Was straighten'd for the grave ; and, as the folds
 Sank to the still proportions, they betray'd
 The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
 His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
 Were floating round the tassels as they sway'd
 To the admitted air, as glossy now
 As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
 The snowy fingers of Judea's daughters.
 His helm was at his feet ; his banner, soil'd
 With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,
 Reversed, beside him ; and the jewell'd hilt,
 Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
 Rested, like mockery, on his cover'd brow.
 The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
 Clad in the garb of battle ; and their chief,
 The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
 And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
 As if he fear'd the slumberer might stir.
 A slow step startled him. He grasp'd his blade
 As if a trumpet rang ; but the bent form
 Of David enter'd, and he gave command,
 In a low tone, to his few followers,
 And left him with his dead. The king stood still
 Till the last echo died ; then, throwing off
 The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
 The pall from the still features of his child,
 He bow'd his head upon him, and broke forth
 In the resistless eloquence of woe.

"Alas ! my noble boy ! that thou shouldst die !
 Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair !

That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
 And leave his stillness in this clustering hair !
 How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
 My proud boy, Absalom !

"Cold is thy brow, my son, and I am chill,
 As to my bosom I have tried to press thee :
 How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
 Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
 And hear thy sweet 'My father !' from these dumb
 And cold lips, Absalom !

"But death is on thee. I shall hear the gush
 Of music and the voices of the young ;
 And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
 And the dark tresses to the soft wind flung ;
 But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
 To meet me, Absalom !

"And oh ! when I am stricken, and my heart,
 Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
 How will its love for thee, as I depart,
 Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token !
 It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
 To see thee, Absalom !

"And now, farewell ! 'Tis hard to give thee up ;
 With death so like a slumber on thee ;
 And thy dark sin !—oh ! I could drink the cup,
 If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
 May God have call'd thee, like a wanderer, home,
 My lost boy, Absalom !"

He cover'd up his face, and bow'd himself
 A moment on his child ; then giving him
 A look of melting tenderness, he clasp'd
 His hands convulsively, as if in prayer !
 And, as if a strength were given him of God,
 He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
 Firmly and decently, and left him there,
 As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

THE FASHIONABLE TAILORS.

[From "75 Brooke Street." By PERCY FITZGERALD.]



AMONG the larger and more pressing
 creditors of our unlucky friend
 Severne, were two—Messrs. Payne
 and Hardy, the well-known West
 End tailors—tailors indeed to the
 sovereign ; and Mr. Slack, the no less known
 livery stable-keeper. All the young men of
 fashion got their clothes from Payne's house ; all
 the young men of fashion got a horse for their
 riding or their brougham from Slack. A gentle-

man from Messrs. Payne was always making his
 circuit round every barrack town in the kingdom,
 following her Majesty's army like a sutler. It
 was a joyful morning when it became known that
 "Payne's fellow" was in barracks, up at Jackson's
 rooms ; and many mornings were spent in delight-
 ful excitement, as Messrs. Payne's *chargé d'affaires*,
 a gentleman of good address and elegantly per-
 suasive manners, unfolded his treasures, and held
 out his yards of charming little squares and

patterns—while all the “fellows” sat round on beds and on table corners, and wisely shook their heads, and joined in debate over disputed colours. Indeed, the dealings of the firm were marked by the highest liberality. They were only anxious for “custom,” and, it would seem, not for payment. Wilcox’s story was long repeated in the regiment—to their honour and gentlemanly dealing. A Scotch and economical officer had insisted on a half-yearly payment, declaring he never went in debt; and Mr. Wilcox himself had heard the gentlemanly emissary say, almost pathetically, “At least have *something* in our books, sir.” “And I vow to Heaven!” continued Wilcox, telling the story, “the Scotch fellow was touched, and took back a twenty pound note.”

Yet their principles of business were certainly fitful, and their proceedings had all the promptness and suddenness of a *Judgment* or of a *Nemesis*. It was noticed that so long as the sun was shining and the day clear, time or delay was of no consideration. There were opulent men of fortune “in their books” for half a dozen years at a time, and who had merely gone on “ordering.” Money was never asked from *them*. But was a gentleman known to be overtaken by cloudy weather, or caught in a storm, even for a time, the gentle character of the firm became changed. Nothing more cruel, vindictive, or even savage, could be conceived. They pursued him with a relentless hatred; they fastened their claws into him; they did not let him go a second. In the Court they opposed him with a bitter fury. Many and many a military creditor had they hunted out of the army, driving him to the sale of his commission; and yet Mr. Hardy, the manager and ambassador, and the Messrs. Payne, seemed to be the gentlest and softest of their kind, and seemed almost too unsophisticated for the wiles and deceptions to which gentlemen of their profession were exposed.

Severne was one of their patrons, and had always treated them with an “off-hand” manner peculiarly his own. He would walk into the shop, handsome, brilliant, and in high spirits. “Send me home this and that,” he would say. “I want some studs and buttons; I lose half of mine every week. Best pink coral, mind. Let me see them myself. Mr. Payne, what a judge *you* are of such things!” Mr. Payne, feebly and almost grovellingly, acknowledged his deficiency in taste, and would beg pardon for it. They kept such ornaments by them “merely to convenience their customers.” And it *was* a great convenience for those whose jeweller’s account was a “good deal blocked up.” As to settlement, Mr. Severne’s tone with these gentlemen was nearly always the same. “This is all *your* look out,” he would say. “I tell you plainly I have no money, and Heaven

knows when I shall have any! You are certainly the most confiding of tailors. If you don’t know your own interest I am not to teach it to you.” But Payne would answer, gently, as if folly was hopelessly ingrained, and that he must pay the penalty of his weakness, “Ah, Mr. Severne, some of these days you will be a rich man, and then perhaps you will think of us.”

“Rich man! You *have* faith and hope and charity. By-the-way, you must build me up a dress coat—and, let me see, I suppose I shall want a shooting suit—a quiet tweed; or wait, you may as well make it a whole dress suit—that’s a new trouser, send me that as well”—&c.

We should scarcely have courage to put down at its proper figure the amount to which Mr. Severne stood in Messrs. Payne’s books. It was something not very far short of one thousand pounds; and yet this sum, considering the sums the firm charged for the very smallest article of dress, was considered moderate for a young gentleman of his expectations. There was the young future baronet—the to be Sir Rupert Cranmer, in whose instance this sum might be quadrupled. But then *it was said*, on what authority we know not, that part of this was for loans in specie, to help that young man over his embarrassments from other creditors. For the Messrs. Payne were true Samaritans.

Going back a little to the time when our Harold Severne had begun to “work for his bread,” he had on the first opportunity walked into this house. The young man had said to his mother, who had timidly and ignorantly asked, “Oh, Harold, what are these dreadful people coming with these long outstanding bills?” that these things seemed more terrible at a distance than near; that it was no use making molehills into mountains, if we could avoid it; with more topics of the same sort. “Yes,” he said, “a resolute man will calmly look his difficulties in the face, and it is surprising how, by so doing, they melt away.” There was much truth in this. Men, he would have implied, are a little the sport of their imaginations! they give way to morbid exaggeration of their wrongs and difficulties, which, after all, may be born of selfishness.

Full of this simple way of confronting his embarrassments, he, as we have said, walked straight into the tailoring house. He knew what was suited to his dignity, and to the nature of the situation, so he was careful to “drop” the lofty dictatorial manner he habitually assumed to these gentlemen.

“Where is Mr. Payne?” he said. “Be good enough to send him out to me. Ah, I see him in the office.”

Mr. Payne came out with his kind welcome, “Come to see us, Mr. Severne? What can we do for you, sir, to-day?”

"Nothing, I am afraid, Mr. Payne. The fact is, I wanted to speak to you on business. Better shut this door, if you please."

A curious look was stealing over Mr. Payne's face—a look of distrust and suspicion.

"Shut the door, sir?" he repeated.

He said this mechanically, as it were; he really meant, "What mischief does all this mystery portend?" Severne was always in the habit of talking for all the shop.

"I may as well tell you at once," said Severne, hastily, and perhaps a little nervously, "how

He knows of course that they must be made out *at once*, under the circumstances."

"That was what I came to you for," said Severne, now a little scared out of his doctrines by the demeanour of the two creditors, "to ask your forbearance and indulgence, while I look about me. At this moment, or indeed for a long time, I feel I ought to tell you frankly, it will be out of the question. I shall have to earn my bread now like other people; but I can promise you, you shall be the first considered."

Mr. Payne broke out here almost into a laugh.



" 'WE SHOULD DO THINGS REGULARLY,' HE SAID." (Drawn by T. W. Wilson.)

things stand. Sir John Digby is dead, as you have heard——"

"Not a word of it," said Mr. Payne, colouring, "not a word; I don't understand at all, sir. We have heard nothing of it; when did this——"

Severne coloured too.

"Let me finish," he said. "And it seems Sir John, for reasons of his own, has thought proper to leave his estates away from me."

Mr. Payne started back. "Here, Mr. Hardy, sir, step in here a moment. Listen to this. He has come here to tell us that Sir John Digby is dead, and has left away the whole estate."

"Well! What is that to us?" said Mr. Hardy, gravely. "We of course look to this gentleman himself—to *his person*; to pay us our demands.

"Earn your bread, sir! that *is* good. That's not the way we're to be settled with. No 'doing,' sir, with us."

Mr. Hardy laid his hand gently on his partner's arm. Severne coloured furiously.

"Do you dare to speak to me in that way, you pair of extortioners, after all you have got from me?"

Mr. Hardy was the peace-maker.

"We should do things regularly," he said. "There is no use in this sort of language: it will neither pay us nor raise money. Now, sir—Mr. Severne, what can you do? what do you propose? what day do you name?"

Severne looked round on his two enemies with quivering lips.

"I tell you, you must wait a little—by-and-by, when I have begun to earn money——"

They laughed.

"No, no," said Mr. Hardy, smiling. "We know what *that* means. Here, let us have something in hand. Four hundred, three, two, one?"

Severne shook his head. "I can't—I can't, indeed. I have so many claims."

"Upon my word," said Mr. Payne, "this looks very bad. Have you no proposal to make?"

What could our unhappy Severne propose? What *can* a poor man propose? After much discussion it was arranged that a little money was to be put "down," and that for the rest the firm were to take bills, at a short date. It was with a hanging head and downcast eyes that Severne passed through the languid young men, who looked at him askance, and understood the whole situation. But they were quite respectful, and one *as usual* having a reverence for a gentleman in adversity, held the door open to let him out.

But at that moment came bounding up the steps Selby and Ridley, and behind them Mr. Monkhouse, member for a little borough. Selby looked grave as he saw him. He knew of his friend's reverses, but had been away, and had not learned that he was at all "pressed." He was one of those who assumed in short that every one in the world can at least pay for breakfasts and dinners, and "put good clothes on their backs." Credit at a tailor's is the last familiar that abandons us.

"My dear fellow," he said, "I am so glad. Come in with me here; I want to talk to you."

Severne rather shook himself free. His face was hot and glowing.

"I can't, now," he said. "Let me go. I have business. Don't keep me."

"Business," cried Ridley, "*that's* good. Business with old Payne! Come in, Severne, my friend. Choose me a pair of knickers; your taste is undeniable;" and he put his arm in his.

"Don't worry," said Severne, shaking himself free. "I tell you I have business. You can choose your clothes for yourself by this time;" and he hurried off.

"What on earth is wrong with him?" said Ridley, in amazement. Then, with sudden warmth, "What does he mean by speaking in that way to me?"

Mr. Monkhouse, a tall, elderly, red-faced man, very sardonic in manner, looked after him, and said, slowly—

"I tell you what—our friend Payne has been sending him to school."

They went in. In a few minutes the three gentlemen had it "all out of Payne;" the languid young men whispering at the recital, but apparently in business.

"You'll be hit, my friend, as sure as my name

is Monkhouse," said the gentleman, comforting the partners. "Here, give me a light, Payne, or some of your fellows. I always told you so. I never knew an expectant that wasn't hit or bit. Why, I was an expectant myself, on an old aunt—as tough—and stiff a bit of old grizzle as ever hung on in the world after her time. She *wouldn't* die. The melons and sweets she got regularly out of me; and at the end, after all, I was *bit*—I was."

Mr. Payne told the story in all its details in a very injured way. The other partners stood about, and furnished more details of this nefarious conduct.

"I wouldn't 'ave believed it, sir," said Mr. Payne, all but holding up his hands. "Such ingratitude; a gent of his bringing up, too; and to come to us so cool."

"Quite right, Payne," said Mr. Monkhouse. "Here, a light again, will you? Nothing lights nowadays."

One of the languid young men came gliding up.

"Mr. Payne, sir, there's Lord John in an 'ansom at the door, about that coat! I told him it can't be done till four o'clock. *Will* you see him, sir?"

Lord John appeared at the door himself.

"Well, how often am I to come? What d'ye mean, Payne?—sending, sending; I'm sick of it. I won't put up with it. It's not the way to treat me. Four o'clock yesterday this fellow swore on his soul."

"Indeed, my Lord. Fact is, Lord John, there was a mistake about your coat," said Mr. Payne, gravely improvising a story; "we told off two of our best hands for your coat, and we found 'em drunk at ten this morning; they've been turned off on the spot, Lord John." The truth was his Lordship was not regarded with much respect in the house—giving very poor orders—and being slack in payment.

"Bosh. Hollo, Monkhouse!" said Lord John, turning sharply on him; "that's you? What's this old women's gathering here? what are you all hatching together?"

"Egad, you should have been here five minutes ago," said Mr. Monkhouse, leaning leisurely against the counter with folded arms, and closing his eyes to enjoy his cigar; "we had a poor broken devil here whining for mercy to Shylock there. Of course he got it, I needn't tell you."

"*That's* nothing new," said Lord John. "And who was this, now?"

Then all went off into an account of the story. Mr. Payne affected confidence. He wouldn't say, but all might come straight again—a declaration that made Lord John roar again; but he listened with the greatest eagerness.

"Egad! I always said we'd have something of the kind: met him again this year at Digby's, and his airs were sickening. Oh, Payne, you'll never

get tuppence of your money. I know the whole stock. Not tuppence, sir; make up your mind to that on the spot, sir. I have reason to know it. Here, Payne. This way a moment; about that coat?"

Mr. Monkhouse pointed with his stick after him.

"I'll bet you he's goin' to stick the tailor for brandy. He always does it reg'lar. All that about the coat and four o'clock, a lie; just for an excuse, you know, to come here. I wonder he hasn't a corner cupboard in his cab."

Lord John indeed did presently come out very brilliant and stimulated, and in much better spirits than when he entered.

"Poor Payne," he said, in great enjoyment: "mind, you won't get tuppence off that feller. I tell you so. I am much better now. I feel as if you had put a stitch in me. That unlucky devil—I knew he'd stick his arm into the wrong sleeve at last. There's a metaphor for you from your own trade."

And his Lordship went off in great good humour.

DOWN IN THE MINE.

A STORY OF THE SEAHAM COLLIERY.

[By GEORGE WEATHERLY.]



RASH!

Sudden as a lightning flash!

Then a sullen deafning roar,

Rumbling through long leagues of ground

Like the sound

Of angry waves that leap and bound

Relentless on a rocky shore!

Instant then

Wakes the busy world of men!

Women, children, all arise,

Starting from their troubled sleep,

Grim despair within their eyes,

Evil bodings buried deep

In sad hearts that, full of dread,

See the faces of the dead.

No need, alas!

To tell them what has come to pass!

Those who live on Etna's slope

Know the foe beneath their feet;

And the miners ever cope

With a foe more subtle still

Than the heat

That lurks unseen in Etna's hill

So, too plainly, that fell sound

Tells its tale to all around:

Gases kept full long in bound,

Hour by hour gathering strength,

Laugh to win the day at length,

Burst in flame beneath the ground;

While the toilers of the night

Are imprisoned, out of sight,

And the "damp," with heavy breath,

Like a spectral shape of Death,

Stalks triumphant—strong, yet still—

Claiming victims at his will.

* * * * *

"Nay, I'll stay me by the lad!"

Words that ring out sharp and clear,

Free from any doubt or fear,

Though, maybe, the voice was sad.

"Nay, I'll stay me by the lad!"

Spoke a miner to his mate

Who would drag him from his fate.

He would give up all he had—

Chance of life, and light, and love

In the happy world above,

Rather than he'd leave the lad

Who had laboured by his side

Dying, helpless, to his doom.

"God would aid them!" so he cried,

Cheery still amid the gloom

Of the tomb.

* * * * *

And God *did* help them—deeming best

To call them to eternal rest.

For when some thrice the sombre night

Had followed daytime darker still,

Some comrades toiling in their might,

Seeking to save where Death would kill,

Found them, close-lying side by side,

In the last slumber, long and deep;

Hand locked in hand with loving grasp,

Arm cast round neck in tender clasp—

So peacefully they both had died,

Like cradled children fast asleep.

* * * * *

"Nay, I'll stay me by the lad!"

Brave, heroic words indeed!

History has never had

Written in her pages old

Words that better claim the meed

Of foremost place in letters gold.

"Nay, I'll stay me by the lad!"

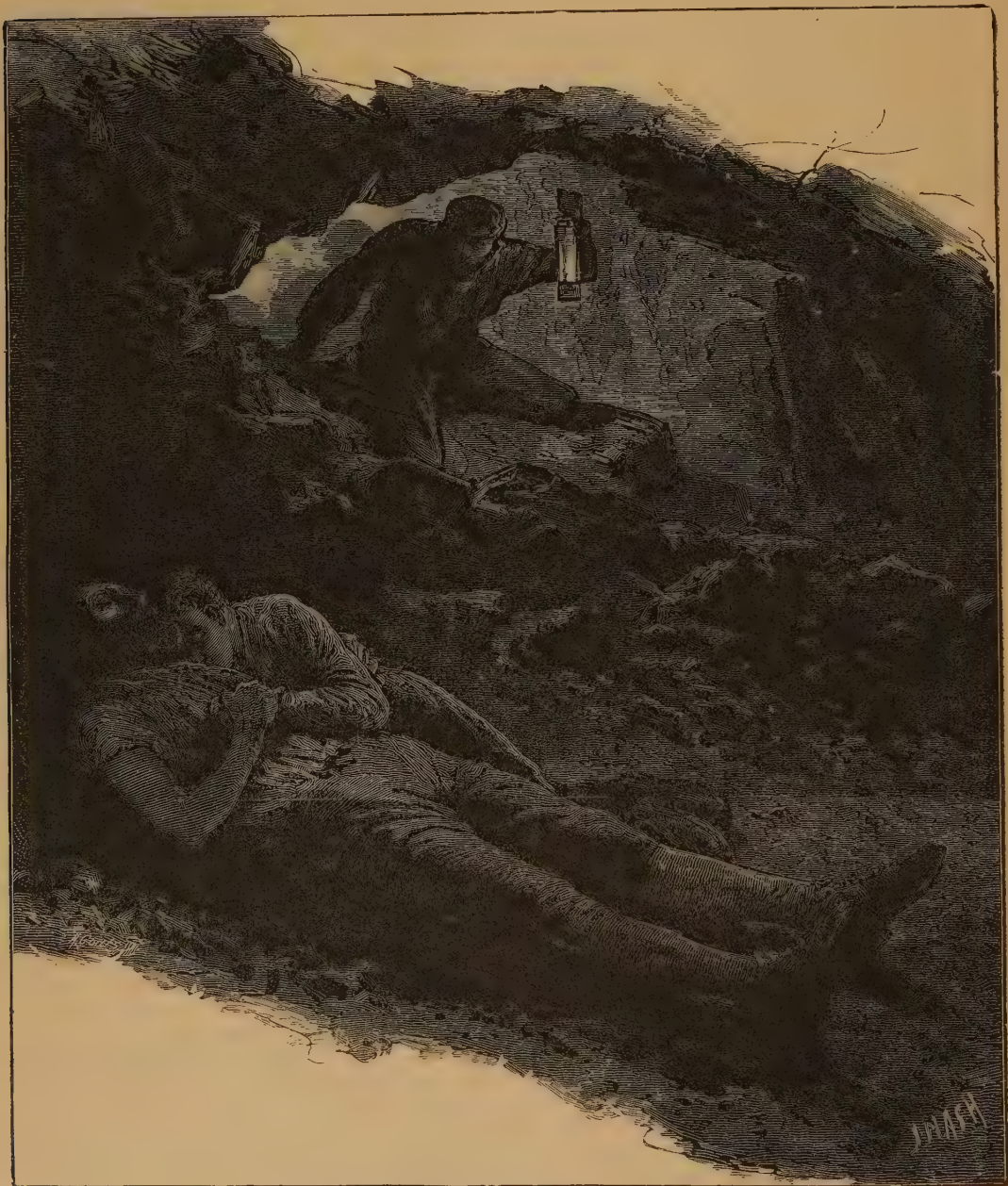
Hero truly who could say

Words like these on such a day,

In such a place, in such a way!

Far more than the men of old
Cast in true heroic mould,
For he cared not fame to win

By Him who reigns in highest heaven.
And so this epitaph remains
In words that burn into our brains



"HAND LOCKED IN HAND WITH LOVING GRASP." (Drawn by J. Nash.)

In the battle's strife and din ;
Thoughts of glory were not his,
And he sought no more than this—
To follow the example given

Enwrapped in self and selfish gains—
Words that are no longer sad,
But bright with hope and promise glad -
"Nay, I'll stay me by the lad!"

IRISH DIAMONDS.



N Irish soldier, being asked if he met with much hospitality in Holland, replied that he was in the hospital nearly all the time he was there.

AN Irishman passing through a field of cattle, the other day, said to a friend, "Whenever you see a herd of cows all lying down, and one of them only standing up, that one is sure to be a bull."

"How is coal this morning?" said a purchaser to an Irishman in a coal-yard. "Black as iver," replied Patrick, respectfully taking off the remains of his hat.

AN Irish gentleman being asked how he liked Vestris the dancer, replied, "Upon my conscience I think the man handles his legs incomparably well."

AN Irishman on board a vessel when she was on the point of foundering, being desired to come on deck, as she was going down, replied that he had no wish to go on deck to see himself drowned.

FELIX MCCARTHY, of the Kerry Militia, was generally late on parade. "Ah, Felix," said the sergeant, "you are always last." "Be aisy, Sergeant Sullivan," was his reply; "surely some one must be last."

AN Irishman at a temperance meeting the other night, referring to his standing in society, said that he had been a working man ever since he was born.

SOUTHEY, when in Dublin, exported a famous bull. Rickman (said the poet, in a letter to a friend) was in company when a gentleman looked at his watch, and cried, "It is to-morrow morning! I must bid you good night."

A PROVIDENT Irishman is going to get his life insured, so that when he dies he can have something to live on, and not be dependent on the cold charities of the world as he once was.

"PAT, if Mr. Jones comes before my return, tell him that I will meet him at two o'clock." "Ay, ay, sir; but what shall I tell him if he don't come?"

A WOUNDED Irishman wrote home from the hospital, and finished up by saying: "I'm for this country. I've bled for it, and I'll soon be able to say I've died for it."

"PADDY, do you know how to drive?" said a traveller to the Phaeton of a jaunting car. "Sure I do," was the answer. "Wasn't it I upset yer honour in a ditch two years ago?"

DR. O'CONNOR, in his History of Ireland, says that the Irish are long-lived; that some of them attain to the age of a hundred: "In short," adds the doctor, "they live as long as they can."

"THERE'S two ways of doing it," says Pat to himself, as he stood musing and waiting for a job. "If I save me four thousand pounds, I must lay up two hundred pounds a year for twenty years, or I can put away twenty pounds a year for two hundred years—now which shall I do?"

AN Irish gentleman having purchased an alarm clock, an acquaintance asked him what he intended to do with it. "Och," answered he, "sure I've nothing to do but pull the string and wake myself."

A DUBLIN car-driver hailed a passenger, and asked if he wanted a car. The latter said no, he was able to walk. "May yer honour long be able, but seldom willing," was the sharp but courteous reply.

AN Irishman, who had blistered his fingers by endeavouring to draw on a pair of boots, exclaimed, "I shall never get them on at all, until I wear them a day or two."

A HEXHAM barber was bragging that he could shave anything, even "the face of Nature." "Faith," said an Irish reaper, who chanced to be in the shop, "what of that? I shave the face of Nature oft enough, I do—with a hook!"

As Pat Hogan sat enjoying his connubial bliss upon the banks of a southern creek, he espied a turtle emerging from the stream. "Och hone!" he exclaimed solemnly, "that iver I should come to America to see a snuff-box walk." "Whist!" said his wife; "don't be a fatter making fun of the birds."

A LADY, in the constant habit of complaining of indisposition without a cause, told her Irish physician that she would leave Britain, and go to Jamaica for the recovery of her health; when he told her, if she would tell him the country where people never died, he would go and end his days there.

AN Irishman, in describing America, said, "You might roll England thru it, an' it wouldn't make a dint in the ground; there's fresh-water oceans inside that ye might droun Ould Ireland in; and as for Scotland, ye might stick it in a corner, and ye'd never be able to find it out, except it might be by the smell of whiskey."

A GENTLEMAN travelling on horseback, not long ago, came upon an Irishman who was fencing in a most barren and desolate piece of land. "What

are you fencing in that lot for, Pat?" said he; "a herd of cows would starve to death on that land." "And shure, your honour, wasn't I fencin' it to keep the poor bastes out iv it?"

AN IRISHMAN was going along the road, when an angry bull rushed down upon him, and with his horns tossed him over a fence. The Irishman, recovering from his fall, upon looking up saw the bull pawing and tearing up the ground (as is the custom of the animal when irritated); whereupon Pat smiling at him said, "If it was not for your bowing and scraping and your humble apologies, you brute, faix I should think that you had thrown me over this fence on purpose!"

MALONY says that Ireland is the only country where people can fight in peace and quietness. In London they jerk you up "with an Act of Parliament," if you only have a taste of a brush in the back yard. At Donnybrook, on the contrary, you can fight all day, and with as much comfort and respect as if you were going to church.

A GENTLEMAN one evening walking through Covent-garden, observed two fellows upon the ground, and one of them, who was an Irishman, with his knee upon the other's breast, most unmercifully belabouring him on the face, until he

had nearly reduced it to a mummy. The gentleman humanely interfered, and entreated the conqueror to give his opponent fair play, and let him get up and have an equal chance. "Faith, master," replied the fellow, turning up his face with a very significant look; "if you had been at as much trouble to get him down as I have, you would not be for letting him get up so readily."

A CERTAIN witness, in an action for assault and battery, mixed things up considerably in giving his account of the affair. After relating how Dennis came to him and struck him, he proceeded: "So, yer honour, I just hauled off and wiped his jaw. Just then his dog came along, and I hit him again." "Hit the dog?" "No, yer honour, hit Dennis." And then I up wid a stun and throwed it at him, and it rolled him over and over." "Threw a stone at Dennis?" "At the dog, yer honour; and he got up and hit me again." "The dog?" "No; Dennis. And wid that he stuck his tail betwixt his legs and run off." "Dennis?" "No; the dog. And when he came back at me, he got me down and pounded me, yer honour." "The dog came back at you?" "No; Dennis, yer honour, and he isn't hurt any at all." "Who isn't hurt?" "The dog, yer honour."

THE DUELO.

[By J. F. WALLER.]

MAGDALENA, dearest, hear me,"
Sighed I, as I seized her hand——
"Hola! Senor," very near me,
Cries a voice of stern command.
And a stalwart Caballero
Comes upon me with a stride,
On his head a slouched sombrero,
A toledo by his side.
From his breast he flung his capa
With a stately Spanish air
(On the whole he looked the chap a
Man to slight would scarcely dare).
"Will your worship have the goodness
To release that lady's hand."
"Senor," I replied, "this rudeness
I am not prepared to stand."
"Magdaléna, say"——the maiden,
With a cry of wild surprise,
As with secret sorrow laden,
Fainting sank before my eyes.
Then the Spanish Caballero
Bowed with haughty courtesy,
Solemn as a tragic hero,
And announced himself to me.

"Senor, I am Don Camillo
Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
De Ximenes y Ribera
Y Santallos y Herrera
Y de Rivas y Mendoza
Y Quintana y de Rosa
Y Zorilla y"——"No more, sir;
'Tis as good as twenty score, sir,"
Said I to him with a frown;
"Mucha bulla para nada,
No palabras, draw your 'spada;
If you're up for a duelo
You will find I'm just your fellow——
Senor, I am PETER BROWN!"
By the river's bank that night,
Foot to foot in strife,
Fought we in the dubious light
A fight of death or life;
Don Camillo slashed my shoulder;
With the pain I grew the bolder,
Close and closer still I pressed;
Fortune favoured me at last,
I broke his guard, my weapon passed
Through the Caballero's breast——
Down to the earth went Don Camillo

Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
De Ximenes y Ribera
Y Santallos y Herrera
Y de Rivas y Mendoza
Y Quintana y de Rosa
Y Zorilla y——One groan,
And he lay motionless as stone.
The man of many names went down,
Pierced by the sword of PETER BROWN!
Kneeling down, I raised his head;
The Caballero faintly said,
“Senor Ingles, fly from Spain
With all speed, for you have slain

A Spanish noble, Don Camillo
Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
De Ximenes y Ribera
Y Santallos y Herrera
Y de Rivas y Mendoza
Y Quintana y de Rosa
Y Zorilla y”——He swooned
With the bleeding from his wound.
If he be living still or dead
I never knew, I ne’er shall know;
That night from Spain in haste I fled,
Years and years ago.

From “Revelations of Peter Brown.”

SILAS MARNER'S TREASURE.

[From “Silas Marner.” By GEORGE ELIOT.]



SILAS MARNER'S determination to keep the “tramp's child” was matter of hardly less surprise and iterated talk in the village than the robbery of his money. That softening of feeling towards him which dated from his misfortune, that merging of suspicion and dislike in a rather contemptuous pity for him as

lone and crazy, was now accompanied with a more active sympathy, especially amongst the women. Notable mothers, who knew what it was to keep children “whole and sweet;” lazy mothers, who knew what it was to be interrupted in folding their arms and scratching their elbows by the mischievous propensities of children just firm on their legs, were equally interested in conjecturing how a lone man would manage with a two-year-old child on his hands, and were equally ready with their suggestions: the notable chiefly telling him what he had better do, and the lazy ones being emphatic in telling him what he would never be able to do.

Among the notable mothers, Dolly Winthrop was the one whose neighbourly offices were the most acceptable to Marner, for they were rendered without any show of bustling instruction. Silas had shown her the half-guinea given to him by Godfrey, and had asked her what he should do about getting some clothes for the child.

“Eh, Master Marner,” said Dolly, “there's no call to buy no more nor a pair o' shoes; for I've got the little petticoats as Aaron wore five years ago, and it's ill spending the money on them baby-clothes, for the child 'ull grow like grass i' May, bless it—that it will.”

And the same day Dolly brought her bundle, and displayed to Marner, one by one, the tiny garments in their due order of succession, most of them patched and darned, but clean and neat as fresh-sprung herbs. This was the introduction to a great ceremony with soap and water, from which baby came out in new beauty, and sat on Dolly's knee, handling her toes and chuckling and patting her palms together with an air of having made several discoveries about herself, which she communicated by alternate sounds of “gug-gug-gug,” and “mammy.” The “mammy” was not a cry of need or uneasiness: baby had been used to utter it without expecting either tender sound or touch to follow.

“Anybody 'ud think the angels in heaven couldn't be prettier,” said Dolly, rubbing the golden curls and kissing them. “And to think of its being covered wi' them dirty rags—and the poor mother—froze to death; but there's Them as took care of it, and brought it to your door, Master Marner. The door was open, and it walked in over the snow, like as if it had been a little starved robin. Didn't you say the door was open?”

“Yes,” said Silas, meditatively. “Yes—the door was open. The money's gone I don't know where, and this is come from I don't know where.”

He had not mentioned to any one his unconsciousness of the child's entrance, shrinking from questions which might lead to the fact he himself suspected—namely, that he had been in one of his trances.

“Ah!” said Dolly, with soothing gravity, “it's

like the night and the morning, and the sleeping and the waking, and the rain and the harvest—one goes and the other comes, and we know nothing how nor where. We may strive and scrat and fend, but it's little we can do arter all—the big things come and go wi' no striving o' our'n—they do, that they do; and I think you're in the right on it to keep the little 'un, Master Marner, seeing as it's been sent to you, though there's folks as thinks different. You'll happen be a bit moithered with it while it's so little; but I'll come, and welcome, and see to it for you: I've a bit o' time to spare most days, for when one gets up betimes i' the morning, the clock seems to stan' still tow'r't ten, afore it's time to go about the victual. So, as I say, I'll come and see to the child for you, and welcome."

"Thank you . . . kindly," said Silas, hesitating a little. "I'll be glad if you'll tell me things. But," he added uneasily, leaning forward to look at baby with some jealousy, as she was resting her head backward against Dolly's arm, and eyeing him contentedly from a distance—"But I want to do things for it myself, else it may get fond o' somebody else, and not fond o' me. I've been used to fending for myself in the house—I can learn, I can learn."

"Eh, to be sure," said Dolly, gently. "I've seen men as are wonderful handy wi' children. The men are awk'ard and contrairy mostly. God help 'em—but when the drink's out of 'em, they aren't unsensible, though they're bad for leeching and bandaging—so fiery and impatient. You see this goes first, next the skin," proceeded Dolly, taking up the little skirt, and putting it on.

"Yes," said Marner, docilely, bringing his eyes very close, that they might be initiated in the mysteries; whereupon baby seized his head with both her small arms, and put her lips against his face with purring noises.

"See there," said Dolly, with a woman's tender tact, "she's fondest o' you. She wants to go o' your lap, I'll be bound. Go, then: take her, Master Marner; you can put the things on, and then you can say as you've done for her from the first of her coming to you."

Marner took her on his lap, trembling with an emotion mysterious to himself, at something unknown dawning on his life. Thought and feeling were so confused within him, that, if he had tried to give them utterance, he could only have said that the child was come instead of the gold—that the gold had turned into the child. He took the garments from Dolly, and put them on under her teaching; interrupted, of course, by baby's gymnastics.

"There, then! why you take to it quite easy, Master Marner," said Dolly; "but what shall you

do when you're forced to sit in your loom? For she'll get busier and mischievous every day—she will, bless her. It's lucky as you've got that high hearth instead of a grate, for that keeps the fire more out of her reach: but if you've got anything as can be split or broke, or as is fit to cut her fingers off, she'll be at it—and it is but right you should know."

Silas meditated a little while in some perplexity. "I'll tie her to the leg o' the loom," he said at last—"tie her with a good long strip o' something."

"Well, maphap that'll do, as it's a little gell, for they're easier persuaded to sit i' one place nor the lads. I know what the lads are; for I've had

four—four I've had, God knows—and if I was to take and tie 'em up, they'd make a fighting and a crying as if you was ringing the pigs. But I'll bring you my little chair, and some bits o' red rag and things for her to play wi'; an' she'll sit and chatter to 'em as if they was alive. Eh, if it wasn't a sin to the lads to wish 'em made different, bless 'em, I should ha' been glad for one of 'em to be a little gell; and to think as I could ha' taught her to scour, and mend, and the knitting, and everything. But I can teach 'em this little un, Master Marner, when she gets old enough."

"But she'll be *my* little un," said Marner, rather hastily. "She'll be nobody else's."

"No, to be sure; you'll have a right to her, if you're a father to her, and bring her up according. But," added Dolly, coming to a point which she had determined before to touch upon, "you must bring her up like christened folks's children, and take her to church, and let her learn her catechise,



"BABY SEIZED HIS HEAD." (Drawn by M. L. Gov.)

as my little Aaron can say off—the 'I believe' and everything, and 'hurt nobody by word or deed'—as well as if he was the clerk. That's what you must do, Master Marner, if you'd do the right thing by the orphan child."

Marner's pale face flushed suddenly under a new anxiety. His mind was too busy trying to give some definite bearing to Dolly's words for him to think of answering her.

no distinct meaning to him. He had only heard of baptism, and had only seen the baptism of grown-up men and women.

"What is it as you mean by 'christened?'" he said at last, timidly. "Won't folks be good to her without it?"

"Dear, dear! Master Marner," said Dolly, with gentle distress and compassion. "Had you never no father nor mother as taught you to say your



"HERE SAT EPPIE, DISCOURSING CHEERFULLY TO HER OWN SMALL BOOT." (Drawn by M. L. Gow.)

"And it's my belief," she went on, "as the poor little creature has never been christened, and it's nothing but right as the parson should be spoke to; and if you was nowadays unwilling, I'd talk to Mr. Macey about it this very day. For if the child ever went anyways wrong, and you hadn't done your part by it, Master Marner—'noculation, and everything to save it from harm—it 'ud be a thorn i' your bed for ever o' this side the grave; and I can't think as it 'ud be easy lying down for anybody when they'd got to another world, if they hadn't done their part by the helpless children as come wi'out their own asking."

Dolly herself was disposed to be silent for some time now, for she had spoken from the depths of her own simple belief, and was much concerned to know whether her words would produce the desired effect on Silas. He was puzzled and anxious, for Dolly's word "christened" conveyed

prayers, and as there's good words and good things to keep us from harm?"

"Yes," said Silas, in a low voice; "I know a deal about that—used to, used to. But your ways are different: my country was a good way off." He paused a few moments, and then added, more decidedly, "But I want to do everything as can be done for the child. And whatever's right for it i' this country, and you think 'ull do it good, I'll act according, if you'll tell me."

"Well, then, Master Marner," said Dolly, inwardly rejoiced, "I'll ask Mr. Macey to speak to the parson about it; and you must fix on a name for it, because it must have a name giv' it when it's christened."

"My mother's name was Hephzibah," said Silas, "and my little sister was named after her."

"Eh, that's a hard name," said Dolly. "I partly think it isn't a christened name."

"It's a Bible name," said Silas, old ideas recurring.

"Then I've no call to speak again' it," said Dolly, rather startled by Silas's knowledge on this head; "but you see I'm no scholard, and I'm slow at catching the words. My husband says I'm allays like as if I was putting the haft for the handle—that's what he says—for he's very sharp, God help him. But it was awk'ard calling your little sister by such a hard name, when you'd got nothing big to say, like—wasn't it, Master Marner?"

"We called her Eppie," said Silas.

"Well, if it was noways wrong to shorten the name, it 'ud be a deal handier. And so I'll go now, Master Marner, and I'll speak about the christening afore dark; and I wish you the best o' luck, and it's my belief as it'll come to you, if you do what's right by the orphin child;—and there's the 'noculation to be seen to; and as to washing its bits o' things, you need look to nobody but me, for I can do 'em wi' one hand when I've got my suds about. Eh, the blessed angil! You'll let me bring my Aaron one o' these days, and he'll show her his little cart as his father's made for him, and the black-and-white pup as he's got a-rearing."

* * * * *

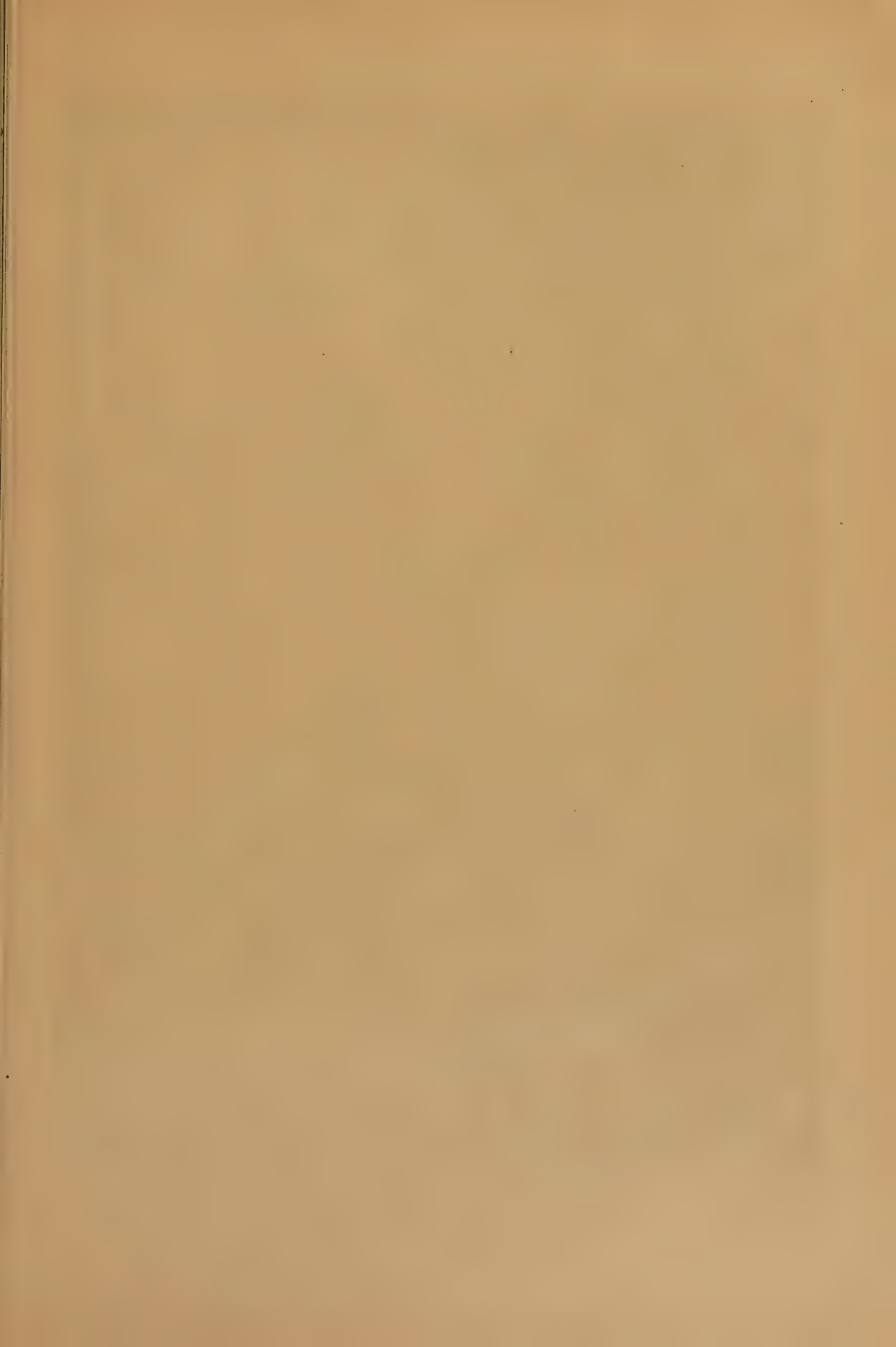
By the time Eppie was three years old, she developed a fine capacity for mischief, and for devising ingenious ways of being troublesome, which found much exercise, not only for Silas's patience, but for his watchfulness and penetration. Sorely was poor Silas puzzled on such occasions by the incompatible demands of love. Dolly Winthrop told him punishment was good for Eppie, and that, as for rearing a child without making it tingle a little in soft and safe places now and then, it was not to be done.

"To be sure, there's another thing you might do, Master Marner," added Dolly, meditatively: "you might shut her up once i' the coal-hole. That was what I did wi' Aaron; for I was that silly wi' the youngest lad, as I could never bear to smack him. Not as I could find i' my heart to let him stay i' the coal-hole more nor a minute, but it was enough to colly him all over, so as he must be new washed and dressed, and it was as good as a rod to him—that was. But I put it upo' your conscience, Master Marner, as there's one of 'em you must choose—ayther smacking or the coal-hole—else she'll get so masterful, there'll be no holding her."

Silas was impressed with the melancholy truth of this last remark; but his force of mind failed before the only two penal methods open to him, not only because it was painful to him to hurt Eppie, but because he trembled at a moment's contention with her, lest she should love him the less for it. Let even an affectionate Goliath get

himself tied to a small tender thing, dreading to hurt it by pulling, and dreading still more to snap the cord, and which of the two, pray, will be master? It was clear that Eppie, with her short toddling steps, must lead father Silas a pretty dance on any fine morning when circumstances favoured mischief.

For example. He had wisely chosen a broad strip of linen as a means of fastening her to his loom when he was busy: it made a broad belt round her waist, and was long enough to allow of her reaching the truckle-bed and sitting down on it, but not long enough for her to attempt any dangerous climbing. One bright summer's morning Silas had been more engrossed than usual in "setting up" a new piece of work, an occasion on which his scissors were in requisition. These scissors, owing to an especial warning of Dolly's, had been kept carefully out of Eppie's reach; but the click of them had had a peculiar attraction for her ear, and, watching the results of that click, she had derived the philosophic lesson that the same cause would produce the same effect. Silas had seated himself in his loom, and the noise of weaving had begun; but he had left his scissors on a ledge which Eppie's arm was long enough to reach; and now, like a small mouse, watching her opportunity, she stole quietly from her corner, secured the scissors, and toddled to the bed again, setting up her back as a mode of concealing the fact. She had a distinct intention as to the use of the scissors; and having cut the linen strip in a jagged but effectual manner, in two moments she had run out at the open door where the sunshine was inviting her, while poor Silas believed her to be a better child than usual. It was not until he happened to need his scissors that the terrible fact burst upon him: Eppie had run out by herself—had perhaps fallen into the Stone-pit. Silas, shaken by the worst fear that could have befallen him, rushed out, calling "Eppie!" and ran eagerly about the uninclosed space, exploring the dry cavities into which she might have fallen, and then gazing with questioning dread at the smooth red surface of the water. The cold drops stood on his brow. How long had she been out? There was one hope—that she had crept through the stile and got into the fields, where he habitually took her to stroll. But the grass was high in the meadow, and there was no descrying her, if she were there, except by a close search that would be a trespass on Mr. Osgood's crop. Still, that misdemeanour must be committed; and poor Silas, after peering all round the hedgerows, traversed the grass, beginning with perturbed vision to see Eppie behind every group of red sorrel, and to see her moving always farther off as he approached. The meadow was searched in vain; and he got over the stile into the next field, looking with





"EPPIE IN DE TOAL-HOLE." (Drawn by M. L. Gov.)

dying hope towards a small pond which was now reduced to its summer shallowness, so as to leave a wide margin of good adhesive mud. Here, however, sat Eppie, discoursing cheerfully to her own small boot, which she was using as a bucket to convey the water into a deep hoof-mark, while her little naked foot was planted comfortably on a cushion of olive-green mud. A red-headed calf was observing her with alarmed doubt through the opposite hedge.

Here was clearly a case of aberration in a christened child which demanded severe treatment; but Silas, overcome with convulsive joy at finding his treasure again, could do nothing but snatch her up, and cover her with half-sobbing kisses. It was not until he had carried her home, and had begun to think of the necessary washing, that he recollected the need that he should punish Eppie, and "make her remember." The idea that she might run away again and come to harm gave him unusual resolution, and for the first time he determined to try the coal-hole—a small closet near the hearth.

"Naughty, naughty Eppie," he suddenly began, holding her on his knee, and pointing to her muddy feet and clothes—"naughty to cut with the scissors and run away. Eppie must go into the coal-hole for being naughty. Daddy must put her in the coal-hole."

He half expected that this would be shock enough, and that Eppie would begin to cry. But instead of that, she began to shake herself on his knee, as if the proposition opened a pleasing novelty. Seeing that he must proceed to extremities, he put her into the coal-hole, and held the door closed, with a trembling sense that he was using a strong measure. For a moment there was silence, but then came a little cry, "Opy, opy!" and Silas let her out again, saying, "Now Eppie 'ull never be naughty again, else she must go in the coal-hole—a black, naughty place."

The weaving must stand still a long while this morning, for now Eppie must be washed, and have clean clothes on; but it was to be hoped that this punishment would have a lasting effect, and save time in future—though, perhaps, it would have been better if Eppie had cried more.

In half an hour she was clean again, and Silas having turned his back to see what he could do with the linen band, threw it down again, with the reflection that Eppie would be good without fastening for the rest of the morning. He turned round again, and was going to place her in her little chair near the loom, when she peeped out at him with black face and hands again, and said, "Eppie in de toal-hole."

This total failure of the coal-hole discipline shook Silas's belief in the efficacy of punishment. "She'd take it all for fun," he observed to Dolly,

"if I didn't hurt her, and that I can't do, Mrs. Winthrop. If she makes me a bit o' trouble I can bear it. And she's got no tricks but what she'll grow out of."

"Well, that's partly true, Master Marner," said Dolly, sympathetically; "and if you can't bring your mind to frighten her off touching things, you must do what you can to keep 'em out of her way. That's what I do wi' the pups as the lads are allays a-rearing. They *will* worry and gnaw—worry and gnaw they will, if it was one's Sunday cap as hung anywhere so as they could drag it. They know no difference, God help 'em: it's the pushing o' the teeth as sets 'em on, that's what it is."

So Eppie was reared without punishment, the burden of her misdeeds being borne vicariously by father Silas. The stone hut was made a soft nest for her, lined with downy patience; and also in the world that lay beyond the stone hut she knew nothing of frowns and denials.

Notwithstanding the difficulty of carrying her and his yarn or linen at the same time, Silas took her with him in most of his journeys to the farm-houses, unwilling to leave her behind at Dolly Winthrop's, who was always ready to take care of her; and little curly-headed Eppie, the weaver's child, became an object of interest at several outlying homesteads, as well as in the village. Hitherto he had been treated very much as if he had been a useful gnome or brownie—a queer and unaccountable creature, who must necessarily be looked at with wondering curiosity and repulsion, and with whom one would be glad to make all greetings and bargains as brief as possible, but who must be dealt with in a propitiatory way, and occasionally have a present of pork or garden-stuff to carry home with him, seeing that without him there was no getting the yarn woven. But now Silas met with open smiling faces and cheerful questioning, as a person whose satisfactions and difficulties could be understood. Everywhere he must sit and talk a little about the child, and words of interest were always ready for him: "Ah, Master Marner, you'll be lucky if she takes the measles soon and easy!"—or, "Why, there isn't many lone men 'ud ha' been wishing to take up with a little un like that: but I reckon the weaving makes you handier than men as do outdoor work—you're partly as handy as a woman, for weaving comes next to spinning." No child was afraid of approaching Silas when Eppie was near him: there was no repulsion around him now, either for young or old; for the little child had come to link him once more with the old world. There was love between him and the child that blent them into one, and there was love between the child and the world—from men and women with parental looks and tones, to the red lady-birds and the round pebbles.

Silas began now to think of Raveloe life entirely in relation to Eppie : she must have everything that was good in Raveloe ; and he listened docilely, that he might come to understand better what this life was, from which, for fifteen years, he had stood aloof as from a strange thing, where-with he could have no communion : as some man who has a precious plant to which he would give a nurturing home in a new soil, thinks of the rain, and the sunshine, and all influences, in relation to his nursling, and asks industriously for all knowledge that will help him to satisfy the wants of the searching roots, or to guard leaf and bud from invading harm. The disposition to hoard had been utterly crushed at the very first by the loss of his long-stored gold : the coins he earned afterwards

seemed as irrelevant as stones brought to complete a house suddenly buried by an earthquake ; the sense of bereavement was too heavy upon him for the old thrill of satisfaction to rise again at the touch of the newly-earned coin. And now something had come to replace his hoard which gave a growing purpose to the earnings, drawing his hope and joy continually onward beyond the money.

In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction : a hand is put into theirs, which leads them forth gently towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward ; and the hand may be a little child's.



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